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THE "PADDY BIRD."

[Frontispiece.

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REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN INDIA.

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL E. F. BURTON,
OF THE MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE,
PALL MALL. S.W.

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REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

Cadets' Quarters.—Some Indian Birds.—Vellore.—Hill Fort and Tippoo's Regiment.—Sepoy Mutiny of 1807.—Crocodiles in Fort Ditch.—Indian Fish.—Flying Foxes.—Subalterns' Monkeys.—Snake Charmers.—Native Festivals.—Reorganization of Native Army.—Holee Festival.—Shooting Excursion.—Parawat Jungle.—Farewell to Vellore. — March to Samulcottah. — Duck-shooting.—Amphisbæna.—A Venomous Serpent.—Arrival at Samulcottah.

IN the present volume the Author advances no claim to anything but a plain record of such things, especially in Indian sport, as have been met with during a long but uneventful service of upwards of forty years in the East.

He has carefully eschewed the disagreeable cacography, which is known as the "Hunterian" system of spelling proper names of places, and which has of late years been officially adopted. In spite of official recognition, this pedantic system has found little favour with any other class; and he believes that in using the old method (or want of method) of spelling, he will have the suffrages of nine-tenths of Indian readers.

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The voyage to India, in times past, was far less agreeable and much more tedious than it now is. The dreary monotony of the four months' voyage, broken only by occasional glimpses of far-off islands, and by the rare sight of other ships voyaging on the wide ocean, has few charms for memory; there is little to be extracted from the journal of such a voyage. To use Tom Cringle's simile—"There are but few plums in the porridge."

In 1840, when we arrived, in the good ship *Marion*, at Madras, cadets' quarters in Fort St. George were the haven of rest after the voyage. There was not much comfort. A very plain cane-bottomed cot, a camp-table, and two massive chairs, in a bare, white-washed room. All else had to be supplied by the cadet occupant, and afforded the first pickings to the native servant, more or less dishonest, whom it happened to the "griffin" to engage on arrival. These cadets' quarters were infested by a host of natives, with both live and dead stock to sell. Young jackals, mongrel dogs, paroquets, mainas (Indian starlings), and every description of pedlery. Among this varied assortment, mosquito curtains were almost the most useful things; for want of them, the griffin's face, the morning after his arrival, more resembled that of a patient just recovering from measles than the fresh rosy visage of the evening before. On awaking, hot and inflamed with the misery of the first night in India, strange sounds and sights presented themselves through the long window opening on the fort wall. Kites of two species, the large brown fork-tailed bird, and the smaller chesnut and white fish-kite, were skirling in peevish tones, keeping a sharp eye the while upon the preparation of breakfast for the troops

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in the adjacent barracks. Little striped squirrels were uttering their excited "Chink! Chink!" accompanying each note with a jerk of their bushy tails.

The Indian crow, also, did not fail to put in an appearance. With glossy coat and breeches, all black except a neck coloured jackdaw fashion, with head on one side, and bright eyes glancing in all directions, he, too, evinced a strong interest in the breakfast preparations, ever and anon taking a short flight into some neighbouring room, where he would sit on the long punkah and *caw* the occupant into a state of distraction and an irresistible desire to throw boot, book, or anything nearest at hand, at the impudent intruder.

The next few weeks were passed at one of the fine Garden Houses on the bank of the Adyar river, the residence of a judge of the Supreme Court. With my single-barrelled gun I addressed myself to form a collection of bird-skins, which I eventually sent to England.

In the extensive grounds of "Mowbray Gardens," there was a great variety of birds. The bright blue and green flycatcher, with a yellow gleam under its wings, which sits on a high spray, darting off, at short intervals, to snap up some flitting prey; each time returning, with a joyful twitter, to its perch. The coppersmith (little barbet), so called from its metallic note, continually uttered, and exactly resembling the tap, tap, of a small hammer clinking upon metal. A sober suit he wears, dull olive-greens and browns; but with a most lovely ruby spot upon his little forehead. The mango-bird, decked in as bright a yellow as the ripe fruit from which it derives its name.

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The "Coel" or rain-bird; the male a glossy black, the female much of the colour and appearance of its English and Indian cousin, the cuckoo. It is called the rain-bird because its persistent, annoying cry, "Who are you! who are you!" is most heard in, or just before, rainy weather. Its cry is exasperating, especially when roused to anger by the mocking echo of native boys, whom it answers in a *crescendo* shriek of "Who are you!" till the welkin rings again.

The little owl must not be forgotten. About the size of a thick-set thrush, this comical little bird sits among the gnarled branches of aged trees, and raises, ever and anon, a jocund chatter with his mate, or with some lively neighbour, who answers the challenge from a dark corner in the shadiest tangle of *his* own old tree. The natives have a story that, by taking his attention, and then walking round and round the tree on which he is perched, this little owl can be made to screw his own head off! The bird is supposed to turn his head in conformity with the gyrations of the intruder, until it is absolutely twisted off!

A small black bird, of the cuckoo kind, with a forked tail, is a very spirited little fellow. Called by the English the "king crow"—by the natives, more appositely, "cōlsir" (charcoal) and "cutwal" (policeman)—it exercises great tyranny over other birds, especially over the more formidable birds of prey. If a crow, hawk, or kite approaches the spot where the "cutwal" resides, the little warrior rushes out, and darts on the intruder, diving down upon him with loud shrieks of anger, almost touching him each time with its whirring wings, and so harassing him that he speedily beats a retreat from the domain of the tiny vixen.

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Another but much larger cuckoo is the "crow pheasant," so called in vulgar English, and by the natives named "mookha" (dumb), because its hollow monotone cry is like that of a dumb man trying to speak. Its bright copper-colour and its excessively long tail in some degree justify its English name. The natives consider its flesh, when roasted, to be conducive to the increase of a family! The British soldier shoots it as a pheasant, and says that it is "very good eating."

After staying five weeks in Madras, and setting myself up with a stout "country-bred" cob, and with a very rascally Madras butler or head servant, and a "maty"—who, on half the pay of the butler, was made to do two-thirds of the whole work, especially boot-cleaning, plate and dish washing, and similar low menial duties—I started to join my regiment, the 13th Native Infantry, then stationed at Vellore, about eighty miles inland from Madras. A "dhooly" carried by six bearers, and three pack-bullocks, were furnished by Government, and these, with one bullock-cart, of which I had to pay the hire, sufficed for my modest belongings.

The first experience of a journey in India in those days, when speedy locomotion was unknown, and therefore unmissed, was pleasant enough. A ride of from ten to fifteen miles on horseback, or in a palanquin, conveyed the wayfarer, in the cool of the morning, to the "travellers' bungalow," or rest-house, then kept up by Government on all main roads.

The man in charge of the bungalow was usually an old pensioned sepoy, who might be seen soon after daybreak on the look-out for travellers, and

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who, on their appearance in the distance, would hobble up and throw open the doors of a set of rooms with a mighty clang, and summon the sweeper—who also was maintained by Government—to raise a stour of dust from the plastered and well-trodden floor, so that the coming guest usually had to wait in the outer verandah until this evidence of the zeal and activity of the bungalow servants should have subsided.

The old sepoy then takes the orders for breakfast, a meal of which the far-famed "bird of the bungalow," otherwise an ancient fowl, and its eggs, flanked by the traveller's own bread and biscuits, formed the main —too often the only—components.

The traveller bathes, breakfasts, and is then again interviewed by the old sepoy, who by this time has donned his carefully-preserved uniform, or what may remain of it, blue or scarlet, according as he may have belonged to the cavalry or the infantry branch of the service. The old fellow has probably been engaged in many actions, and, being sufficiently garrulous, is sure to revive old stories of battles and sieges, forced marches after Pindarries, and even, in some very ancient cases, of Seringapatam, and "Wesley Sahib," and of the expedition to "Mauris," *i.e.* to the Mauritius.

The old soldier is delighted that his medals should be examined, and questions asked concerning his share in each exploit; and if the traveller be a kindly man, and has shown interest in the veteran's babblings, he will feel rewarded by the gratified looks and respectful salute with which his few words of approbation are received.

The first stage, between Madras and Vellore, is Streepermatoor, and here I shot some snipe, which,

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to my surprise, were not on the reedy borders of the village swamp, but among bushes on high ground. In after years, I well knew that, so late in the season as March and April, when the snipe are preparing for their return to the north, they forsake the low wet ground, and take to dry places and thin jungle in the daytime, feeding in the swamps at night only. I have often shot snipe, quail, and sand-grouse (better known as rock-pigeon) on the same piece of dry jungle.

At another stage of my journey, I turned a few miles out of the road to see the famous temples of Conjeveram. Here I had my first introduction to Brahmins, temple dancing-girls, &c., was duly garlanded with stinking marigolds, and paid a rupee or two in return to the rapacious priests, who begged of me, in a sort of bastard Portuguese, saying, "Pecunee —Poveree Padree," &c. Such were the jumbled phrases in which they couched their importunities. Nor did the begging end with my visit to the temples. When I had returned to the main road, and was sitting in the travellers' bungalow, a man, riding a small elephant, came from Conjeveram, and begged lustily over the enclosing wall of the bungalow. Beggars on *horseback* we have read of, but a beggar on elephant-back strikes one as something new!

After breakfast this morning, I saw a curious piece of *shikar* (I use this very well known Oriental word for all kinds of sport, though, as a rule, the use of Indian words in English books is much to be deprecated). A man, naked all but a diminutive *clout* tied to a string round his waist, and with a mass of sedge and weeds on his head, and fastened over his face so as to leave apertures for sight and breathing, slipped into the shallow piece of water which lay in front of

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the bungalow, and in the middle of which was a goodly assemblage of duck and teal. Several similar bunches of sedge were floating about, no doubt launched by the shikarry. The mode of operation was precisely that in the well-known practice of catching duck by means of floating earthen vessels; and this man was very successful, in the course of half an hour bringing three couple of teal to the bungalow for sale.

The next place of interest on this road was Arcot. In the days of which I am now writing it was a populous and cheerful station, and the cantonment of a brigade of light cavalry; and the roads and streets were full of "slate pencils," as the grey-clad troopers of the Madras Cavalry were irreverently called. Some of the native officers were great swells, and I saw the Subadar Major (chief native officer) of the 7th Cavalry, driving, in uniform, in his gig.

Vellore, only one stage beyond Arcot, was the end of the journey. It is a pretty and well-wooded station, lying in a fertile plain environed by craggy hills. These hills, which immediately overhang the town and station, are rugged and picturesque, and crowned with old fortifications. Their ascent is laborious, for the so-called path is nothing but a track over broken rocks and slippery boulders.

Just outside the principal hill-fort is a deep tank, or improved natural water-hole, of considerable size, into which, many years ago, Tippoo Sultan's famous "Tiger Regiment" dashed vehemently one dark night, while rushing to the assault, and quenched their valiant lives in its weedy waters.

The regular fort of Vellore, built, it is said, by French Engineers, lies on the plain just outside the

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native town, on the road to Arcot. Here, in 1807, a sepoy mutiny broke out, and Gillespie and his dragoons and native cavalry came from Arcot, in furious haste, burst open the gates with their "galloper guns," and thundered into the fort to execute deserved retribution upon the mutineers.

The Brigadier who commanded in the fort, and his officers, and about two hundred or more British soldiers, were surprised in their sleep by the traitorous sepoy regiments, and shot down with musketry. The native officers and men of the two regiments which, together with four companies of the 69th Foot, garrisoned the fort, had been secretly tampered with by some members of Tippoo Sultan's family, who were confined as State prisoners in the fort.

The ostensible reason for the Vellore mutiny was that a new head-dress, somewhat resembling that of the British soldier, had been issued to the native army, and several men had been punished for refusing to wear it. In consequence of this, a report obtained credence among the sepoys that Government was desirous to make them Christians. Some time before the mutiny broke out, a sepoy revealed the plot to one of his officers; but the native officers declared that the man was mad, and he was actually confined as such.

At about two o'clock on the morning of the 10th of July, while the British soldiers who were on the main guard were asleep, the native portion of the guard fell upon and murdered them. At the same time the two regiments closed round the barracks, firing in at doors and windows; others seized the magazines and treasury, and slaughtered such of the officers as failed to make good their escape into an

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end barrack, where they joined the surviving men, and maintained a stubborn defence until daylight. When it was light, the desperate band rushed out and gained the fort ramparts, for the sepoy horde recoiled in terror from the fierce white faces. The green flag of the Mysore family was flying on the flagstaff, but the infuriated soldiers tore it down, and defended themselves over the fort gateway until aid arrived.

Colonel Gillespie got the intelligence at Arcot at six in the morning, and galloped to Vellore with the 19th Dragoons and the 4th Light Cavalry. The galloper guns accompanied, and at 10 A.M. the fort gate was blown in, and the troopers rushed into the fort. Over 350 sepoys were cut down, and the rest, except a large number who had escaped from the fort when the rush of the dragoons was heard thundering up from the Arcot road, were taken prisoners. Six of the ringleaders were blown from guns, about twenty more were shot or hanged, and the remainder were imprisoned or transported. The supposed lunatic sepoy was handsomely rewarded, and received a native officer's pension for his fidelity. What was done with those of Tippoo's family who instigated the outbreak, I know not.

The fort ditch, until late years, was full of crocodiles. The story is that they were placed there to deter the soldiers of the garrison from breaking out at night. The expedient is said to have been futile, for the soldiers well knew that, when the evening and the morning guns were fired, every Saurian sank at once to the bottom of the ditch, and did not come up again till the reverberations of the report had died away—a space of some minutes, quite sufficient for

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men to swim over in safety at night, and to return in the morning, under cover of the friendly cannon!

Be this true or not, the crocodiles were undoubtedly cherished by the authorities, as there was a garrison order which prohibited fishing for the reptiles, such fishing being usually managed by harnessing a goose with arrangements of strong ropes and hooks, and sending it to swim about the ditch, a pariah dog being meanwhile severely beaten on the margin to serve as a dinner-bell to the hungry monsters.

On very rare occasions only this sport (?) was permitted by the Brigadier, and always attracted a full attendance of subalterns and others. It was whispered that the Brigadier had been known to ensconce himself in an embrasure, and thus to enjoy the sport *incognito*, as it were, without forfeiting anything of his awful dignity. I once witnessed it, and saw the crocodile take down the goose in a mighty swirl of water. Twenty minutes were allowed for *pouching*, and then several men tailed on to the ropes and hauled away till the crocodile's head came to the surface. Sad to say, on this occasion the hooks could not have had proper hold; the goose was between the shear-like jaws; but, with a shake and a wriggle, away went the crocodile to the bottom of the moat, and the goose floated, dead and *crunched*, a gruesome object, on the discoloured water.

There was a fair amount of amusement for griffins round Vellore. A large piece of water, by name Chittlebury Tank, became all but dried up in the hot weather of the year I passed there; and I saw the villagers making a clean sweep of the fish, great and small—for a native of India never thinks of sparing even the smallest fry. "Why should I leave

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them for another man to catch?" says he in an injured tone, if remonstrated with for scraping up a heap of little ones no bigger than orange pips.

Very varied in appearance are these fish. Bright-scaled, handsome carp of several species; big-headed "shakera," almost transparent, like gudgeon, and much resembling large "miller's thumbs"; also the "coturna," which makes a squirming noise when taken from the water, and erects its pectoral fins, which are armed with spike-like lancets. The gar-fish, whose slender jaws, one-third the length of its body, and set with sharp upstanding teeth, remind one of the wondrous images of antediluvian monsters set up in the Crystal Palace gardens. Then there are the striped, scaleless "murrel," great devourers of frogs and small fry; the blue-white "perrun," or cat-fish, with long feelers guarding the wide portals of its mouth. A special fish of prey is he, and grows to an immense size, sometimes attaining a weight of seventy or eighty pounds. While writing this, I have seen a statement in an Indian newspaper that a fish, five feet in length, and of enormous weight, had been caught in the Hoossain Saugor tank at Secunderabad. This was probably a perrun.

All these, and many more, were hunted by men, women, and children in the slush and mud of the dwindled tank, the exulting villagers being also waited upon by hundreds of crows and of kites both the common brown kite and also the parti-coloured fish-kite. It was an animated scene, but, to use a common expression, "rough on the fish."

Another sport was much enjoyed by young sub-alterns, chiefly, perhaps, because it was prohibited by a garrison order. There is a grove of tall trees,

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close to a village about a mile from the race-course, and on these trees there roosted an innumerable multitude of flying foxes—great, leathery, fruit-eating bats, whose heads are like those of foxes in miniature. They hung in hundreds, like dusky purses, head-downwards from every branch, and the grove was alive with their incessant squeal and wrangle.

We used to ride up, a party of perhaps four or five guns, jump off our ponies, and commence to blaze away at the unhappy foxes, of which a dense cloud immediately quitted the trees, and soared with flapping wings above the grove. Thick and fast did they tumble under our unsparing fire, though many clung in death to the branches in which they had fixed their claws, and thus baulked us of their useless bodies.

By the time that some score of bats had been slaughtered the village was in full buzz, and out came some of the elders, the cutwal, &c., in great excitement, and brandishing a copy—pasted, for better preservation, on a board—of the old garrison order, in which the Brigadier fulminated fierce threats against any officers or men who should outrage the prejudices of the villagers, and violate their just rights, by destroying their sacred foxes—as sacred in their eyes as are the real foxes in the eyes of English country gentlemen. We used to get on our ponies by the time the angry villagers arrived on the scene of action, sent on our "syces" (native grooms) with our guns on the road homewards, and covered their retreat under a heavy fire of maledictions from the irritated village.

One very pleasant stroll was along the Arnee road, which wound for miles among thick groves of mango

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trees, shade-giving in the hottest noonday. Here we caught most lovely butterflies, and, having our guns always ready to our hands, we shot, I am ashamed to say, many harmless monkeys of the "green," or "pagoda," species. I myself shot one only, and was so horrified at the human-like expression of its dying face that I determined never to shoot another.

This determination I kept, save in one instance, when, many years afterwards, a fine male made himself too great a nuisance to my camp, dropping down from the trees upon my servants, frightening the horses, and altogether playing Old Gooseberry.

I was also once tempted to put a charge of snipe-shot into the enormous "hurdies" of a great Huniman monkey (Entellus), which impudently careered in front of me when out shooting; but I fired from a long distance, and only stung his apeship sufficiently to make him execute some tremendous gambades, accompanied with frightful grimaces, in his retreat.

Monkeys are much cultivated by subalterns of few years' service. Alternately petted and teased, they have an unquiet time of it, for the teasing usually predominates.

At Vellore there was a fine stud of monkeys among the griffins—mostly the common "pagoda" monkey was kept. Every kind of trick that can be imagined was played upon these unfortunates. The "compounds"—as the grounds, large or small, around an Indian house are styled—are at Vellore enclosed with walls from six to eight feet in height. One Sunday morning, of all days of the week— and, shameful to relate, just as the *proper* part of the community were driving to Church along the main road of the station—a violent barking and screeching was

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heard, and three powerful monkeys, harnessed to each other and also to two small dogs, were seen to rise over the top of a subaltern's compound wall—the monkeys frantically pulling themselves and the dogs up a pole, which, with an iron ring for the chain and a square board at the top for Jockoo to sit upon, was provided for each unsavoury pet. The dogs, though small, were restive; and the half-strangled party did not succeed in quite reaching the top of the pole, but slid down again far quicker than they got up.

This affair created great scandal in the cantonment, and it was hinted that the Brigadier would be appealed to if such indecencies should again occur.

The tricks played upon the monkeys were by no means commendable. One day some snake-charmers came, with their little flat muffin-shaped baskets full of detestable reptiles. One of these baskets, containing a lively cobra, was carefully tied round the largest monkey's neck, and then Jockoo was let go, and, of course, proceeded to do his best to get rid of the encumbrance. In effecting this, tugging at the basket with hands and feet, the lid flew off, and the cobra, tumbling out, arose in angry majesty with expanded hood, and with fierce threatenings, close to poor Jockoo! There is nothing of which a monkey has so great a horror as of a snake. Jockoo fainted! It may seem incredible; but such was the fact. The shock was too much for his nerves, and he collapsed. The assembled griffs revived him by pouring gin down his throat.

The snake-charmers brought with them large earthen pots full of black scorpions, which they handled in the most unconcerned manner; putting their hands in, and pulling out one scorpion after

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another for our inspection. The black scorpions grow to a great size: they are sometimes met with from nine to ten inches in length, but are not by any means so dangerous as the small semi-transparent, yellow or white scorpion. Once, in the jungle, I saw a shikarry stung by a black scorpion. He was walking in front of me down a rocky hill; suddenly, while picking his way among the loose stones, he stopped, and, making a terrible grimace, forked up his foot, and began to rub it with earth. He then pointed to a large black scorpion, which, tail over back, was crawling out of the path, and which he viciously smashed up with his billhook. After a minute of hard rubbing and wry faces, he again addressed himself to the road, and appeared to suffer no further inconvenience.

One of the best possible descriptions of a scorpion was given by a lady, new to India, in a dining-room at Kamptee. She said, "What a curious thing there is crawling on the carpet." I said, "What is it like?" "A coach and horses," was the reply; and on hearing this most accurate description, I immediately jumped up and put my foot upon the equipage!

Another very favourite pet at Vellore was the mongoose (ichneumon). This beautiful and, when wild, fierce little animal, becomes exceedingly tame, indeed almost too sociable, when caught young. It is, however, impossible to keep other small pets or any poultry within its reach; it never loses its destructive instincts, however gentle and amiable it may become in other respects.

I shall not readily forget my dismay when, one morning, my respected next door neighbour sent over

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to me a basket of dead chickens, with "The Reverend Mr. Schmidt's compliments, and see what your mongoose has done!"

There was a drain-hole in the wall between my premises and those of the worthy missionary, and behold the result! A prettier pet cannot, however, be imagined than this little creature, with its steel-grey fur sprinkled with black and brown points; and its game-looking head and sharp pink nose, always nuzzling into its master's neck and bosom. To prevent mistakes, for there were many wild mongooses about, the pet usually had a little red leather collar, with tiny bells, round its neck, and was thus preserved from the griff's destructive propensities, which induce instant immolation of all wild things wearing fur or feather.

Towards the fall of the year, the two principal native festivals came on in quick succession, the one after the other. The Mahorum for the Mahomedans, the Dusserah for the Hindoos. These festivals are kept with great pomp and enthusiasm, not only by the townspeople, but also by the native soldiers of the regiments in garrison. For some months previous to a festival, the sepoy submits to a monthly deduction of four annas (say, sixpence) from his pay, and this stoppage is made for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the feast; the native officers also contributing larger or smaller sums, according to their means or public spirit.

In these old times, moreover, all the British officers, with exception of some few strait-laced men who thought it a sin to encourage a Mahomedan or a heathen festival, contributed handsome donations; the colonel of a regiment sometimes giving as much as

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two hundred rupees (£20). Also, the officers used to lend their swords to be carried in the processions, and to be exhibited in the place where the games and entertainments were conducted.

In the shed where the Mahomedan festival was carried on, a very handsome erection, called a "taboot" (mausoleum) was exhibited. It was built up on a framework of bamboo, generally three stories high, and covered with white paper laboriously pierced in minute patterns, and adorned with talc and tinsel. At the end of the festival, this edifice was carried round the streets and roads in procession, accompanied by all the Mahomedans of the corps, and a host of men and boys, dressed up as mummers in most fantastic style, some painted as tigers, some as religious mendicants, &c.

The interest taken in the festivals by the British officers is now nearly at an end. There is not the same nice feeling between the men and their officers that existed thirty or forty years ago, when officers grew old, one may say, in the regiment which they entered in their first youth. Now, under the impolitic and estranging effect of the "reorganization of the army," officers must first join a British regiment, and do one or two years' duty with it, before they can enter the Indian Staff Corps. They naturally acquire a great love for their first regiment, and for the cheerful and happy life which they pass among a number of youngsters like themselves. From this pleasant path they turn, under pressure of relatives or of circumstances, to one of the Indian Staff Corps, and the "probationer" finds himself one of six or seven officers, of whom five-sixths are probably double his age and are married. No mess, unless he

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be in a large station, where he can become an honorary member of that of some more fortunate corps; little or no regimental society. What wonder is it that he feels bitterly disgusted, and sighs for the bright, merry life which he has just quitted. His sepoys he has been taught to despise. What are the deeds entered in the record of a native regiment, to the haughty feeling and grand traditions of the service which he has left? What wonder, again, that the young subaltern curses the day that saw him leave his first regiment.

This feeling passes off, more or less, in time, but seldom entirely. It will have shown itself sufficiently to give the quick-witted sepoys a good insight into what passes in the young officer's mind, and it is fully discussed and grieved over in the men's "lines" or quarters.

But there is worse to come. No officer, under present rules, can reckon upon remaining long with any one regiment; he is, and must be, moved about continually. He belongs to the "Staff Corps," and must be, for a time, "attached" to a regiment. Even when borne on its (or another's) permanent roll, he is liable to continual changes. His mind is unsettled, his heart is not in his work; he knows little of his men. They, too, keep aloof. What sympathy have they with or love for a young officer who, they well know, will probably stay but a short time with them?

He himself is, very likely, looking eagerly for a change, to get to another regiment where an adjutantcy or a quartermastership may be vacant; above all, to get on the "General Staff." A regiment often has a change of commandants every year or two, whereas, formerly, the commandant rose from ensign

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to major, and often remained a good time as lieutenant-colonel, in one and the same corps. Even if, as a captain, and before he rejoined his corps as a field officer, he had been on the general staff, he came back as an old friend to the native officers and elder sepoys, and the buzz went smilingly through the lines, that "—— Sahib is coming back to us."

Towards the early part of the year another great festival takes place, viz. the "Holee," observed by the Brahmins, Rajpoots, and Mahrattas only. This festival is very much of an orgie, in commemoration of certain not specially respectable doings of one of the numerous gods of the Hindoo mythology. The votaries go about the streets singing indecent songs, and cracking equally indelicate jokes on the passers by; moreover, every reveller has a store of red powder, and the same mixed with water, with which he sprinkles and bedaubs all whom he meets. British officers seldom attend this festival, which is held in the same "pandal" (shed) in which the Dusserah is celebrated; but, in the year which I passed at Vellore, some of the officers of the native regiments *did* attend the Holee, to the great delight of the Rajpoot and Mahratta native officers and men.

The two old colonels of native infantry were especially conspicuous for entering into the fun of the feast, and sprinkled each other liberally with the red powder and red water, so that their white mess uniforms looked as if the veteran wearers had been engaged in a shambles. On adjourning from the Holee shed to the mess-house, they still carried on their "high jinks," and daubed each other's face with lamp-black! This orgie was certainly not nice, and could not have occurred in later years; it serves to

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show, however, how entirely different were the relations of the officers with their men in bygone days.

Some short time after my arrival at Vellore, I went on my first shooting excursion. Three older officers and myself obtained a week's leave of absence, a much more rare indulgence in those days than it now is, and encamped at a village—Parawat—about twenty miles from Vellore, in a wild hilly tract of jungle.

When we had ridden about fifteen miles, we resolved to wait for our servants and commissariat to come up; and a very long time we had to wait. The whole train, as we afterwards ascertained, had taken shelter from a storm in a village, and there they remained for hours, no doubt smoking and eating, little caring that their masters were dependent for breakfast upon their timely arrival.

Hour after hour passed, and at last we became so excessively hungry that we turned to and rummaged the one basket which had fortunately kept up with us. In this precious basket we found a ham, and two or three bottles of beer. Ham by itself, and raw, is not good, and we were still some way from a satisfactory breakfast; but while we were looking with long faces at the open basket, suddenly a flock of sheep, black and brown, lean and ragged, as Indian sheep are, made their appearance at a short distance. A bright idea struck us. A syce was sent with a rupee in one hand and a rope in the other, and, much against the grain, the indignant and expostulating shepherd was compelled to give up one of his master's sheep in exchange for the coin, and I do not doubt that he had a very "bad quarter of an hour" when he reached that master's home!

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What followed was barbarous, and only to be excused by the exceeding sharpness of our appetites. A fire was kindled at the roadside; the ham was cut in slices; an iron ramrod was converted into a spit; a syce cut the throat of the scraggy sheep, whose jacket was whipped off, and flesh cut in slices, almost before it had done "baaing"; and a glorious grill of alternate slices of mutton and ham toasted on the ramrod over the brightening fire! Washed down with Hodgson's ale (Bass was not known until some years afterwards), this more than rude banquet was much enjoyed, and the soothing pipe enabled us to wait, in good humour, until our lagging train sauntered into view. After this, we did not again let our servants and coolies (*biped* beasts of burden) out of our sight; but convoyed them the remaining five miles to our destination—a grove of trees on the margin of a swiftly-flowing mountain stream, near the small village of Parawat.

Just before we got to our camp, we saw a flock of "imperial pigeon" on a lofty tree, and we shot three of them. This is a very handsome bird, twice the size of the "blue rock"; and its slate-coloured plumage is brightly shot with purple gleams. A very pleasant week we passed in these jungles: there were dense tracts of graceful bamboos; and hills also, clad with lofty forest. In order to form a bathing pool, we dammed up the stream, which fretted over smooth boulders and pebbles, and on both sides of which was a wide stretch of water-worn rocks, showing that its present shrunken thread would become a respectable torrent in the rainy season.

In the forest were bison (*Bos gaurus*), sambur (the great stag of India), spotted deer, "bairkee" (com-

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monly, but improperly, called jungle sheep), and doubtless a sufficient sprinkling of tigers and panthers. But we were all raw hands at Indian sport; not that my companions were so new in the country as myself, but it so happened that none had enjoyed any opportunities of meeting with large game. Nor, on this occasion, though we all much relished our sylvan life, did we do anything very worthy of notice. By luck rather than management, I shot a doe spotted deer—nothing else, except pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and pigeon, was shot by any of us. I heard this spotted deer barking in a thick bit of low swampy jungle; and, by good fortune, it allowed me to creep up to within very easy shooting distance. I now wonder that I did not *bag myself* instead of the deer; for, being loaded with small shot for pea-fowl, I put in a bullet and three or four large slugs over the shot; and the charge bowled over the deer, and, strange to say, did *not* burst the gun-barrel. All honour to the maker! but it was terribly griffinish of me all the same. This fortunate slaughter of the deer made me quite a hero in the camp; and proud and glad I was to see the table replenished with venison, of my shooting, for the next two days.

We had some village shikarries in attendance during our stay at Parawat; and one of these, who had, I remember, a large wen on his forehead, was leading the way in the jungle, under a particularly hot sun, when it occurred to me to try the effect of a burning-glass on his dusky back. I was walking just behind him, and I brought the glass to a focus on his shoulder-blade. After a second or two, and when the bright spot had rested steadily for a moment on his brown hide, he gave his back an angry slap, and, as

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he supposed, dislodged the impertinent insect which had annoyed him. A repetition of the nuisance caused him to give himself another very vigorous slap, accompanied with a fierce expletive in the vernacular, and to turn round for investigation into the cause of the wrong done to his back. The grinning faces of the other shikarries, and of ourselves, soon informed him that he had been the victim of a practical joke; and the glass was duly exhibited, and a hole burnt, by its means, in a piece of paper, for the edification of the assembled party.

In this village an idol-car was being built; and I have always regretted that I did not purchase some of the wonderful wood-carving which was being executed in panels, and in bold relief, by the village artists. Excellently well done were the scenes from the Hindoo mythology set forth in this carving. The material, well-seasoned teak, was also very good, and I dare say that the car may be standing now, under its leaf-roofed shed, in perfect preservation.

At the end of 1840, my regiment was ordered to march to Samulcottah, a station in the Northern Circars, about four hundred miles from Vellore, and close to the sea. Before leaving Vellore, we gave a ball, in our mess-house, by way of bidding farewell to the pleasant society of our station. All went off very well, except that the ladies were somewhat wroth with us for having painted the plain plaster floor of the ball-room in diverse pretty patterns in water colours: the effect of the dancing on this ingenious decoration was, as we ought to have foreseen, the complete effacement of the pretty patterns, and transfer of the once bright colours, in the shape of an ugly brown dust, to the skirts of the ladies' dresses!

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On the 19th of December, we left Vellore. A march with a regiment, in the "cold weather," is not disagreeable, at all events for the first three weeks or so; but, if prolonged much beyond that time, it becomes irksome, and the sound of the "General," on drums and bugles, at 4, 3, and even sometimes 2 o'clock in the morning, according to the length of the day's march, becomes very worrying, and makes one long for the more reasonable awakening time in cantonments.

Long before the hour appointed for the march, the sleepy bugler, who has been roused up from his lair in the guard-tent by the sentry, paces, shiveringly, in the cold morning air, before the adjutant's tent. A man of the guard stirs up the adjutant's drowsy servants, and soon a gleam of light shows itself under the flounces of his canvas dwelling. And now the bugler gets his orders; and, after a preliminary clearing squeak or two, the well-blown "General" rings out on the darkness, and is taken up by the drums and bugles at the quarter-guard. A clatter of tent-pegs rises throughout the camp, and very soon the canvas town lies prone upon the ground; and, in about forty minutes, all is packed, and loaded up on carts, bullocks, or camels, as the case may be. The "Assembly" is sounded, and the regiment musters in front of what was, less than an hour before, a line of occupied tents; bayonets are fixed, and the snake-like column gropes its way out of camp on to the high road; and, with torch-bearing guides at its head, struggles on in the darkness. At dawn, after a short halt sacred to smoking, the regiment moves on, at a quickened pace, until the few white tents of the new camp, which had been sent on

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the night before, come in sight: among them the mess-tent is conspicuous, it having been struck and sent on, with its attendant *cortège* of butler, cooks, and other myrmidons, immediately after an early afternoon dinner. Then another very short halt, and a brushing-up of equipments, and letting down of tucked-up trouser feet; and, amid a gaping crowd of villagers, the regiment, with band playing, enters the new camp.

In former days, such as I am now writing of, the "maty" always carried his master's chair on his head, and on the chair a suit of "mufti," a plate, cup and saucer, knife and fork, &c., all tied up in a large towel; for the mess equipage of this kind was packed up during the march, and everything was "camp fashion"—*i.e.* every officer brought his own crockery, &c. with him. Now, however, native servants have marched with the times, and have become less hard-working and more "cheeky," and no maty, who would avoid the jeers of his fellows, will do anything of the kind; a special coolie must *now* be engaged for the chair and its contents.

On this march I went in very zealously for duck-shooting, and by imprudent exposure—wading after wild fowl up to my waist in water, with a furiously hot sun overhead, and walking in my wet clothes three or four miles daily back to camp—I contracted a violent acute inflammation of the liver, which very nearly finished me. Strange to say, I remained, during my whole subsequent service, entirely free from any derangement of that important organ; and, in fact, have never been so much as reminded that I have such a thing as a liver belonging to me.

This same duck-shooting was very enjoyable. At most stages there were tanks within two or three

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miles of the tents, sometimes much nearer, and these tanks were full of wild-fowl. The blue-winged, white-necked goose, much tamer than its European congener of the marshes; the portly comb-duck, with a great black, helmet-like excrescence at the base of its bill; the handsome speckled, red-billed duck, as large as a mallard; the widgeon, with cream-coloured head and livid, bluish bill; the broad-billed shoveller, best of all for the table; the pintail, which almost rivals the shoveller in delicate flavour; the common teal, most numerous of all; the golden-eye, with piebald plumage—a very crafty bird, better at diving than at flight, and which commonly occupies the far middle of the tank, well out of gun-shot from the shores. Lastly, I will mention that queer little bird, the "cotton teal"—really a diminutive goose, which flies up and down the surface of the water, with its continual cry of "kuk kuk a ruk—kuk kuk a ruk." I had almost forgotten to name the whistling teal, an ugly, ungainly duck, with plumage rufous, all except a head and neck of dirty white, quite an exception to the finely-pencilled and game-like attire of most of the aquatic family. A stranger to the habits of this teal is often astonished to find the whole flock, which has circled round the tank, whistling all the while, perched up in some palmyra tree in most unducklike fashion.

These Indian tanks are likewise full of all manner of other water-fowl and waders. Cranes, herons, coots, some of them of brilliant plumage; water-hens, snake-birds (darters), and hundreds of others, "which now to describe would be too long" for these pages.

On the reedy borders of these tanks are innumer-

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able waders—stilt plover, with long crimson legs; various sandpipers, from the greenshank, nearly as large as a woodcock, to the little sandling, which skims along the shore in flocks of hundreds, more like little balls of wind-tossed foam than birds; snipe, both that species which is so well known in Europe, and the pintail snipe, which is exactly like the other in size and colour, but has one point of difference, as noted in its trivial name.

Snakes, both venomous and also of harmless species, were common on this march. One morning, while riding in front of the regiment, my eye lighted upon a thick squab snake curled up on the side of the road. I dismounted and examined the torpid-looking reptile, and, touching it with a stick, it uncoiled itself, and I found it to be an amphisbæna, about a foot long, and as thick as a man's thumb. Knowing it to be a perfectly harmless creature, I put it into my coat pocket and remounted. The sepoys were greatly agitated at this proceeding, and assured me that it was a most deadly serpent, that its bite would cause a man's flesh to rot off his bones, and begged me to throw it away immediately. "Look at it," said they, "look at it; see its unnatural shape—its tail as thick as its head; and it is well known that its head and tail change place every six months! It *must* be deadly!" However, I carried it to the end of the day's march, and then put it into a bottle of spirits of wine, in company with sundry other snakes, centipedes, scorpions, and numerous other "bugs" which I had collected.

Another day, near a sea-side village named Ramapatam, I had leave to shoot my way to camp, instead of accompanying the regiment. Passing through

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some scrub jungle, I heard a loud hissing, very like the boiling over of a kettle, in a bush close to me, and, looking in, saw a very large and handsome snake coiled up in the bush. One barrel was enough for him, and, on dragging him out of the bush, we saw that he was a daboiea, one of the most deadly and vicious of Indian snakes. It was fully five feet in length, and, in the thickest part, as large round as my wrist. The head of this snake was peculiarly suggestive of *danger*. Flat, very broad, and joined on to the neck in ace of spades fashion, it had a bull-dog appearance ; nor were its jaws, when prised open with a stick, less formidable than suggested by its appearance. There were five poison-fangs, all of different lengths, two on one side and three on the other. The largest of these fangs measured about an inch, the shortest not more than one-third of an inch. The skin was very handsome, a rich chocolate brown, marbled with chains of spots, blotches of black encircled with white and yellow.

Between Nellore and Ongole we had good shooting, especially with floriken and quail. One drawback was the great number of poisonous snakes which infested the grass-lands. We often came across half a dozen cobras, and vipers of sorts, in the course of a morning's shooting.

The country was flat and grassy, and, being along the sea-shore, was intersected by water-courses and small creeks, more or less swampy and treacherous. In one morning's march we came upon one of these muddy creeks, and were amused to see a cart-wheel sticking up just above the surface of the water; the cart itself was evidently on its broadside below. No one was more amused than one of our captains, who

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shouted jubilantly, "Who is the owner of this pretty thing?" Thereupon a squalid, shivering figure emerged from under a bush, and the captain, with sad misgiving, recognised his own servant in the half-drowned object, who answered to his facetious query, "This *Master's* bandy, Sir!" (the cart of the country is "bandy" in the vernacular). The Captain's hilarity was checked for the rest of that morning; not so that of the subalterns', and many were the jokes cut upon the occasion when we assembled together at the mess-tent.

Just before crossing to the left bank of the Kistnah river, we encamped at Kota Mungelgherry, a place possessed of a very tall and sacred pagoda. Lottery tickets were then very fashionable, and were issued yearly or half-yearly by the Government, and several tickets were bet upon the height of this pagoda as compared with that in the Vellore fort. Each whole lottery-ticket cost, to the best of my recollection, 100 rupees, and the prizes ranged from the lakh, or 100,000 rupees, down to 180 rupees, of which lowest amount there was a swarm of prizes. On this occasion I bet a ticket that the Mungelgherry pagoda was twice the height of that at Vellore. This ticket I lost; but I had *hedged* with another ticket that it was half as high again as the Vellore edifice, and *this* I won. Both tickets turned up blanks, so that Government was the only gainer by the transaction. The bets were decided by a measurement taken at both places.

There is an old story that a common coolie at Madras, having by hard work, or good luck, or both, managed to scrape together 100 rupees, bought a ticket with his money, and that this ticket actually turned up the lakh! Poor Ramasammy went off his

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head altogether; dressed himself in grand clothes, kincaubs, shawls, &c. from top to toe; hired a fine-looking horse, mounted on which (the first ride he had ever taken on horseback) he rode into Fort St. George to show himself in all his magnificence. Alas! the fine horse shied at the sentry at the fort gate; off tumbled Ramasammy and broke his neck. So much for his enjoyment of the lakh!

At Mungulgherry an incident which might have had tragic results took place. The regiment had a small brass cannon, of ancient make, said to have been captured at the siege of Seringapatam. It was about a foot and a half long, and of two inches calibre, and was mounted on a small iron carriage. It was easy for one man to lift the whole thing. This gun was fired in camp on the evening of every halting day. On the evening in question it was loaded with a double charge of powder; and, as mischief would have it, the Adjutant popped in and rammed down a kidney from the saddle of mutton which had formed part of the mess dinner. On applying the match, the officers and many natives standing round the while, a stunning report ensued, with various whizzes and whistlings of heavy bodies hurtling through the air, evidently due to some unusual action on the part of the little cannon. The gun had burst, and pieces of it were found, many yards off, among the tents. Strange to say, no one was hurt.

Soon after this occurrence, I had my attack of "liver," and was leeched, blistered, and calomeled, nearly to death's door; for such was the treatment in those days. No more shooting for me on that march. I was carried along each morning in a dhooly, and, though much better when we arrived at

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Samulcottah, was fit for nothing in the way of duty for some weeks afterwards. At Samulcottah, I bought a house from an officer of the relieved regiment. This sounds like a heavy purchase; but the house, which consisted of two fair rooms only, with a dressing-room and a bath-room, cost me only 600 rupees = £60; this amount to be paid in monthly instalments of 60 rupees each. The house had once belonged to a well-known botanist, Dr. Roxborough; and the garden, which was a very good one, held many rare and valuable trees, fruit-bearing as well as others.

There was one thing on the premises which had better have been away—no other than the tomb of the Doctor's wife, which stood exactly opposite to the front door, and not five yards from it! A strange and unpleasant crotchet of the Doctor, to deposit the remains of his deceased spouse in such a place! To remove the tomb (an oblong stone structure) would have shocked the prejudices of many of my neighbours: I therefore did the next best thing, and trained a fine "Rangoon creeper" over the tomb, which, in a few months, was completely hidden by the pink and white flowers of the fast-growing plant.

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CHAPTER II.

Subalterns' Pets again.—Tame Python.—Country round Samulcottah.—Large and Small Game.—Beemarum Tank.—Lucky Shot at an Antelope.—Shot by a Comrade.—A wooden Cobra.—Accident on Parade.—Treasure Party.—Treasure Escort Stories.—A Bag of Snipe.—Doctor of the Old School.—A new Arrival and his Equipage.—Bull-spearing and Pig-baiting.—More Tricks on Monkeys.—Juggapett and its Rajah.—Wild Hog.—Comet.—Native Prophecy of Fall of "John Company."—March to Nursapatam.—Small Game.—Traps for Hyænas.—March to Chicacole.

WHEN we became settled in our new station, the institution of subalterns' pets assumed large proportions. My share was a pair of very special monkeys, imported from the extreme south of India—little black, long-coated fellows, with white whiskers and beards; also I had a rather large "python" or "rock snake." When the snake, which was about eight feet long, was supposed to be hungry, a live "bandicoot" was procured, and a much interested party of subalterns assembled to "early tea" (and coffee) at my house.

The snake was brought out of his box and placed in the middle of the circle of chairs, close to Mrs. Roxborough. The ill-fated bandicoot, tied with a long string on one hind leg, was then introduced, and drawn backwards and forwards over the squirming

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serpent. After a minute or two of this excitation of his appetite, the snake, now coiled up into a small compass, with his head on the top of his folds, made a lightning dash at the victim, which was, as quick as thought, seized and hidden in the coils of its hungry foe. Two or three minutes of pressure sufficed: the coils were unfolded, and the bandicoot taken by the nose and pouched—sucked down, as it were—without any preliminary slavering. The end of this not very interesting pet was that it got out of health, and the large black ants, which swarm in most parts of India, got into its box, and murdered it. Nothing could keep them out; the smell of a sick snake was irresistible; and, morning after morning, the box was full of the odious insects, all prodding and nipping in the joints of the snake's armour.

Some time before this, I got a great fright. The snake was kept in a large box in my verandah, and the lid of the box was weighted with a heavy stone. One morning, just at dawn, I entered my bath-room, and, to my horror, saw a great snake, in the dim light, crawling round the room. For the moment, I entirely forgot my own snake, and instantly tumbled out of the bath-room, and raised an alarm. The next minute I recollected my snake, and the possibility of its having escaped; and so it was; and my disagreeable pet was speedily returned to his box, and *two* heavy stones placed on the lid.

We enjoyed ourselves very well at Samulcottah in the way of sport. The country round the station is rather flat, and there are many shallow tanks; also a good deal of what may be termed moorland—tracts of swelling ground, with high grass and thinly-scattered bushes on the high slopes, and thick cover

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in the hollows between these slopes, in which were swamps here and there; also small water-courses, dry except in actual rainy weather. On the tanks, and in the swamps and rice-fields, were water-fowl of all kinds, and equally numerous waders, snipe, &c. On the dry moorlands were hyænas and wolves, and innumerable antelope; also hares, partridge, rock-pigeon (sand-grouse), and quail of many species; also a few floriken. The snipe came in early; usually one or two were shot in the latter days of August, and in the middle of September fair bags might be made. It appears to me, on long observation, that snipe do not *now* come in so early as they did forty years ago. The fact is that they are more bullied, and are not so numerous as they were. The duck, of all kinds, come about a month later.

At a village, by name Beemarum, about a mile south of Samulcottah, is a large piece of water, which held great numbers of duck and teal; and on the marshy borders of which cranes, storks, &c. &c., and also snipe, were plentiful. On this tank we maintained a very crazy old boat, which we cobbled up, from time to time, in a rough way, but which was very nearly the means of putting an end to myself and three others, who were sailing in her, one fine morning. A plank worked loose, and the water rose over our feet in the boat, and we had only just time to get into shallow water, when she foundered under us, and left us, nearly up to our necks, to make the best of our way to land. On this tank a native used to set snares for cranes, &c., and I once watched his proceedings. He pegged nooses across and across in swampy places, so arranged as just to take the legs of the wading birds; and during the hour, or more,

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that I watched his manœuvres, he caught a spoonbill, an ibis, and two white egrets.

Once, while snipe-shooting, I saw four wolves walking along the narrow "bunds," *i.e.* the banked-up paths between the irrigated rice-fields: they were busily engaged in catching and eating the little crabs which abound on all wet land in India. Antelope, also, frequented the large plain between Beemarum and the sea; and I made a most remarkably lucky, though not very creditable, shot at them. I fired at a doe antelope, which was standing within easy range, perhaps eighty yards, of me; missed her clean, and killed a fine black buck which was grazing about a hundred yards farther away! The ball, no doubt, went over the doe's back, and ricochetted; and, the buck's "luck being bad," as the natives would say, it plugged him in the ribs; and, to my delight and astonishment, he fell over, dead! I did a very griffinish thing while sitting in our boat on Beemarum tank. Wishing to fire off my gun at the end of our day's shooting, I fired it *off my knee*: the gun, held loosely, kicked like fury. I thought my knee-cap was broken, the pain was so intense; and I became quite faint for a few minutes. I need hardly say that I never again fired a gun from my knee!

Another, and ugly, accident happened to me at Samulcottah. I was walking along the bottom, and on the land side, of the high embankment of a tank; and a brother sub., seeking what he might shoot, was walking on the top of the bank, just over me. A snake scurried down between us; and, as my friend lifted his gun, I *saw down the muzzle*, and shouted "Don't fire"; but he *did!* Luckily, he shot lower than his first aim; but he put thirteen small shot

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into my legs and thighs, and I had to get the Doctor of the regiment to pick out the shot when I returned to my house. My friend was in a considerable fright. On receiving the shot, I sat down, pulled off my trousers and investigated the injury, swearing at him the while; and he threw down his gun, and declared that he would never again take one up; but he did not keep this resolution very long, as may be imagined.

There is a village, Rajahnagrum, and a travellers' bungalow, about twenty miles south of Samulcottah, on the high road to Rajahmundry: heavy jungle surrounds this village; and we used, now and then, to make up parties whenever we heard that there was a panther roaming about the jungle. On one occasion, when we sat, at night, in pits dug on the border of the village tank, we killed two jackals which came sneaking up in the moonlight to the kid which we had picketed for the panther. One evening, while sitting after mess, we received news of a panther said to be near a little road-side tank, about ten miles out of cantonment on the same road; and three subs., myself included, got leave from our Colonel, and rode out, arriving at the tank at about 11 o'clock. As we had nothing and nobody with us, except our guns, our horses, and their attendants, we had to bivouac on the grassy border of the tank, with our saddles for pillows; and, it being a dry, warm night, we slept very comfortably in our clothes.

Next morning, just as it was getting light, we saw a hyæna shambling along close to us, but he was out of sight before we could get a shot at him. The day advanced, no signs of servants or coolies on their way, though our friends in cantonment had faithfully promised to see to their timely despatch; so

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we sent a syce to forage in a neighbouring village, and he returned with a bundle of fire-wood, three dozen eggs, and two earthen cooking-vessels, usually, in India, called "chatties." We soon had the eggs boiled hard, and as my camp cot, with the usual brass basin strapped on it, just then came up, we had the hard eggs served up in the basin, and enjoyed this very "one horse" breakfast exceedingly. I rather fear that I ate more than my share of hard eggs on this occasion! Soon afterwards our full equipage, tents, &c. came up.

We stayed two days in this place, and saw the fresh marks of the panther, but not the panther itself. We had holes dug on the margin of the tank, and sat patiently in them till midnight, but saw nothing except night-birds, stalking and flitting over the yellow water. One of our party was a nervous individual, and had great ideas of the number and ferocity of all noxious animals and insects appertaining to India; so, after we had relinquished all hope of the panther, we captured an immense toad, and took it very quietly to where our friend was sitting, with his gun before him, and his head bent forwards on his knees, and we dropped the toad on his neck. I suppose that he was half asleep, for he jumped up with a frightful yell, and shouted for help for full five minutes. I also, afterwards, got a sort of scare, or, more correctly, was *taken in*, at this place. Passing with my gun over a field of young grain, I saw, about a half gun-shot off, what appeared to be the hooded neck and minacious head of a cobra standing up among the grain. To aim, and put a charge of small shot into it, was the work of a moment; but there the cobra stood, threatening as before. This was

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strange. I am not such a very bad shot, and, when I advanced to within five or six paces of it, I saw that it was an admirably carved and painted image of a cobra in wood. No doubt it was stuck there by the "ryot," for the purpose of averting the evil eye from his flourishing crop. It certainly did entice my eye from his grain; but he had the trouble of carving another snake, for I carried this presentment of a cobra away with me as a curiosity.

Soon after this little excursion, a shocking accident happened at a parade of the regiment. We were at regimental exercise, with twenty rounds of blank cartridge. The regiment was armed in those days with flint-and-steel muskets: we did not get percussion arms until about four years afterwards. After several manœuvres, and firing off fifteen of the twenty rounds of ammunition, the Colonel took us back to the place of arms by a wide road which, running between two hedges, led from the large parade-ground to the barrack-square. On entering this road, we were faced to our proper front by the Colonel, and then he ordered "street firing and retiring." We were then "left in front," the movement having been a retirement led by the grenadiers, rear rank in front. My company, the light, delivered its fire and retired, in half companies, round both flanks of the halted column, to its rear, where we reformed and faced. Each of the other companies in succession delivered fire, and did as we had done, and formed in our rear. At last it came to the turn of the grenadiers. They fired their volley. I was on the right of the light company, and saw the grenadiers fire and then *break up* near the centre of the company, as if a shell had burst among them. I re-

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Five men were lying on the ground. The musket of a rear-rank man had burst, mortally wounding two men of the front rank, between whose heads it had been fired, and wounding two others less seriously. The fifth man who was down, by name Venketram, was the sepoy whose musket had burst; he was not wounded, but was knocked down by the recoil. There is no doubt that the musket had missed fire, *i.e.* burnt priming only, from the very commencement of the parade, and that Venketram, supposing that it had gone off all right in the various volleys which had been delivered, had not used his ramrod at all, but had adopted the very common trick of pouring the powder in, and tapping the heel of the butt on the ground to settle down the charge. This must have gone on for the whole fifteen rounds previous to the fatal volley at which it burst.

On going to the spot, we saw that one man, Shaik Ally, was lying insensible, breathing stertorously, and, lifting him up, we saw his brains oozing out through a large hole at the back of his head. Another very fine young man, Mahomed Moosa, had risen up, and was staggering wildly, with his musket in his hand. His turban was off, and he looked ghastly, but no wound or trace of blood was visible. I said to him, "You are all right, don't be frightened," and some men with difficulty wrested his musket from him; he then sat down on the ground. He died before he reached the hospital, and it was then found that a small fragment of the musket barrel had entered his scull, inflicting only a very small wound, which had been completely hidden by his hair; for, as is the case with many young Mahomedans, his head was shaven only on the very crown,

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if at all. A third man, a Hindoo, had a terrible gash across his left wrist, dividing all the tendons, but not breaking the bones. A fourth man, who was also knocked down, escaped with only a scalp wound. The musket which had burst had lost about a foot of the centre of its barrel, no doubt dispersed in fragments. The upper part, *i.e.* muzzle and some inches of the barrel, was found lying some yards in front of where the company stood.

When this wretched accident happened, the Adjutant galloped to the hospital for the surgeon. The medico, who was no horseman, who, in fact, had never been known to mount a horse, was constrained, by the Adjutant's vehemence and fiery exhortations, to mount that officer's charger, and to essay the half mile which lay between the hospital and the scene of the accident; but the spirited charger went sideways and any way but the right way, in such unskilful hands, and the doctor, wisely we thought, got off and ran! Stretchers were got from the hospital, and the victims of this untoward event were carried thither; two of them, as I have said, only to die. The man whose wrist was cut through, was, when he recovered, made a drill instructor, as it was thought that he could never again carry a musket; but after some years, his wrist got fairly well and strong, and he, being a good man, was promoted to the non-commissioned ranks. Private Venketram was brought before a court of inquiry; but nothing could be absolutely proved against him, for the havildar (native sergeant) who had stood behind the section, would not own to having observed any act of negligence. Venketram, therefore, escaped with only a minor punishment—seven days in a solitary cell, if I re-

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member right; and a year or two afterwards he went mad, or pretended to become so (it was doubtful which), and was discharged the service. The havildar was summarily reduced to the ranks for obvious neglect of duty on parade. And, with a pension from Government to the families of the two men who thus died in the execution of their duty, the matter ended. The Mahomedans of the regiment erected a handsome tomb over the graves of the two men who were killed, with an inscription, in Persian character, relating the circumstances of their sad end.

Some time afterwards an absurd superstitious report got about the regiment, that the two defunct sepoys, or, rather, their ghosts, had been seen on the parade ground, drilling each other! But *we* altogether rejected this story; for our old Colonel was such a glutton at drill, and had given them such an over amount of it during their lives, that we believed it to be the very last thing their ghosts would have selected for amusement; indeed, we considered that a chapter out of the Field Exercise Book would be the best possible exorcism for any deceased man of the regiment, who might wish to "revisit the glimpses of the" cantonment!

Soon after this, I was ordered to take a treasure party to Masulipatam, about 120 miles south of Samulcottah. This was a rather pleasant duty. The treasure was 250,000 rupees, laden on fifty bullocks, in stout double canvas-bags, each bag containing 2,500 rupees. These bags were slung in pairs over the bullocks' backs—two bags, equal 5,000 rupees, to each bullock—and a strong cord communicated between the bags and a hole bored in the bullock's nose; so that, in the not unfrequent event of

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the gamesome bullock kicking up its heels and dropping its burden, the bags acted as a most efficient anchor, to the avoidance of any danger of the precious load being lost in the jungle. There was a driver to every five bullocks; and at intervals of every ten minutes, and oftener if passing by cross roads, or through a village, the drivers shouted, from rear to front, the numbers of their tale of bullocks, "Five!" "Ten!" "Fifteen!" and so on to the front five, which completed the number to "Fifty." I had with me fifty sepoys, with two native officers and a due proportion of non-commissioned. The party was never allowed to march before daylight. The bullocks were, just before dawn, driven into a circle formed by the detachment round the treasure bags, which were piled in the middle, and were there loaded up. Four sentries, with loaded muskets, who had been kept up, with reliefs every two hours, during the night, were then withdrawn, and the march began.

On arriving at the next stage, the cordon of sepoys was again formed round the bullocks, the treasure was stacked in a small square, after it had been carefully examined by the Government officials who accompanied us, and the tents of the escort were pitched immediately in rear of the stack of treasure-bags. The officials were provided with a large brass seal, bearing the Honourable East India Company's arms; and if any seal of a bag was broken or defaced, they opened the outer bag, and, if all appeared right, closed and resealed it. *My* responsibility was for one hundred *sealed bags* only, not for the amount of coin. Some years previous, a different system prevailed; the officer of the escort had to count over the whole sum, and to give a receipt for it, and to count it

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out again to the treasury officer who relieved him of his charge. This counting over the treasure would occupy him one, or even two days, according to the amount, which was often three and four times as much as I had under my care.

There was among my men a tradition of loss of treasure on two occasions. One was that the escort, being encamped close to the entrance of a large village, saw a gay marriage procession issue out and pass along the road immediately in front of the camp. All hands turned out to see this grand procession, which (it was just night-fall) was lighted up with torches. A splendid scarlet-housed palanquin was, as usual on such occasions, carried in the centre of the throng, and in this the bride was supposed to recline. On arriving opposite the camp, the bearers, appearing tired, put down the palanquin, which was then surrounded by the whole procession, and by not a few of the careless treasure escort also. A sudden rush to the palanquin, and in a trice the covering was torn off, and the wedding party seized the swords and knives which were now seen to be the contents. The escort, taken entirely by surprise, was completely defeated, and the treasure carried off by the exulting Dacoits. The robbers' stratagem, as here told, is not the less likely to be true because it, or something very like it, has been recorded in the annals of crime and of war in various other countries.

The other case where treasure was said to have been lost was not by the hand of man, but by the fury of the elements. The officer in charge, not being possessed of a Quartermaster-General's instincts, pitched his camp, at the end of a bright, clear morning's march, in the very centre of the dry bed of a river.

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That night a violent "hot-weather storm" came on, filled the river with a surging torrent of muddy water, and carried away the treasure-bags in the current. Much of the treasure was recovered, but much was lost. This has always appeared to me to be an incredible and "made up" story; even if the officer were so dull or so inexperienced as described, it is not likely that any such force of water would carry heavy bags of silver beyond a few yards, or that they would sink so deep in the sandy bottom as not to be easily found.

I did not get very much shooting on this march, on my way to Masulipatam, as I was bound not to stray out of sight of my camp; but I made up for this on my return journey, and shot a great number of duck and snipe, also of hares and partridges. My halt at the bungalow of Yernagoodium was especially pleasant. There were many tanks, great and small, some of them quite close to the bungalow, so I made a good bag. One small tank was absolutely black with teal, and I killed over a dozen at one shot. I had a curious piece of luck at a little swamp, which was all but dried up, and was not more than fifty yards in width each way. In this place a very large snipe rose, which I fired at, and it fell. It was a solitary, or double snipe, a rare bird in Southern India. When picking it up, I saw something fluttering in the dry sedges a few yards farther on, and this turned out to be a grey quail, and the only one in the little swamp, so that its luck must have been very bad to have led it in the way of the low raking shot which I fired at the solitary snipe.

At another halting-place, Nullacherla, I made a queer bag of snipe. There was a small piece of very

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shallow water, which was encircled by a large extent of soft mud, in which numerous thorn-trees were growing; the branches of these trees hung low, and swept down almost to the surface of the ground. Walking along the skirts of this miry flat, I saw a snipe rise up from the shade of one of the trees, and dart away to another thorn-tree, under which it disappeared. The trees were so thickly set, and their branches also so thick, that I could not get a clear shot at the bird, nor at two or three more which flew out and dodged in the same manner as I went on. I then stooped and looked beneath the hanging branches of the nearest thorn-trees, and saw numerous snipe sitting on the bare mud beneath the shady cover. They sat *hunched* up, with their bills pointing to the ground. I took a number of *sitting* shots, for nothing else could be done with them, and bagged eight couple!

At a stage near Masulipatam I came across a number of blue pigeons, which inhabited an old well. The well was large, and built up with masonry, which had become much out of repair, so that the pigeons found many snug chinks and cavities in which to build their nests. I frightened them up by throwing stones down, and shot many of them, for they continually returned and flew over and round the well.

At one stage of my march to Masulipatam, a palanquin was carried up to my camp, and a fat little old man got out and introduced himself to me as the Superintending Surgeon of the Masulipatam District. There was no bungalow, but only a road-side shed in which I had put up. I had shot some snipe, and had brought a large basket of vegetables, green peas, &c. with me from Samulcottah, so I asked him to

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dine with me, and he, being, as I found, a great gourmand, was delighted with the unexpected good dinner of roast snipe, green peas, and snipe curry. He asked me to dine with him when I arrived at Masulipatam, and gave me a very good dinner, one feature of which was that the "gram-fed" mutton-chops were grilled on a silver gridiron over a charcoal fire in the corner of the dining-room, so that they came up screeching hot, as chops should! Another but not so pleasant part of the entertainment, was the entry, at dessert, of a posse of yellow half-caste children belonging to the Doctor, who cruised around the table, and were fed with fruit, &c., and caressed by their father, who was living in a semi-native style, which was then (1841) slowly going out of repute among English officers.

Soon after my return to Samulcottah, a very strange and, as will hereafter be seen, unhappy addition was made to the officers of the regiment. I was on my way to mess one afternoon, when a curious figure on a yellow pony, and accompanied by a troop of English-looking dogs of sorts, rode up and introduced himself to me. He was burned a deep red by the sun, and there was a remarkable expression of mingled simplicity and determination in his coarse features, heightened by a permanent frown, like that of an *intent* dog, between his eyebrows. He had just been posted an ensign to the regiment, and we afterwards found that he was the illegitimate son of an old Bombay civilian, and, though no half-caste, had been born and bred in India, never having been taken to England. He was a stark shikarry, and, when sober, one of the best shots I have ever seen; but, alas! he had been miserably neglected, and brought up almost

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as a native, and we soon found that he was also a hopeless drunkard. In all other respects we liked him much; he was honest and straightforward, full of anecdote, good-tempered, a good naturalist, and a perfect linguist, colloquially, in more than one native language.

His half-bred bull-dogs and "poligars"—a hairless, very powerful and fierce Indian greyhound—were a great acquisition to us subalterns, and were used, I am ashamed to say, in the baiting of many Brahminy bulls and village pigs, which often issued from the native town and invaded our cantonment. We had to undergo many a wigging from our colonel, and even to pay to owners compensation for bulls torn and pigs killed in this way. The Brahminy bulls were very troublesome, and used to come every night into our premises, eat our flowers and vegetables, and "rout" round our houses, making night hideous with their grunting bellow. One very fine bull frequented my compound, and even broke into my railed-in, choice garden, and did much mischief. After bearing for a long time with this nuisance, I sallied out one night, armed with a long spear, and gave the bull a very sufficient thrust in his broad flank. He dashed off at once and disappeared in the darkness; but I had inquiries made quietly by my "patternman" (confidential sepoy, who cleans his officer's sword, &c., and is always about his house), and ascertained that the bull had been found lying dead in the native town; no doubt the Hindoos must have had violent suspicions against us, but we heard no more of the matter.

Our Colonel was, however, very angry when a mob of villagers brought to his door a monstrous great

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sow, which had evidently been done to death with spears, and also bore marks of having been severely baited with dogs. The villagers laid this murder to the subalterns; but it had been perpetrated in an out-of-the-way place on the outskirts of the station, and, notwithstanding the terrible noise which must have attended on the cruel departure of the sow from this world, they had no direct evidence against any of us. We were all sent for and violently harangued by the Colonel for about a quarter of an hour, and this, for a time, put an end to pig-baiting.

Our energies were then much devoted to playing tricks on monkeys, of which interesting animals we had as large a number as we had at Vellore. Our Colonel once intimated his intention to pay a visit to a couple of subalterns who were living together, and who had adorned their bare and whitewashed hall with some very lively and well-conceived coloured sporting sketches, which our commander had heard of and wished to see. The opportunity was too good to be lost. When the fine old gentleman came up to the door-steps, he was greeted by two grinning faces of monkeys, planted, up to their unhappy chins, in two great flower-pots, one on each side of the doorway. The Colonel tried hard to keep his countenance and to look angry, but it was a failure, and he had to break down in the middle of the lecture which he began to deliver. Of course, all the subalterns were within view of the house, enjoying the effect. Many other things, more or less ingenious and indefensible, were done to the wretched monkeys; they were chained to planks and barrel tops, and launched on ponds, to defend themselves against dogs, after the manner of a duck hunt; only that monkeys cannot

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dive, and they had to repel their assailants by pushing them off into the water so often as they rested their chins or paws upon the plank. The poor Jockoos were also battered with pellet bows, and one was frightened out of his senses by a mine which was cunningly laid for him, by placing a small packet of gunpowder under his plate of food, his attention being taken off while the slow match was lighted. Jockoo rushed to the plate when able, as he thought, to do so in peace, and was stuffing his cheek-pouches with boiled rice, when the explosion took place, and monkey, plate, and all, were hoisted! After this unhandsome trick, the monkey, for many days, never addressed himself to his food without first putting his head sideways on the ground from a safe distance, and having a good look to see whether there was any suspicious appearance at the bottom of his plate. We had one very large and savage male monkey, which dropped down from his pole upon an orderly boy who was passing by, and bit the sole of the boy's foot across in the most frightful manner, for Jockoo's teeth were almost as large as a leopard's. This monkey was tried, in great form, by a court-martial of subs., and shot.

I had a narrow escape of committing homicide about this time, *i.e.* the early part of 1842. When out with my gun in the early morning, I saw what I thought to be a large vulture sitting in a grain-field. At the distance, about 200 yards, it looked exactly like a vulture sitting, hunched up, as they often are, on the ground. I put a bullet into my gun, and was just about taking aim, when the supposed vulture rose up, and exhibited the meagre form of an old man wrapped up in a "cumbley," or black blanket.

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I was very thankful that I had not pulled trigger at him, for, on such occasions, there seems often to be a strange fatality, rendering the aim of even an indifferent marksman, at long distances too, more sure than usual.

Very little else is recorded by me in 1842, except that I got a heavy fall from my horse, and, falling with all my weight on my right wrist, I both broke and dislocated it. My wrist recovered its strength very fairly, but was permanently and greatly disfigured. I had another fall this year, but without any bad consequences.

Riding along a road, I charged a herd of buffaloes, thinking, in my innocence, that they would *drive* just as other cattle do when ridden at, but the buffs received my charge most stolidly, and made no attempt whatever to get out of the way, so I came over, horse and all, on a buffalo's broad back. None of us were hurt. The horse and I picked ourselves up, the buffalo waddled off with his nose straight out, and with his long horns laid back on his shoulders; and I determined never again to charge a buffalo.

In the beginning of 1843, our doctor (not the one who could not ride) was ordered off to another regiment, and I and one or two more went out with him two stages on the northern road. We halted the first day at Juggapett, at which place there was a young snob of a Rajah, who greatly affected things English, and who turned out a number of beaters, with the idea of showing us some "pig-sticking." The Rajah was dressed in boots and breeches, and an embroidered muslin jacket, cut in native style, a big turban, and spectacles! A sweet figure he was! He was mounted on a screaming, badly-bred horse, caparisoned with a

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scarlet saddle cloth; and, as he posted himself with his tag-rag and bob-tail suite exactly in front of the cover from which the hog were expected to break, it is not wonderful that we failed to see any. The next morning we rode to Darmaveram, through a very pretty jungly country, with a background of high wooded hills to the northward. Here two fine old pensioned native officers of "Sebundees" (a kind of military police, formerly maintained for the purpose of keeping the hill tribes in order) met us, and organized a beat in the jungle hard by. I had a good chance at a spotted deer, which came close up to me; but which I lost by my gun-cap missing fire. Afterwards I came across and slew a large hog, the first I had ever seen in its native jungles. It is not correct, strictly speaking, to *shoot* a hog, in India, under any circumstances; but, as there was no riding-ground at Darmaveram, or anywhere near it, and as, also, I was little better than a griffin, I think my offence may be condoned; indeed, I have done much the same thing, occasionally, under similar circumstances, in later years. When there is no riding-ground within, perhaps, two or three hundred miles, there can be no harm, that I can see, in shooting hog. After halting one more day at this pleasant place, we returned to Samulcottah. Heavy rain having fallen on the mountains, we found that a small river, usually quite fordable, had been excessively swollen by the rain, so we had to swim our horses over, an operation quite new to us, and which I, for one, did not at all enjoy.

In, I think, July or August, an immense comet became visible, low down in the western sky, just after sunset. It had a bright nucleus, and a train

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which extended one-third up to the zenith. It was visible for many days, and the natives shook their heads, and augured many evils to result from the great "broom-star," as it is when rendered from the vernacular into English. It was in talking with a native about this comet, that I first heard of the strangely verified notion that the "Company's Raj" would come to an end in 1857, or rather in 1858. "In fifteen years this will happen," said the man with whom I was speaking; and the 1st of November 1858 was the official date of the dethronement of "John Company," the best of masters; and of the proclamation of the "Empire of India."

In the fall of this year I was sent, with two companies of my regiment and a junior subaltern as my companion, to Nursapatam, a small outpost station about one hundred miles north of Samulcottah. The march was a pleasant one; not the less so that I was my own master. The country through which we marched was very pretty: a great deal of jungle, both heavy and thin; ranges of picturesque hills covered with forest; valleys densely clothed with bamboos and with flowering shrubs, and also with tall trees, and watered by running streams and occasional tanks: all the landscape being here and there varied by cultivated fields belonging to grass-roofed hamlets and villages. On this march, Private Venketram, the man whose musket burst on parade, became, to all appearance, insane, and was placed under restraint in the hospital tent: he was finally discharged the service as incurable. A report subsequently gained credence among the men that Venketram had again enlisted in the 37th Madras Grenadiers, and had been promoted to naique (native corporal).

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On the tenth morning we reached Nursapatam; and almost immediately after the detachment marched in, and before the tents had come up, a stout young sepoy fell down dead on the parade ground, probably from heart disease: indeed the Dresser (native doctor) said so. There was no *post mortem* examination: such are very much disliked and dreaded by the natives, and are very seldom resorted to—never, it may be said, in a native regiment, unless there be grave suspicion of foul play. We were not long at Nursapatam. Six weeks after the party which we had relieved marched away, we ourselves were relieved by a detachment, with two officers, of another regiment.

Nursapatam was a very enjoyable place, at all events for a short sojourn; possibly we might have become tired of it if we had remained there much longer. The village was very small, and there was a "clearing" in the jungle, perhaps half a mile square: the dense jungle stretched away northward to a range of very high mountains, the loftiest peak of which, "Gaulikondah" (the hill of the winds), was nearly five thousand feet in height, and was about ten miles distant from our station. These mountains were inhabited by a race of mere savages, who had little intercourse with the people of the plains except on the weekly market days in the vicinity of large villages, when the hill people came down and brought, for sale or for barter, "loose jacket" oranges, very small but of delicious flavour, tamarinds, hill plantains, bees'-wax and honey, and many other natural products of their wild hills and valleys. At Nursapatam it was not possible to spend much money. A rupee would buy a bushel of small oranges, or sixteen good fowls, or two fair sheep, or enough rice to feed

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a native for a month ; and, as I proved when I wanted to fence in a garden of considerable size, it would put up over two hundred yards of substantial brush-wood fencing.

Our little military cantonment consisted of one house for the officers and one for the native doctor, lines for two companies of sepoys, place of arms, hospital, magazine, and store-room, &c.—all, except the magazine and store-room, being built of jungle-wood and bamboo-work, plastered with mud and whitewashed, such construction being commonly known as "wattle and daub." The roofs were of bamboo thatched with jungle-grass ; and these houses were fairly cool and comfortable. The great danger was of fire.

There was a large tank close to our station, full of duck and teal, and the marshy borders of which held a good number of snipe : this was a great resource to us, and our bags of small game were usually satisfactory, though towards the end of our six weeks' sojourn our persevering fusillade had caused a perceptible diminution in the number of the shyer tribes of water-fowl.

While we were at this place a furious storm came on in the night and nearly wrecked the whole station. Luckily repairs, however extensive, were not very costly. In this storm we suffered the loss of an antelope, which I had brought from Samulcottah—a nice lively little pet. Its horns, which were exceedingly sharp and were growing long, had their tips guarded with brass knobs to prevent him from injuring people, for his temper was uncertain and easily put on the move. This little animal was tied up at night in an out-house, which had a mat door only to close

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it: on the night of the storm the out-house was very much damaged and all but blown down. In consequence of the floor becoming soaked with rain, the peg to which the antelope was fastened drew, and the poor little beast was killed by a roving hyæna and almost entirely devoured. We found the foot-marks of the hyæna all over the place. This little tragedy set us to work to devise schemes of vengeance against the numerous hyænas which, we knew, infested the jungles, and we constructed several ingenious traps for their benefit, but without success. We killed village dogs (which rarely have any particular owner) and baited with their carcases, and our traps were sprung more than once; but the hyæna is a tremendously powerful beast, and invariably tore itself away from our nooses, or crawled from beneath our heavy log falls.

While we were at Nursapatam the regiment had marched to Chicacole, over a hundred miles farther north, which place had not been for some years previous occupied by a full corps. We joined it at this new station, which was, like Samulcottah, near the sea, the distance being, in both cases, about seven miles. The houses of the officers and of the judge (who was a very eccentric character) were ranged round three sides of the parade-ground, the fourth side of which was occupied by the places of arms, and backed by the native town. A river, rendered highly odoriferous by the evil habits of the native population, ran just beneath the back walls of the houses on that side of the square which was opposite to the places of arms.

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CHAPTER III.

Tame Bear.—His Tragical End.—Snipe.—Water-fowl.—Jeypore.—Our First Bear.—A belated Bruin.—Indian Badger.—Bears and Dogs.—Sacred Birds.—Strange Cure for Dysentery.—Kimedy.—Snipe-shooting.—Bears at Mongolwalsah.—Death of a Bear.—Two Bears in a Bush.—Antelope.—The Bear and Brahmin.—Lucky Pistol-shot.—Bear and Panther.—March to Secunderabad.—Money-lenders.—New Cantonment laid out.—Cholera in marching Regiments.—Sad Deaths of a Family.

SOON after our arrival we bought a half-grown and half-tamed bear, which, on leaving his native master, and being chained upon our mess-house premises, lamented exceedingly; not only so, but also broke his chain, and chased me into the Mess-house, where I saved myself by mounting and running the whole length of the dining-tables, and so made my escape up-stairs. The quondam bear-leader was summoned in hot haste to secure our intractable property (for which we had paid him thirty rupees), and it was touching to see Bruin's joy at again meeting with his friend. He was this time secured with a stronger chain, and did not again break loose. But he did not improve in temper, nor did we make any progress in acquiring his affections; so we determined, subaltern like, upon getting the utmost possible amusement out of our purchase, by spearing him on the parade

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ground! When, however, this design became known, a married officer came up in great excitement, and entered a violent protest, beginning with "You will kill my wife," and winding up with, "shall report to the Colonel at once." This irate officer lived on one side of the parade-ground, and an addition to his family was shortly to be expected; we, therefore, had to change the venue to a large space of open ground on the other side of the town, and thither came all the subalterns, on horses and ponies, and armed with spears; also, all their dogs, well fastened in leashes; lastly, the condemned bear! Poor Bruin was let loose, and shambled off, and his spearing was essayed, but as all the horses and ponies were of one mind, and that mind was *not*, on any account, to approach the victim, this mode of execution had to be abandoned, and "Oh shame! Oh sorrow!" the gasping and yelling mob of dogs were let loose, and a veritable inhuman baiting of the poor beast was carried out, which, after an outrageous noise and scrimmage for nearly half an hour, ended in the exhausted and sorely bitten bear being speared to death "on foot." This is not a nice story to tell, but, as our old Colonel said when he heard it, "Boys will be boys!" and there was an end of it.

There is no use in pretending that a troop of young subalterns are a demure, well-behaved, or even a particularly moral set; but their wild oats are soon sown, and the majority turn out very respectable characters in after time, none the worse, perhaps, for having had their fling in their youth.

We enjoyed first-rate shooting of small game at Chicacole. At Kintelly, a swamp about six miles off, over the river, there were thousands of snipe. This

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haunt was, for a long time, known only to the Scotch judge and his Scotch servant "Willum," almost as great a character as his master. On the discovery being made by a lucky sub., who was riding across country, the judge and his Scotchman lost their monopoly of the snipe preserve.

There never was such a place for duck as Chicacole. At Shere Mahomedpett, a mile or two across the river, there was a tolerably large tank. This tank in particular was the resort of thousands of geese, duck, teal, and all other water-fowl. The water was black with them, and the sound of their wings, when the first shot stirred them up, was astounding. The tank being several gunshots across, they—at all events, the least wild and wary species—stood a good deal of bullying, and many a good day's sport did we enjoy. We usually occupied a small ruined and deserted temple on the tank "bund"; and the only objection to this place of shelter was that an immense congregation of very small bats inhabited the open joints and crevices of the stone walls and roof; and very evil was their smell. The stench of a multitude of bats is peculiarly sickening. We enjoyed the fairly cool climate of this part of India; often sitting, after mess, round a large wood fire, roasting mealy potatoes therein. We remained at Chicacole during the whole of the next year, 1844, and we found it a pleasant, though very quiet and out-of-the-way place.

We bought, regimentally, a small sea-side bungalow, where we had occasional picnics and fishing parties; our eccentric friend, the Scotch judge, got a silk net from England, for which he paid £60, and which he used very successfully in the sea.

The Chicacole district, and, indeed, the whole

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country lying along the coast northwards as far as Berhampore, is noted for the number of bears which inhabit the rocky hills. I made one of a party which went out in the beginning of this year for three days' shooting to Jeypore, a large village about twenty miles north of our cantonment, where was a very large hill, full of caves and dens, the habitation of a numerous colony of bears. The morning after our arrival, we were successful in shooting a fine bear, which came up to our ambush, in the grey of the morning, between the embankment of a long tank and the side of the hill. Bears, after feeding in the level country all night, usually come back at, or even before, daylight, and, if unmolested, saunter quietly along till they reach the point at which they intend to mount the hill, to lie there till the evening shadows tell them that it is time again to prepare for their nocturnal explorations for grubs, white ants, and tasty roots and berries in the open plains. I was the lucky one, on this occasion, to put the first bullet into Bruin. The flourish of trumpets which followed was tremendous, as is always the case with this grotesque animal; but it was quickly stopped by a combined volley, and Bruin fell to rise no more. We sent him to cantonments, whole and unskinned, carried on a pole by half a dozen coolies; our success inflamed the whole regiment with a desire to do as we had done, and another expedition was soon organized, consisting of four eager sportsmen besides myself.

We rode out on a cool morning in February (if I recollect rightly), and the journey was marked by a considerable eclipse of the sun, which I foolishly watched, as we rode, without any smoked or stained glass to moderate the effect of the glare upon my

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eyes. The consequence was that, on arriving in camp, I found my eyes to be seriously affected, and that I was unable to read a book. This soon wore off in some measure; but I did not for a long time cease to suffer inconvenience from the injury. Our camp was pitched in a fine mango grove: it was near the hill, which was covered with long grass and cactus bushes, filling up the crannies and hollows amid the grey weather-stained rocks. The plain, which stretched to a great distance round the hill and village, was partly under dry cultivation, and partly occupied by waste jungle of low growth.

Next morning, before daylight, we all took up our post along the foot of the hill, and, as the shadowy dawn was succeeded by bright day, and the sun rose, large and red, in the misty East, we feared that we were to have a blank day. Fortunately, we kept our places until near seven o'clock, and were rewarded for our perseverance by seeing an immense male bear cantering up from the low scrub jungle. He was evidently later than he liked or thought safe, for he came at a much quicker pace than bears usually employ, and exhibited much trepidation in the anxious turn of his head from side to side as he made his way straight for the hill. Well he might be uneasy! for, as he passed a clump of bushes, he was greeted by a loud report, and the bullet of a sportsman, too excited to take good aim, whizzed past him: his canter quickened to a gallop, and he ran the gauntlet of three more guns and rifles, apparently unscathed. I was one of the unsuccessful ones; and our despair may be imagined when he all but gained the hill, grunting triumphantly, his long black hair waving as he ran. At this moment another shot rang out from

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where "Old Copperface" (the queer addition to our numbers at Samulcottah) had stationed himself, and Bruin rose up to his full height with a loud roar, only to fall, in his last agony, to the ground. One other bullet, we afterwards found, had just grazed his stomach, and this had certainly added fresh vigour to his gallop. We sat up this night for a panther which was known to inhabit the hill; and we baited for him with a young kid. Half of a cocoanut-shell was partly split and fastened on the kid's ear, which was inserted in the split, so that the kid might be uncomfortable and bleat properly all night, and attract the panther. At midnight, no panther having been attracted by this humane dodge, we voted the whole thing a bore and returned to our camp.

It was a bright moonlight night, and when we had walked about half a mile and were crossing some dried-up rice-fields, we saw a strange-looking animal of no great size walking slowly in front of us. Besides our guns and rifles, we had a hog-spear and a cutlass with our party, and we immediately gave hot chase to the unknown beast, which began to run, though not so fast but that we easily overtook it: it set up a menacing noise, something like the cry of a bat, but much louder. The spear and sword were speedily exercised on its tough hide, and, after a short skirmish, it fell dead. It was an Indian badger, about the size and very much the appearance of its European cousin; its smell, also, was sufficiently high to justify the proverb and to prove the relationship. It was carried to camp and skinned, and the skin hung up to dry at a distance from the tents.

This animal is never seen by day, its habits being strictly nocturnal: it has a bad reputation as an eater

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of carrion, and a disturber of graves, which it is said to tear open with its powerful claws. Natives also have an absurd idea that it is a match for and does battle with the tiger. In reality, it is a harmless creature: slow, as has been seen, in movement; retiring in disposition; and supposing it does eat carrion of sorts, why should it be blamed? Graves should not be dug so shallow as to invite depredation. Natives of India commonly dig graves only to the depth of about two feet; and I have often seen them, on the outskirts of a village, scratched open by jackals, and matted hair and freshly-picked bones lying round them.

The next morning we came across three bears, but they escaped up the hill before we could get a shot at them, and a great fight ensued between them and three powerful dogs which we had with us. No result, of course, from the fight, except a tremendous roaring and barking, which rolled up the hill, and ceased only when the bears had made good their retreat into their caves; and then the dogs came back with angry eyes and tongues hanging half a yard out of their mouths. On our way back to cantonments, we saw a great number of blue pigeon on an old pagoda on the outskirts of a village, and we opened fire on those which were flying around; but the unreasonable villagers turned out and showed their teeth, and, not wishing to get into a row, we retired. The loudest and most uncivil of the village mob were some pensioned sepoys. This has been noticed on more than one like occasion; and it is difficult to account for such feeling on the part of the pensioners, except, perhaps, that they are considered men of importance in their villages, and think it necessary to

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keep up their dignity by putting themselves forward on all occasions among their fellow-villagers. Shortly before I arrived at Vellore, two or three young officers, who either did not know, or, knowing, did not regard, the prejudices of the natives, shot some paroquets (very sacred birds in Hindoo estimation) in the vicinity of a village: they were thereupon violently attacked by a mob, among whom, it was discovered, were not only pensioners, but actually two or three men of a regiment in garrison, and who were afterwards brought to trial by court-martial for their shameful behaviour. Not only is the paroquet very sacred with the Hindoos (it being said to have drawn the chariot of one of their numerous deities), but so also is the fish-kite, and, but only in certain localities, the blue pigeon and the pea-fowl.

After this bear-hunting expedition, we returned for some time to our ordinary cantonment life, of which there is very little to record. One matter perhaps worth notice was the extraordinary recovery of an officer from dysentery. He was so ill that the doctors entirely gave him up, and said that he could not possibly live many days. The Colonel was told this, and asked the doctor of the regiment whether *he* might try his hand. The Medico answered, "By all means. I am sorry to say that you can do him neither harm nor good." The Colonel immediately gave the sick man a good beef-steak and a bottle of sound claret, and from that time, either in consequence of, or in spite of, this extraordinary treatment, the patient began rapidly to mend; at the time that I am now writing (1884) he is living, in a green old age, in either the north of England or in Ireland, which, I am not sure.

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Early in this year I bought a house for 600 rupees. It did not turn out a very good speculation, for I lived in it one year only, and then had to sell it for 460 rupees, the Government having again abandoned Chicacole as a station for a regiment. In May I was ordered to take the light company to Kimedy to relieve another company which had just completed a six months' tour at that out-post. Kimedy is a large village, the residence of a petty rajah, and about thirty-six miles N.W. of Chicacole. I was not to remain, but to hand over the company to my Captain, who was there stationed, and to bring back the relieved company to Chicacole, so that I was absent altogether only a fortnight.

It was a very pleasant trip. We marched through an undulating but well-cultivated country. Sugar-cane was grown, under irrigation, in large quantities, and the groaning noise of the sugar-presses (double screws of hard wood, fixed upright in a ponderous frame, and turned by a yoke of patient oxen) never ceased, day or night. These presses were fed by boys with the juicy cane, which, after resigning its rich syrup between the revolving screws, passes out and falls on the outside a shapeless husk. All over the valleys the bright fires fed with the "trash" —*i.e.* squeezed canes — gleamed redly, and the heavy smell of burnt sugar pervaded the country round.

There are many extensive tanks at the halting-places on this road, and I shot a great number of snipe, duck, and teal, also the large and very handsome blue coot, which swarmed in the tall reeds and rushes. I stayed two days at Kimedy; and the Captain, a fine sportsman, but a very peppery little

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fellow, took me to a capital tank a few miles from his station, where we got an excellent bag of snipe. On the border of this tank, I made a very unpleasant acquaintance with the nettle tree, which I had never before met with. I unluckily grasped one of its boughs, and got well stung for my pains. The effect was exactly that of the English nettle. The town of Kimedy consisted of one long wide street. In the middle of this street, and the whole length of it, were a succession of *bowers* of bamboo trellis-work, covered with various profitable creepers, bean-vines, pumpkins, &c., and this was the town latrine! Truly an unhandsome arrangement, and which has probably since yielded to the rapid advances of sanitary science in India.

In this year we had a great deal of bear-shooting. A very favourite resort was Mungulwalsah, a range of low rocky hills, about nine miles from Chicacole, on the road to Kimedy. This hill was full of bears, and on my first visit to it I saw in the early morning no less than four bears waddling in file along the top of the hill. It was full also of dens and caves; in fact, it was a mass of hiding-places, and the only way of getting at the bears was to waylay them before dawn, and intercept them on the skirts of the hill as they came up from the plain below. On the first morning that I sat here for bears, before daylight, but under a bright moon, two bears came up and, having got my wind, charged straight at me—the only time that I have known bears to do so, without provocation, in open ground. They got off scot free, for I most shamefully missed two easy shots at them, partly, perhaps, owing to the deceptive moonlight, and partly, perhaps, to their taking me by surprise, and reversing the usual

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order of things by hunting *me* instead of being hunted themselves!

Next morning, I made up for this bad business, for, at about the same time of the morning, and in moonlight, a bear came up in the dry rice-fields, and made straight for the spot where I was ambushed behind a small date-tree, so I fired at him. On the smoke clearing away, I looked in vain for the bear. There was no bear there! Advancing a few steps, I saw something black under the embankment of a rice-field; and there lay my bear, stone dead, with a bullet through his brain, just under the low embankment. This was a day to be marked with a white stone! At midday, a couple of shepherd boys brought news of two bears lying asleep in some bushes on the side of a hill, about two miles from my camp; and, as a brother sub. had joined me from Chicacole, we determined to beat up their lair after breakfast. While breakfast was being prepared, we beguiled the time by superintending the skinning of my bear, and my friend, lightly and airily attired, like myself, in shirt and long drawers, took great interest in the process, and played as good a knife at it as any of the natives who were employed in taking off the bear's jacket. Both of us were smoking, and, while my friend was stooping, knife in hand, over the carcase, an unfortunate rent in his long drawers, drawn tight by stooping, tempted me beyond all bearing. To apply, for the fraction of a second, the lighted end of my cheroot, was quite enough: he executed a gambade worthy of Ducrow, and I had to beat a hasty retreat, and to dodge round the tent, hotly pursued by my irate and injured comrade. The feud was soon soldered up, and, after breakfast, we sallied out after the bears.

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The herd-boys led us up the hill, and half-way down its opposite side, and pointed to a small, very small clump of bushes, about thirty yards below us, on the grassy slope. "Why, it would not hold a hare!" was our angry and disappointed exclamation; but the boys still grinned and wagged their heads, and pointed; so we took up stones, and cannonaded the bushes. "Wough! wough!" out tumbled a brace of bears, and before their shaggy backs were clear of the bushes, we opened fire upon them. An absurd scene followed: the bear which was first hit by our bullets immediately tackled the other one, and a grand rough-and-tumble fight took place, varied by an occasional shot from ourselves. In a few seconds one bear lay dead on the sward, and the other, grievously wounded and heavily lamenting, broke down the hill, and gained a thick cover in the valley below, in which we lost him altogether.

The day after this scrimmage, I killed an antelope on the plain near these hills. My first shot hit it in the stomach, and it went away as if it had not been touched; but I had heard the peculiar *thud* with which a bullet strikes flesh, and went after my quarry among the thinly-scattered bushes. In less than a quarter of a mile, I came upon the antelope lying down; it rose up on seeing me, but did not move off, and I got a close shot, and killed it. The first bullet had gone through the centre of its stomach, and was, of course, mortal.

There is a town, Palcondah, about thirty miles west of Chicacole, where we had another detachment of the regiment, whose business it was, as was that of the Kimedy detachment, to watch the hill tribes, and to keep them from "raiding" the villages of the

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plains. The country west, again, of Palcondah, is a very good one for sport. It is a pleasing mixture of jungle and cultivation, with rocky hills, great and small, cropping up all over the plain. These hills are mostly conical, and clothed with grass and bush jungle: few of them were without their pair, or their family, of bears, and as the bears usually behaved themselves well, and "said nothing to nobody," they were little molested by the villagers. Still, there were exceptions to this general rule of ursine amiability, and a terrible story was told of a bear which frequented a sugar-cane patch the property of a Brahmin. The Brahmin was not pleased with the attentions which the bear paid to his sugar-cane, and sat up for him at night, with a goodly store of fire-brands ready to be hurled at the unwelcome visitor. Bruin came as usual, and commenced munching the ripe cane, and the angry Brahmin, bursting out of his "lodge," a fire-brand in each hand, essayed to drive him out of the garden. But Bruin also was angry, and did not see the justice of this unmannerly conduct; so rushed forthwith upon the astonished Brahmin, got him down, bit the top of his scull clean off, and sucked out his brains! This terrible business was witnessed by the Brahmin's boy, who cowered in the little shed while it was going on; and when Bruin, satiated with vengeance and sugar-cane, marched off, the horrified boy made the best of his way to the adjacent village, and raised the alarm. I believe that this bear was soon afterwards waylaid and shot by a matchlock shikarry of the neighbourhood.

There is a pass between two hills about four miles west of Palcondah, which was an almost sure find for a bear; and our subalterns on duty at the outpost

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shot two or three, at different times, in this place. A good noted cover in a jungle is, as regards wild animals, much the same as a favourite eddy or pool in a stream is for a big trout. As soon as one occupant of the good place is whipped up by a sportsman, another without fail takes its place in the cover.

Two or three times I journeyed from Chicacole to Palcondah, and thence to Gungara, a village about eight miles further on, and pitched my tent close to a hill noted for bears. On these occasions we (for I had two or three companions) used to go into our palanquins after mess, perhaps at about half-past eight in the evening, and our stalwart bearers would take us into Palcondah by daylight the next morning. Our horses having been sent on ahead, we mounted them and rode the rest of the way, arriving in camp at Gungara in good time for breakfast. We had very good sport altogether. We usually beat a good many hills, and turned out several bears. In the middle of one very hot day, I had a tremendous long run after a bear which I had wounded in the leg. My companions were, at the time, busily engaged in arranging one which they had wounded at another hill. My bear had been lying in a small cover, and had been driven, with its broken leg, into the open plain. In spite of being thus crippled, it made play at a good pace for another hill about two miles from where we had turned it out. I ran my best, but could not keep up with the agile and unincumbered natives, who ran along with the wounded bear, throwing sticks and stones at it, and abusing it foully, as is the native custom in like cases, especially when the object of pursuit is in any way crippled, and disabled from doing mischief. I became quite *done*, and lay under a bush after

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running about a mile, and saw the bear, with his *tail* of shouting, gesticulating villagers, disappear in the distance.

Another day, we chased a bear into a tangled mass of briars under a hanging cliff. The bear was wounded, and, as it would have been utter madness to have crept in after him, we assaulted him with volleys of stones, but to no purpose. We then fired pistol-shots into the briars, and by great good luck one of the little balls took effect, and out rushed Bruin in great wrath, to die, under our fire, before he was well clear of the thorns.

There were panthers in these hills, but we were not so fortunate as to see any; though one night we were kept awake by a terrible roaring and grunting on a hill near our tent, which, the villagers told us the next morning, was occasioned by a pitched battle between a bear and a panther, for that there were great patches of yellow and also of black fur, and stains of blood, on the hill-side; but both the combatants had beat a retreat, so that we may suppose it to have been a drawn battle.

Certainly bears were wonderfully numerous in this district. In the course of a year we killed considerably over a dozen, and more than once had four of them on foot at one and the same time. The beaters were not highly paid; their pay, in these villages, was a double handful of uncooked rice thrown into the corner of each man's cotton cloth, and a "big pice," a copper coin worth about a halfpenny, thrown after it. The beater tied the rice up in a knot, and the pice in another corner, and went off satisfied.

At the end of 1844, we heard that Chicacole was certainly to be again abandoned as a military station,

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and that we were to be moved *somewhere* early in the coming year. For some reasons we were not sorry; for the regiment had suffered much from "beriberi," and also from cholera. Beriberi is a very intractable and fatal complaint; it is a kind of internal dropsy, and is also accompanied with dropsical swellings and numbness of the limbs. All these external symptoms often disappear, and the sufferer seems to be recovering, but only to drop off very suddenly. Change of air to a man's native village, perhaps in the far south of India, appeared to be the only certain cure, and that only if taken in good time; but it often comes too late. A man would get "sick leave" to his village, and, with the help of a stick, would stump up, pretty strongly, to his officer's quarters for his pay, with his limbs perhaps rather numb, but looking fairly well in the face. "Well, Ramasawmy, how are you? pretty well again?" would be the question, while giving him his pay and passport. "Oh yes, Sahib, I am all right now, and shall see my friends, and come back quite well." In another hour, the orderly havildar would come and report the man's death. On reaching the lines, he had sat down, and died! Over twenty men died of beriberi during the fifteen months that we were at Chicacole. An invasion of cholera also came, and carried off several men. One smart young sepoy of the light company, by name Khader Khan, was taken ill with this terrible disease. He pulled round, to all appearance, and the second day after he was taken to the hospital I visited him; he sat up in his bed, and said that he was fast recovering. All the peculiar symptoms of cholera had disappeared; the man was apparently in a fair way to recovery. That night, however, head symptoms, a kind of

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delirious reaction, came on, and next day poor Khader Khan was a corpse. This was only one case out of many, where an apparent or partial recovery took place, but ended in this affection of the head and rapid dissolution.

In January 1845 we received the route for Secunderabad, the great military station of the Hyderabad country, and right glad we were to get it; for though, as I have already said, we much enjoyed the sport, &c. at Chicacole, we were anxious for a change to a more healthy place. We were also especially pleased to move to so fine a station as Secunderabad, and to form part of so efficient a force as that which was kept up there, and which was, and still is, the largest in India.

In the latter end of March we left Chicacole, and arrived at Secunderabad towards the end of May. It was a long and hot march, and often in the heat of the day we lay on rugs *under* the mess-table, finding this to be the coolest place we could pick out. Some days the thermometer was as high in the tent as 115°. Except for the heat, it was a pleasant march; for, though duck and snipe were well nigh gone, we had a good deal of *dry* shooting—hares, partridge, quail, rock pigeon, &c.

Happily we were free from cholera; though, both before and afterwards, regiments passing along this road were almost decimated by the fell disease. At Sooriapett, half-way between Bezwarrah and Secunderabad, we saw the tombs of Major Blood of the 11th Regiment Native Infantry, and his wife, also of Lieutenant Comyn, of the 43rd Regiment Native Infantry, and several others, all of them victims to cholera within the last very few years. The road

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between Bezwarrah and Secunderabad was always infamous for this pestilence.

About thirty miles out of Chicacole, we marched through Vizianagram, a nice little military station; then a place called Toonee, where a famous robber had been hanged in chains many years before. His scull and other bones were yet visible in the iron cage in which he had been gibbeted. After this, we crossed the Godavery river at Rajahmundry, in "bulkets," large double boats, roomy below, and planked over all, so as to form a spacious deck. About 100 men, with their families and baggage, could be accommodated in each of these great ferry-boats.

Then we passed Yernagoodum, which I have mentioned in a former page, and here I now killed a young antelope by a lucky snap shot. I put a bullet through the back of its head, immediately upon its starting up, very close to me, in a cotton-field. Then we came to Bezwarrah, on the left bank of the Kistnah river, where is now a large "anicut," or masonry dam, to keep back a great head of water for purposes of irrigation. A similar but larger dam, from which an immense tract of country is irrigated by means of canals and smaller channels, has also been thrown across the Godavery at Rajahmundry, or, rather, at Dowlaishwaram, a few miles above Rajahmundry.

Between Bezwarrah and Secunderabad is much jungle, great and small, but we got no large game. The heat was very great, and the day's march was usually enough to prevent us from caring for long quests after game, and fatiguing tramps over stony and thorny tracts, after we had reached our camp.

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About six marches short of Secunderābad we were joined by a new colonel, our former commandant having left us at Chicacole. The "New Broom" held an inspection parade, found that most of the men were carrying nothing in their well-squared and trim-looking knapsacks, but a very light wicker frame, known as a "pootee," and had all these pootees immediately collected in front of the camp and burnt, much to the disgust of the ingenious owners.

When we arrived at Oopul, our last stage, seven miles from Secunderabad, two or three "Soucars," *i.e.* money-lenders, came from the cantonment with bags of "Hallee rupees" (the name by which the Nizam's currency is known), and were prepared, in the most obliging manner, to lend money upon officer's notes of hand, at from 18 to 24 per cent. annual interest! Notwithstanding the heavy interest demanded, they secured many customers. First of all, it was specified in the notes of hand that repayment of the loan, and its interest also, should be made in *Pay Office* rupees, otherwise called "Baugchulnee" and "Hallee sicca," these being the best rupees coined in the Hyderabad country; but the Soucars gave the loans in *Bazaar* rupees, otherwise known as "Muddam sicca," an inferior coinage, worth 2 per cent. less than the Pay Office rupees. By this they therefore secured an additional 2 per cent. upon the whole sum lent and upon its interest. Also, when they gave the loan, they deducted, in advance, one year's interest for the whole amount, thus obtaining additional gain in the usance of the interest money for twelve months, instead of receiving it by instalments. Moreover, the monthly instalments for repayment of the loan, usually

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to be liquidated in two years, were to commence with the issue of pay next following the issue of the loan, without any diminution of interest being allowed upon the monthly payments for the first twelve months. Thus it will be apparent that impecunious subalterns were pretty well fleeced by these obliging money-lenders; in fact, to use the expression of the few who took the trouble to apply a little arithmetic to these transactions, they were "done like garden thrushes!" though why that respectable bird should be made the subject of this peculiar expression, nobody seems to have known.

At this last stage, a great "brush up" took place, and the next day we entered Secunderabad, amid an admiring (as we fondly thought) crowd of soldiers, British and Native; but the conceit was somewhat taken out of us by one of the former being heard to say, "Why, Tommy, there isn't a good-looking gentleman among them!"

The view of Secunderabad, from the road by which we came, is imposing. The cantonment lay before us, in a long line of buildings stretching for nearly two miles along one side of a perfectly straight road; on the other side of the road, a very long, but rather narrow parade-ground, and beyond it, to the northward, numerous barracks, and also private houses embowered in fine trees. The far distance was, on all sides, closed in with ranges of craggy hills and "rumnahs"—prairies of tall yellow grass, with occasional patches of jungle on the borders of the numerous watercourses. We marched to nearly the end of the long road, and then lodged arms in some barracks which had been temporarily assigned to us, pending the erection of new lines, &c. These new lines,

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together with places of arms and other buildings, were in a rather out-of-the-way locality, near the village of Begumpett. The public buildings were nearly ready, and a space was marked out for the sepoys hutting lines and bazaar, also a good piece of ground for officer's houses.

We thus arrived in safety at the end of our march, and escaped the scourge of cholera; but another native regiment which shortly afterwards followed us along the same road was attacked, and lost a great many men and some officers. It was placed in quarantine at Oopul, and was kept there until reported to be free from the disease. In this unfortunate corps cholera had been so bad, that at one stage it was utterly impossible to get the men to move. There was death in almost every tent, and the camp was one scene of wailing and despair. The warning bugles for the march were blown, but the plague-stricken camp made no response. The officers and native officers even took the colours and went out of camp on the high road, but no one followed; the men were cowering in the little family tents, watching hopelessly their dying comrades and relatives, or preparing the dead for hasty, shallow burial in the sandy plain. It was necessary to give up the march for that day; next day the scourge somewhat abated, and the regiment moved on.

From that time, for many months, cholera was fearfully prevalent along that road. An army surgeon, his wife, and little child, were travelling up from Masulipatam. At Oopul the husband died, and was brought into the station for burial (in later years this would not have been permitted). The wife was taken ill at Oopul, also, and died immediately after

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being brought into Secunderabad. The child was attacked on arrival, and died after a few hours' illness. I was at the funeral; all three, husband, wife, and child, were buried in one grave.

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CHAPTER IV.

Building Lines.—Great Storm.—Country round Secunderabad.—Custard Apples.—Toddy.—British Soldier's Pic-nic.—Tiger Rock at Ramaram.—Suicide of a Sepoy.—Murder of a Native Officer.—The Mowlally Feast.—Processions of the Nobles.—Return of Processions to City.—To the Percall Lake.—Fishing.—Noisy Tigers.—Spotted Deer.—Shoot a Bear.—"Tommy Atkins" on a Spree.—Ramdospillay.—Animal in Tent.—Boldness of Panthers.—Homily on Gun Accidents.—Sham Fights.

I WAS now appointed Quartermaster of my regiment, and my time was fully occupied all the remainder of this year, and part of the next also, in building upwards of 1,100 huts for the native ranks. The money expenditure was about 14,000 rupees, but all the labour was done by the men, of whom I had a working party of over 200. Many of these men were good carpenters, iron-smiths, and brick and tile makers. Small timber and bamboos were given, free of cost, by the Nizam's Government, in jungles about twenty miles away, and elephants and camels to bring in the wood were lent us by Government.

After we had been a few months at Secunderabad I commenced to build a small house for myself. It was composed of a sitting-room, bed-room, and bath and store rooms, also a separate office for native

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clerks, a stable, out-offices, and servants' quarters; all these cost about 1,600 rupees. Houses for several officers and a good mess-house were built by a speculator, who, I believe, lost a great deal of money over them. In the month of November, just as my house was finished, but not the mess-house, and while the mess was held in a large double-poled tent, a furious cyclone storm passed over Secunderabad. The mess tent had been pitched with the greatest care, all the "storm-ropes," *i.e.* those which are stretched from the tops of the poles, also those at the corners of the tent, were tied to long slabs of granite sunk two or three feet in the ground; but the fury of the storm was not to be denied, and the tent was blown down; the corner ropes and the storm-ropes were snapped like twine, and, the table having been partly laid for dinner, considerable damage was sustained by the mess equipage.

The country round Secunderabad is very beautiful. The soil is red, and the granite rocks are warm and ruddy in colour, contrasting finely with the bright green of the trees, and of the luxuriant grass also in the rainy season. The hills are fantastic in shape; rocks which are strewn, as it were, all over the smooth masses of bare granite, are piled on each other in wonderful confusion. Some hills exhibit, for the greater portion of their surface, a uniform smooth expanse of glistening rock, covered and *built upon* with huge split cubes and prisms heaped together. Other hills are surrounded, as to their base and sides, with innumerable weather-worn slabs and boulders, and show vast spires and jagged fragments of strangely-shaped rock on their summits. In the crevices of these hills grow an abundance of trees, mostly the feathery-leaved

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tamarind; the strong high grass known as "rumnah" grass fills every level space, and stretches in bright sweeps all over the plains. There is much low jungle round the station, some of it thorns, and various other trees and shrubs; but the greatest growth is the "custard apple," which is an evergreen, growing to the height of six or eight feet, and which bears, in the cold season, a very refreshing fruit. It is well known that the abundance of this fruit, which is met with all over the Deccan, has often served greatly to alleviate the effects of seasons of scarcity and famine. The date-palm is also very plentiful; it fringes every watercourse, and exists in great patches, almost forests, in low, damp situations, especially along watercourses in the plains. The liquor drawn from it, commonly called "toddy" ("taree" or "neera" in the vernacular), is a source of great revenue to the Nizam's Government, but it is also the cause of much crime and much sickness among the British troops. It is innocent enough when newly drawn, cold and refreshing, from the tree in the early morning; but true toddy-drinkers do not value it until it has fermented, and has also been warmed up with "chillies" (red pepper pods), quicklime, &c., when it becomes intoxicating and very unwholesome.

The soldiers are very fond of making up little picnics, in parties of three or four, into the country round Secunderabad, and the great delicacy and *pièce de resistance* at these parties is said to be a leg of mutton boiled in toddy, the *liquor* serving as broth also. Many conflicts, some of them ending fatally, have occurred in the toddy-groves between the soldiers and the toddy-drawers; altogether, the presence of the date-palm in such abundance is a great evil.

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Toddy is likewise drawn from the tall palmyra palm, which is common throughout the Deccan. On all the roads leading to the city of Hyderabad long files of almost naked men are met with, each man trotting along, perspiring under the hot sun and begrimed with dust, with an immense foam-crowned "chatty" of toddy on his head; and a much smaller one slung on his shoulder, also filled with the enticing liquor, which is his own private tap for refreshment on the toilsome journey of from ten to twenty miles to the city. Great skins also of toddy are carried to the same mart on "tattoos" (ponies) and buffaloes, which are daily to be seen pacing in long troops along the dusty roads.

I got out, for shooting, very little in this year. Now and then we had a morning at snipe, and on one occasion we made up a party to Kaissera, a village about fourteen miles north-east of Secunderabad, and which is a favourite place for shikar. The day we arrived at Kaissera, a tiger killed a bullock about a mile from our camp. Two bullocks employed in ploughing had been allowed to run in the jungle, still yoked together, while the ploughman was taking his midday "siesta." Very shortly afterwards, one, and that the leanest, of the two bullocks (a tiger always picks out the plumpest animal) dashed furiously into his owner's cattle-yard, with tail erect, and with the yoke trailing from his neck. It was immediately known that the other and fatter animal had been killed by a tiger. The carcase was found half-way up a little jungly hill, whither it had been dragged; and some portion of it had been eaten. At sunset three of us sat over the body among the rocks, and the tiger came; but, unfortunately, not until the moon

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A TIGER ALWAYS PICKS OUT THE PLUMPEST ANIMAL.

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had set, and we could see nothing, though we heard the crunching of bones. At last we fired *at the sound*; but, as may be supposed, without effect. The tiger dashed off with a moaning growl, and we returned to our camp. We got nothing but sand-grouse, hares, and such small game, in our three days' leave, and the only excitement, besides the tiger, was the spearing of a large but harmless snake, which crept out of a hollow tree, in the shade of which the camp was pitched.

There are some very dangerous dry wells in the jungle close to Kaissera, having no protecting parapets, and not readily seen till almost under one's feet. The villagers asserted that bears and panthers had more than once been found trapped in these wells.

The year 1846 found us still busied in finishing the lines; indeed, the work was not over till May or June. We managed to have one or two shooting parties this year, but had no success with large game. The fact is that we knew nothing of the proper way to go to work. We had one pleasant excursion to Kaissera, and we went six miles farther on to Ramaram, a village which lies in the midst of good jungles. In the plain near Ramaram is a huge rock at the foot of a small range of hills, and this rock, which is, perhaps, forty feet long by twenty wide and twenty high, is accessible on one side only, and that with difficulty. But we saw a small brass plate let into the rock, with the following inscription (the natives have since stolen this plate):—

"On the 15th November 1845 a tiger was killed from the top of this rock by Major Malcolm, Bombay Army; Dr. Maclean, Madras

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Medical Service; and Lieutenant Chetwode, 4th 'King's Own' Regiment; in presence of Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Maclean, and Miss Maria Fraser."

Sitting one morning on this rock, I watched for some time several wild dogs playing in and round a shallow pool of water not far from me. The Rama-ram jungles were full of game, but are very thick, and it is not easy to see animals in them.

When the snipe and duck season arrived, we had a pic-nic in the mess-tent on the Sholapore road. This picnic lasted several days, and the camp, which we moved from one grove to another, was always within ten miles or so of cantonments, so that we went in and out as we chose, or as we could get a day's or two days' leave of absence from duty.

While we were encamped at Lingumpillay, which is on the high road from Hyderabad to Kandahar (not the Kandahar of Affghanistan, but a district of the Hyderabad country), we saw a rabble rout of the Nizam's irregular troops going out to coerce some refractory zemindar who would not pay his land-tax without compulsion. There were artillery, cavalry, and infantry, all commanded by a half-caste, "Captain" Finglass, who rode a shocking bad horse, and sent a modest request to our tent for a bottle of brandy, which we politely but firmly declined to give. The camp equipage of this motley array was piled up on the cannon, and the dress and arms, &c. of the men were in the last stage of dirt, rust, and neglect.

Two tragic affairs occurred in my regiment this year. A sepoy, for some unknown reason (though an old friend of mine would have inquired, "Who is she?") shot himself. He did it in the usual native

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style—sat down with his back to a big rock near the place of arms, stuck the muzzle of his musket against his chest, and pulled the trigger with his toe, killing himself on the spot. Another and worse affair was the murder of a native officer by one of the men, who immediately afterwards shot himself also. This deed was perpetrated just before morning parade. The sepoy had a grudge against his subadar (senior native officer of a company) and lay in wait for him, intending to shoot him as he passed through the lines. It was a very dark morning, and, as fate would have it, the jemadar (junior native officer) came by the murderer's hut first, and the man shot him, mistaking him for the subadar. It is supposed that he ascertained his mistake, for he was seen to dart out and look closely at the corpse; he then returned inside, shut his door, reloaded his musket, and shot himself dead. The men of the regiment were very sorry for his mistake, for the subadar was a great beast, and much hated, whereas the jemadar was an inoffensive and popular man.

In November of this year we went to see the "Ooroos," or, as the soldiers dub it, the "Hooroosh!" a great Mahomedan festival, which is held at Mowlally, a bare granitic hill, towering above the plain about four miles north-east of Secunderabad. This hill is very steep, and accessible only by a long flight of steps cut in the rock. On the crown of the hill is the mausoleum of a famous Mahomedan saint. At the base of the hill, among pretty gardens and orchards, is a street of country houses, of light and airy construction, which are empty except during the ten days of the festival in memory of the saint. *Then* the street, usually so silent and deserted, is crowded

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with elephants, camels, and horses; also thousands of gaily-dressed natives from the city of Hyderabad, all armed with swords and daggers, and accoutred with wadded body-armour, and shields of buffalo or of Neilghye hide: the latter is the skin of the neck of the "blue bull," and is over an inch thick, and when properly prepared, is almost as transparent as the best tortoise-shell. Studded with brass, sometimes even silver, knobs, it is slung on the body of every Hyderabadee swashbuckler.

The great Arab officers and the nobles of the city rush through this street in great state on their way to their garden-houses. In front, a party of horsemen in gay tunics, steel caps, and chain gauntlets on their arms from elbow to wrist, and with a perfect armoury of weapons slung round them. Then a double line, the whole width of the street, of Arab and Rohilla mercenaries, dressed in soiled, even ragged, white cotton garments, but armed to the teeth with swords, pistols, and matchlocks; the coils of quick-match smoking and sparkling as they run. Swaying along, shoulder to shoulder, and shouting in each other's ears, to the accompaniment of a waspish-sounding little drum, the great man's praises, and warlike strophes in laudation of his ancestors and of himself, these irritable retainers dart along at a quick trot, immediately in front of the huge, richly caparisoned elephant, on which the noble rides with his face set in a fixed haughty stare, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

All along this street, close under the walled enclosures of the garden-houses, are lines of temporary boutiques, where are to be had sweetmeats, kabobs, cake, fruit; in short, all that a native's soul loveth.

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At intervals along the sides of the street, several tame tigers are sitting, held with long ropes and chains, by their owners, a peculiar tribe of religious mendicants, or begging saints, who tame these fierce animals in a wonderful manner. The crowd pass close by them with perfect unconcern, and their masters, usually three to each tiger, hold the side ropes attached to their leather collars, and incessantly jingle a shrill-sounding rattle, the noise of which appears to be in some way essential to the proper management and subjection of the tiger. I rode my horse, a nice little Arab, close up to one or two of these tigers, and neither tiger nor horse manifested the least emotion. My little Arab pricked his ears, and the Tom Tiger blinked his yellow eyes in a lazy fashion, and that was all.

Towards evening, the screeching of dancing-girls and the hideous accompaniment of tomtoms, and citherns, and other torturing native music (?), issued from every house, and the whole place, also the sacred hill and the saint's tomb, was illuminated with innumerable rows of lamps, marking the outlines of the great rock and of all the buildings on it. These lamps are simple earthenware saucers, with cotton wicks fed with the coarsest and worst-smelling castor-oil.

At the end of the festival the great sight was the return of the revellers in procession to the city. We witnessed this from the balcony of a house at Chudderghaut, the town which has sprung up round the Residency, on the left bank of the river Moosy. For full two hours that we remained viewing the spectacle, one unbroken current of men, women, and children, on elephants, camels, horses, and in carts and carriages,

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and on foot, streamed past, all in their gayest and brightest apparel. The hackneyed comparison of a tulip-bed would be almost weak to express the astonishing variety of colours in the costumes of the people —all shades of purple, blue, green, yellow, and red, were there; all tints of crimson, scarlet, and mauve; and the glint of bright weapons and twinkling sheen of jewels, in ears and noses, and round dusky wrists and necks, were not wanting to complete the picture.

One figure fixed itself in our memories for ever. A very pretty and fair-complexioned young girl of some fourteen summers, richly dressed in gold-embroidered silks and satins, and adorned with rows upon rows of sparkling gems on neck and bosom, was herself driving, with "ankoos" (goad) and all complete, a very little elephant, with fine housings and gaudily painted forehead, which pulled foot at a great pace through the crowd that parted before it at the clashing of its silver bells. Alas! I fear that this young lady, exhibiting herself in a style contrary to all native ideas of respectability, was "no better than she should be"; but, for all that, she formed a very charming item in the show.

There is nothing more to record in this year, except that we bought an old boat, and launched it on the Hoossain Saugor, the large and beautiful artificial lake which lies between Secunderabad and Chudderghaut, and which, when full, is over twelve miles in circumference. In this boat, a party of us nearly came to grief, for, when in the middle of the lake, the crazy craft began to leak violently, and we only just got into *our depth* of water when it filled and sank under us, just as did our equally unseaworthy skiff at Samulcottah.

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In February 1847 I and a brother officer obtained six weeks' leave from Secunderabad, and made our way to the Percall Lake, which lies about one hundred and twenty miles north-east of the station. When about thirty miles on our journey one of our coolies failed to come into camp, and we heard no more of him or his load, which was a basket of bottled beer. The belief was that he was carried off by a man-eating tiger, which was known to haunt the jungle through which we passed. This tiger, or tigress, I do not recollect which, was known to have killed nearly a hundred people in the course of a year or two, after which its ravages ceased. It was probably killed by some native shikarry, or died a natural death; but this point was never cleared up. It was extraordinarily bold in its murderous operations. On one occasion a large party of Rohillas were passing from Ramaram to Kaissera, on their way to the city, when the tiger sprang out from thick bushes, and carried off the jemadar from the very midst of his men; it pulled him off his pony, and carried him away into the jungle, leaving the terrified party to make the best of their way without their leader. It was said that this tiger was lame, the effect of an old gunshot wound, and this is very likely to have been the cause of its becoming a man-eater, as, if partially disabled, a tiger cannot catch game with facility, and finds man an easier prey. Be this as it may, our cooly and our beer were never again seen, nor did the man ever return to his home in Secunderabad.

We saw many footmarks of tigers and panthers along our road, and other game was plentiful in the jungle. Wherever there was cultivation, a high stage was erected for watchmen in the middle of each large

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field, and an ingenious network of thin cord was woven, something like a spider's web, radiating from the stage to every corner of the field. Wooden clappers were hung at intervals to the cords. Whenever, by day, paroquets settled on the grain, or when, by night, the watchman heard or suspected deer or hog in any part of the field which he guarded, he pulled one or more of the cords which were fastened to his stage, and the consequent clatter immediately scared off the depredators.

After riding about ninety miles we came to Hannamcondah, a military station occupied by the Hyderabad Contingent, and thence we went on thirty miles further to the lake, through a wild country covered with heavy jungle, and studded with fine sheets of water, which were full of geese and ducks of all kinds. We also passed a heronry, close to a small village, and this was a curious sight; the gaunt, slate-blue birds occupied all the topmost branches of the tall trees with their coarsely-formed nests, and straddled over their eggs and young in an ungainly way. There was constant going and coming to satisfy the greedy appetites of the clamorous squabs, whose ever-gaping bills were visible over the sides of the nests.

The Percall lake is a large sheet of water, about twenty miles in circumference. Embowered in dense forest and with a long wooded promontory jutting into it on the east side, it is seen to be an artificial lake. The bund, or embankment, on the south side is of great height and thickness, and is overgrown with fine spreading forest trees, showing its antiquity. This embankment stretches for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, between two low hills, which form the south

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shore of the lake. As we rode along the bund to our camp, which was pitched on a small grassy knoll at the west end of the embankment, we saw jungle fowl in great numbers, running from one side of the path to the other. The Percall is of very ill reputation during most time of the year: people resorting thither, except in the dry and hot season, are liable to be prostrated with the worst kind of malarious fever, and more than one sportsman has so suffered, both in his own person and in those of his followers. From February to the end of May, when the country is at its driest and hottest, it is tolerably safe, and there was no sickness in our camp. We were then in the most favourable season. There is a superstitious story with the natives, accountable, like many such stories, on perfectly natural grounds, to the effect that an evil spirit inhabits the lake, and at uncertain times becomes visible in the shape of a strange curling vapour, which passes swiftly on till it envelops both lake and jungles in its reeky folds. Whosoever sees and is overtaken by the mist, dies! It is very clear that this mist, thus brooding over the stagnant waters, is the very presence of malaria in its worst shape, and that the native idea of an evil spirit ruling the lake may be so materialised.

The lake is full of every kind of fish, great and small, and we had good sport with them. At one part of the bund a masonry tunnel pierces the embankment, and water flows from it into a deep channel and is led into the rich plains below for purposes of irrigation. The surplus waters of the lake are thus continually discharged. Below the mouth of the tunnel are numerous deep pools, in which are the largest shakeras I have ever seen. They were

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from half a pound to a pound in weight, and with their great orange-coloured fins, broad bony heads, and mottled and semi-transparent yellow bodies, they looked like small gurnards. We were very successful with these voracious fish, and they supplied us with several good dinners.

We saw very little game here; nothing but a panther, two bears, and a herd of spotted deer; and we had not the luck (I rather think the skill was wanting also) to get any of them in this forest jungle. We had only one week to spend at the lake, and then we returned to Secunderabad by a fresh route.

The jungles were very lovely at this season, being one mass of crimson and yellow blossoms. The trees which furnished this gorgeous bloom were at this time of the year leafless, and the bright colours of the flowers were unrelieved by verdure, except in the watercourses, which were deeply fringed with green trees and creepers.

On our return route, we shot a great deal of small game, and I shot a spotted deer. Altogether it was a profitless though pleasant expedition, but we enjoyed it very much. We saw no tigers; but one night, at Ramaram, while sitting in a pit dug on the edge of a half-dried tank, I heard a tiger roaring in the adjacent jungle. He came on roaring, and was soon answered from a distant quarter. The roar, which is the calling cry of the tiger, was a tremendous "A-whoo-o," a kind of exaggeration of the "Me-a-ow" of our domestic Toms. This thundering call came nearer and nearer, seeming to shake the very ground, and I thought that the tiger would come in view, but he skirted the tank, and his roars be-

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came more and more distant, echoing among the rocks and hills, till all was once more silent.

After this spell of leave, I had to buckle to our work in the regiment. In the middle of the preceding year I had been appointed adjutant, and very proud I was of my steel scabbard and spurs. After the close of the hot season, we had some grand field days, which we much liked. They were well worth seeing. About twelve corps and batteries, British and Native, used to come to these parades, and now and then, on great occasions, the troops of the Hyderabad Contingent marched in seven miles, from Bolaram, to join us. Then the division consisted of one battery (at that time called a "troop") of horse artillery, four batteries of foot artillery, three regiments of Native cavalry, three companies of sappers, one regiment of British, and five of Native infantry. Native regiments were very strong in those days, and the whole array, on parade, would be something over six thousand men. *Then*, the Native element vastly preponderated in number; *now*, ever since the mutinies of 1857, the British force is incomparably the stronger, if not absolutely in numbers, still in every other point. There are now no Native artillery, and the British troops have better rifles than are given to the Native soldiery, and being about two to three in numbers, it will be easily understood that no military mutiny will ever again have a chance of success. In the old times of which I am now writing, the Indian foot artillery, both British and Native, had bullocks in place of horses, and right well did the "caparisoned beef," as they were jocosely called, do their work. Very little tail-twisting was required. The bullocks were of a fine breed, and trotted, and even

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galloped, in capital style, and carried their guns over the roughest and steepest places. Except in the matter of *heart*, they were, for foot artillery purposes, as good as horses; but a bullock has no heart, and gives in at once in sandy and heavy ground, when a horse would put forth all his strength, and die in the traces rather than fail. The bullock batteries used to pass round in review to a peculiar doggrel (if I may so call it) point of war on the bugles, and it was a common joke against the "gunners" to ask them whether it was not "the tune the old cow died of." Sometimes they did not take the well-worn joke over kindly.

In the autumn of this year we made up a ten days' expedition to a range of hills about twenty miles east of Secunderabad. We pitched our tents at Kowadee-pillay, a small village close under the same hills, and went out early each morning for bears, which were known to be there. One morning, as I was climbing a pass between the hills, two bears made their appearance on a sheet of rock close to me, and I shot one of them; but before it died it had a grand fight with the other, evidently considering it to be the cause of the injury, as often happens with wounded bears. One night, also, a great row took place near our camp, dogs barking, men shouting, and women and children screaming. We found next morning that a hyæna had broken into a sheep-fold and had carried off a sheep.

While at this place the weather became very threatening, and we broke up our camp and rode fifteen miles on our way to cantonments, and put up for the night in the Mowlally race-stand. That evening an unually heavy rain commenced, and the downpour

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continued all night. We afterwards heard that upwards of eight inches of rain had fallen at Secunderabad in twelve hours. The whole country was under water, and in the middle of the night, when we looked out, the race-course plain, as seen by the vivid flashes of lightning, was like a large lake. Nearly all the small tanks near Secunderabad burst their embankments; one chain of seven, which stood one behind the other, on the watershed between Bowenpillay (the cavalry cantonment) and Secunderabad, burst in succession, and the whole mass of water swept into the Hoossain Saugor, which, the next morning, was seen full to the brim.

While we were at Kowadeepillay, we distinctly heard the musketry firing at a field-day going on at Secunderabad, twenty miles distant. This reminds me that, at Chicacole, while sitting for bears on the skirts of the Mongolwalsah hill, we used to hear the cantonment drums beating the reveille, a good nine miles from where we were sitting.

In December I got a very heavy fall from my horse, and was in consequence under the doctor's hands for nearly a month. The doctor was a very nice little fellow, but particularly precise and quiet, and rather nervous. At this time I was the possessor of a large black bull-terrier, of uncertain disposition, and it was great fun to see this dog meet the doctor just inside my gate and escort him up to the house, with her nose buttoned on to the calf of the little man's leg, he looking back the while in the greatest trepidation, with his umbrella prepared for combat if necessary. The dog was, however, safe enough, except to drummers and beggars. These she could not abide. Any beggar entering my premises was immediately

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attacked and routed, and the drummers who had to come to my office on duty, &c., did so in fear and trembling, for "Pooggy," such was her name, always rushed out at them, and had to be called off for fear of consequences.

In 1848 a shocking accident happened at Ramaram. One of two brothers, officers in a Native regiment, was out for sport, and mounted his elephant, taking his loaded guns in the howdah with him. It appeared from the evidence of Kistnapoo, the village skikarry, and of other natives, that the unfortunate officer was standing up in the howdah, holding one of the loaded guns in his hand, the others being on the gun-rail as is usual. The sudden lurch of the elephant, in rising from its knees, threw the poor fellow forward, and the gun, striking against the frame-work of the howdah, exploded. He was killed on the spot, the bullet having gone through his chest; he uttered one short exclamation, and was dead. The corpse was brought into Secunderabad for burial.

There were several other military funerals this year. One in particular I remember; it was that of the Superintending Surgeon, an enormously fat man, and tall also. Shortly before his death he weighed twenty-four stone. When he went out on tour of inspection he always had a double set of bearers for his palanquin. The coffin itself was, in size, like a palanquin, and by some mischance, when it was lowered into the grave, one corner of it was deposited on the toe of a gunner, who, according to custom in India, had jumped in to adjust it; despite the solemn occasion, his anguished and wrathful exclamation made us all smile.

One day I saw a strange procession on the high

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road of the cantonment. In the midst of an admiring but respectful crowd of natives, came three British soldiers; their white clothes were smeared with mud and dust, and they carried guns in their hands. There was a *raised*, stupid look in their glazed eyes, which, had even other signs been wanting, plainly told that if not *now* drunk, they had been very completely so at no very distant time. In front and behind marched half a dozen native policemen, enjoining the crowd (though there was little need to do so) to keep at a proper distance from the men. In this way the Tommies, who had been on a drunken picnic, and had driven a whole village into the jungle, were now proceeding to deliver themselves up at their Barrack Guard. It was a point of honour with them that no native policeman should *touch* them. The arrest itself was all right, just and legal, and was obeyed; but, "hands off"—no British soldier would allow himself to be handled by a native constable. The police perfectly well understood this etiquette of their dealings with Tommy, and no policeman approached them nearer than three yards, or for a moment suggested that the guns could be in any better keeping than Tommy's own.

There were several small shooting excursions this year. Three of us went out about twenty miles to Ramdospillay, a village south-east of Secunderabad. We had a pleasant three days there, so far as small game was concerned. On our way out, we passed near to a large flock of sheep, which were feeding on the skirts of some jungle. Suddenly a great disturbance took place; the sheep first scattered and then closed together in a mass. Shepherds leaped into the air and shouted, and dogs barked furiously and

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pretended to run very fast after a large grey beast, which we knew to be a wolf; but this very fast running was all a sham, and they went in reality a great deal too slowly to incur the danger of catching the wolf; in fact they only spurned the dust, and almost "marked time," so, of course, the wolf lobbed off, very leisurely, to his retreat in the jungle.

The day after our arrival at Ramdospillay, an old woman came along the road in great agitation, her tongue wagging like a bell-clapper, and said that she had just seen a tiger in the road, at the base of a large rocky hill, about a mile from our camp; and that he had grinned at her and gone up the hill. We went out, therefore, and certainly did see an animal among the rocks at the top of the hill; but it was partly concealed by the long grass, and the distance was great, so that we were not sure whether it was a tiger or only a panther; most probably it was the latter, natives call all cats "baug" indiscriminately. A strange thing was seen here by me one morning. We woke up at daylight; the tent door was open, and there was a brass basin full of water on the ground. I was only half awake, and the light was dim, but I certainly saw some large animal at the basin; it did not lap the water, and it vanished before I had taken a full look at it, but it was something *wild*. I have always thought it was a panther or a leopard. These bold animals have often been known to enter a tent and to carry off dogs from inside. A friend of mine, travelling without a tent, in the Hyderabad country, was sleeping on a cot in the open air, and had two powerful English-bred dogs chained to the cot. A panther came and seized one of the dogs, and had not the collar and chain been of the strongest, the

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dog would have been carried off. As it happened, the tackle was good and the dog heavy, but the tug nearly upset the cot, and my friend jumped up, only to see the panther spring away in the dim moonlight, and to find his dog much torn, but not mortally injured.

While at Ramdospillay, a young comrade was good enough to give me a look down his gun-barrels, when walking along a jungle path in front of me; and when I remonstrated, he treated the matter very lightly, and could hardly be persuaded to alter his mode of carrying the gun. I therefore avoided his company for the future, in shooting excursions. Nothing is so miserably foolish as to give a gun a chance of injuring oneself, or one's companion. Nothing, again, is easier to avoid. *Let a gun go off if it will, i.e. if it cannot be helped, as is sometimes the case; but never hold it, under any circumstances whatever, in such a position as to enable it to do mischief if it does go off. Never let the muzzle cover anyone, even for a second.* This is a golden rule in shooting, and should never be lost sight of. As to the reckless and wicked trick of pointing a gun or pistol "in fun" at another person, it should be made a highly penal offence, and when, as has so frequently happened, it results in the death of the object of the idiotic jest, it should be punished as "manslaughter." We should then have but few cases of people being shot in this way. Now that breech-loading arms have so universally superseded muzzle-loaders, there can very rarely be any excuse for accidental discharge of a gun; and if the above golden rule be only observed, there cannot be any mischief.

We returned to Secunderabad by the way of Raymond's tomb, and visited the mausoleum of the

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gallant Frenchman whose name and deeds are still remembered by the inhabitants of the Deccan.

In the cool season, towards the end of this year, we had some grand sham fights, and some incidents in connection with them occurred which might have ended badly. At one regimental sham fight, one wing against the other, the men got excited, as is often the case, and, in skirmishing with blank cartridge, the two flank companies approached each other nearer than they ought, and a light company man put the muzzle of his musket close to the nape of a grenadier's neck, and fired, thereby blowing off the collar of the man's coat, and a good bit of skin, and singeing all the hair off the back of his head. For this, the too energetic "light Bob" was severely dealt with, as he well deserved to be.

An even worse case of the kind happened during the excitement of a brigade field-day and sham fight. A sepoy, who was not identified, was skirmishing in bush jungle, and took a pot at the adjutant of an opposing regiment, who was riding past him (and who certainly had no business in the enemy's line), and fired at him so close, in fact almost *touching*, that he blew his waistbelt off! Of course, on both these occasions the usual order had been given, that opposing forces were on no account to approach within one hundred yards of each other; but on sham-fight parades, when officers and men get excited, these prudent rules are very commonly forgotten.

At one such parade, when we were at Samulcottah, the grenadiers were, by the arranged programme, retiring from the attack of the light company. The light Bobs were rather jubilant and obstreperous under these circumstances, and on their pressing the attack

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rather more closely than was correct, the grenadier captain, who was a surly fellow, swore a great oath, and gave the order to his men to face about and fix bayonets. Very possibly something unpleasant might have happened, only that the Colonel happened to be close by, and rode up in a desperate hurry to moderate the grenadier's warlike emotions; and so it ended peaceably.

At the end of this year I lost the Adjutantcy by promotion to Captain. I had paid heavily for this speedy promotion; for we had bought out several majors and captains in the preceding five or six years, under a tardily granted permission, by the Honourable Company, by which officers were permitted to "add to the comfort of their seniors on retirement." My shares with interest amounted to over 12,000 rupees, equal to £1,200.

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CHAPTER V.

March to Cuddapah.—Snipe at Yellagode.—Murder of a Civilian.—The Happy Valley.—Abundance of Partridge.—A Bear shot. — On duty to Cumbum. — Rock Snake and Fowl. — Fish and Fishing. — The Cumbum Lake. — A Sambur shot. — Also a Python and a Cobra. — Jungle-fowl Shooting. — Return to Cuddapah. — Death of a Cunning Bear. — Yenadee Trackers. — Wild Dogs.—Nulla Mulla Mountains.—Man-eating Tiger.—Torture and the Torture Commission. — Again to Cumbum. — Monstrous Cobra.—Curiosities of a Grave-yard. — Officer mauled by a Bear. —Shikarry Munnoo. — Sambur shot.—Sambur and Wild Dogs.—Suicide of an Officer.—March to Trichinopoly.

HAVING, to our great sorrow, got the route for Cuddapah, a station about 250 miles south of Secunderabad, and esteemed to be the hottest place in the south of India, we left our pleasant cantonment on 9th February 1849, and, after a prosperous march, arrived, towards the end of March, just in time for the hot season, which, at Cuddapah, fully justifies the bad name which is given to that station.

Cuddapah is in a kind of punch-bowl formed by the hills which, on three sides, surround the town

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and the military station—or, rather, the small plain on which they are situated. It is currently reported that there is only a sheet of brown paper between Cuddapah and the infernal regions, but the same thing is said of several other rather warm stations.

We had some good shooting on this march. Before we crossed the Kistnah river, we got heaps of snipe and duck. Once we got a large bag of snipe in some ploughed fields which were under irrigation, and on which the only cover was a great quantity of decaying leaves and twigs, which had been cut in the jungle, and strewn as manure for the rice crop which was to follow. We crossed the Kistnah river dry-shod, jumping from stone to stone. At that dry time of the year, there were only narrow streams rushing along among the out-standing rocks and boulders, and, at the point where we crossed, no deep pools.

South of the Kistnah, I and one other got leave to go two marches ahead, and to stay a day at Yellagode, where there is a famous snipe swamp, and to rejoin the regiment at the stage beyond Yellagode. The snipe-ground is a chain of tanks, with wide swampy borders and far-stretching marshes, filled with reeds and rushes. It is about three miles from Gurramul, a village with a very comfortable bungalow, embosomed in a grove of remarkably fine tamarind trees; it is said that these trees were planted by Sir Thomas Munro, about the year 1815. Shortly before we arrived at Gurramul, a party from Kurnool, which is forty miles distant, visited Yellagode, and bagged, on each of the two or three days of their stay, nearly a hundred couple of snipe to each gun; they took bags of snipe-shot into the field with

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them, from which to replenish their shot-pouches! Our success was by no means so great. The immense number of snipe made me nervous, and my companion was not a good shot at any time. I shot thirty-one couple and he shot twelve couple; but, with good shooting, we ought, each of us, to have got at least sixty or seventy couple. When we first entered the swamp, snipe rose in a large "wisp" at the sound of our splashing steps, and this repeatedly, perhaps a dozen or twenty birds in each wisp. At report of our guns, an equal number rose, shrieking, from the tussocks and patches of grass and reeds around us. The loading of our muzzle-loaders, accompanied as it was with the sharp squeak of the card wads used, put up all the birds within ear-shot; every step in advance, and the picking up of dead birds, was the signal for a fresh uprise—birds got up, not only in front, but on each side, and behind us. It was, in fact, a perfect mob of snipe, and they continually swept round, often within easy shot, and distracted our attention from the necessary steady advance. Upon myself the effect was, as I have already observed, to put me off my shooting, and I must often have made four or five misses to every hit. At last our reserve of shot became expended, and we returned to the bungalow. There were hundreds of duck also on the tanks, but we paid little attention to them, for they kept entirely over the deep water, and we had no means of getting them out if shot. There were marks of spotted deer and hog round the tanks, which are bordered on one side by thick bush and grass jungle.

At one place on this march a batch of what, at first view, seemed to be dancing-girls, came into

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camp, and began to attitudinise in front of the mess-tent. We conceived that they were unusually tall and stalwart, though decked in all the bravery of Oriental female costume, so we went forth from the tent to hold a strict inspection of them. They were young men dressed up as women, bejewelled to the nines, and with antimony-encircled eyes! They were immediately expelled from the camp, as we did not care to encourage such an unseemly travesty.

In due time we arrived within one march of Cuddapah, and encamped at Chinnoor, about six miles short of the station. Some of us rode into Cuddapah that day, and two or three who did so nearly came to grief in quicksands, or, more properly, mud-holes, into which they plunged, horse and all, not knowing the country and its dangers. Also, there are many "pot wells" in the fields, entirely unguarded, and level with the ground; they are extremely dangerous at night, and even in the day-time to anyone riding fast, or carelessly, across country.

Cuddapah is a large town, and has, besides Hindoos, a considerable Mahomedan population, though, of late years, they are reduced both in numbers and circumstances; many of the old Pathan families having left it after a very sad and tragical affair which occurred in 1832. On the 14th of June in that year, the Mahomedan population were roused to fury by the body of a pig being found in their mosque, which was thereby grievously defiled. The pig had been killed and placed in the mosque by, it is supposed, some Hindoos, with the purpose of defiling the sacred building. A furious riot ensued. The Mahomedans rose, armed with swords and clubs, and

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among them many butchers, a class always ready to lead on occasions of disturbance, and they declared their intention to massacre the Hindoos in revenge for the desecration of the mosque.

A young civilian, by name Macdonald, and who had just married, went into the town, receiving intelligence on his way that the house of a missionary, who lived in the town, was menaced with attack. The troops were sent for, but he did not wait for them, but hurried to the bazaar, which was filled with a roaring and fanatically roused mob of Mahomedans. The armed crowd rushed to meet him, and a few "peons" (an undisciplined police), who were with him, fled in dismay. Some half-dozen sepoys of the Treasury Guard, who had also followed him, stood firm, but were immediately overwhelmed and cut down by the raging mob. One of the rioters cut at Macdonald with a sword, and the civilian, unarmed and helpless, was foully murdered, a Pathan butcher giving the last blow.

The Mahomedans then seemed to be struck with sudden terror, and hastily dispersed, and when the troops arrived in hot haste, no living being was visible in the streets. The sole evidences of the outbreak were the bleeding corpses of Macdonald and of the few sepoys who fell by his side. Macdonald's body was carried to his house. His young wife survived him twenty-one days only, and then died, broken-hearted, and was buried by the side of her murdered husband. After this sad event, many of the most respectable Mahomedan families fled from Cuddapah, to return no more. The inscription on the tomb of Macdonald and his wife is as follows :—

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CHARLES EDWARD MACDONALD,
aged 24 years,
who,
while attempting,
in the fearless and conscientious discharge of his duty,
to appease, by prompt and persuasive measures,
the fury of a fanatic rabble of Moormen,
assembled, on 15th of June 1832,
in the town of Cuddapah,
was, though completely unarmed,
attacked,
deserted by all his Peons,
and barbarously murdered.

And of

AGNES, HIS WIFE,

who survived him twenty-one days,
having died, on the 7th of July 1832, broken-hearted,
in the 20th year of her age.
"They were lovely in their lives, and in death shall not be separated."

It is strange that in this inscription no mention is made of the sepoys who fell in his defence, when all his peons deserted him and fled.

There is a strange story among the natives of Cuddapah relating to this affair. It is that Mrs. Macdonald, before she died, cursed the people of Cuddapah for the cruel murder of her husband, and that, ever since, the mortality of women in child-birth has been terribly greater than it used to be. Whatever may be the cause, it is certain that very great mortality in this particular way does take place among the inhabitants of the town.

On marching into Cuddapah, we were immediately introduced to one of the best features of the station—a very large swimming-bath at the mess-house, which was then, and ever afterwards, enthusiastically patro-

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nised by us all, and which presented a very lively scene, between our return from parades and breakfast, all the year round. We found Cuddapah to be by no means so bad a station as we had expected. Hot it was, very; but the swimming-bath was a great set-off. Also, there was good shooting of several kinds all round the station, and there was a very favourite outpost for two officers, with two companies of men, at Cumbum, about seventy-five miles distant to the northward. One drawback was that every officer of the regiment except myself was attacked with fever, more or less, during our stay at Cuddapah; some, indeed, were obliged to get away on sick leave for change of air, so severe and persistent was the fever in their cases. Also, one officer, who was sent with a company to occupy Gooty, was seized with cholera, and barely escaped with his life.

We had some nice small shooting at and round Cuddapah; quail were numerous in the cultivated fields, especially so in patches of garden-ground, where turmeric, egg-plants, &c. are grown. Floriken, also, were sometimes flushed. Soon after our arrival we went on three days' leave to the "Happy Valley," a very pretty place, among hills and jungles, about twelve miles north-west of Cuddapah. In the valley is a pagoda, close to seven springs of pure water, which rise in a shady mango grove. The native name of the temple is an astonishingly long one—Pultaleshwargoody! It is very sacred with the Hindoos. An old Brahmin performs daily service in the pagoda, with ringing of bells, and other adjuncts, in these outward respects something resembling the Roman Catholic ritual; and there is a great "Juttra" (religious fair) once a year, when, no doubt, the old

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Brahmin gets pretty pickings. But when we were there, all was quiet enough; beyond the morning and evening ringing of the pagoda bells, and blowing of the pagoda trumpet, nothing broke the silence outside of the hum and chatter of our camp. We had made acquaintance at Cuddapah with a Mahomedan wood-cutter, who frequently came to the station to sell his fire-wood, and he had given us a flaming account of the sport, in the way of both large and small game, to be had at the Happy Valley.

"Game!" said he; "heaps! Tiger and quail! panthers and partridge! sambur and snipe!" His descriptions were always in this style. But we soon found that we might eliminate the large game, and let the reputation of the Happy Valley rest on its numerous coveys of fat partridge, and its bevies of fatter quail. It was, indeed, a wonderful place for partridge. A portion of the valley was cultivated, and there were thick, tangled hedgerows between the ploughed fields; these hedgerows were alive with red-legged partridge, whose cheerful call resounded in all directions, as we formed our line of beaters in the early morning, and we commonly shot fifteen or twenty brace before breakfast. There being no village within a mile or two, these birds were above suspicion, and were unusually fat and tender. The "grey," as this partridge is called, has a bad reputation as a dirty feeder, when found in the vicinity of villages, and is usually also an indifferent bird for the table, tough and tasteless; but these Happy Valley partridges were delicious. The quail also were exceedingly good. Soon after our return, my special friend in the regiment, who now, poor fellow, is dead, went about six miles on the Madras road, "from

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information received," as the police say, and shot a big bear, which was brought the same morning into cantonments.

Another young officer started on leave to the Balapillay jungle, in high anticipation of sport in those famous forests; but his pony threw him before he had well got out of the station, and he walked dolefully back with a broken collar-bone. Some days after the bone had been set, and the arm well strapped up with a great piece of wood across his shoulders, he met with a painful but comical accident. After smoking a cheroot nearly to a stump, he essayed to throw it behind him, but, unfortunately, not having a very free use of his hand, he threw it short, and the red-hot end lodged under his back-board and bandages, next to his skin! To jump up from his chair and gyrate round the room, calling lustily for help, did little good; his servants were out of hearing, and he could not help himself. By the time that a servant at length heard his yells, and came to fish up the cheroot from the nape of his neck, a very nasty burn had been sustained, which did not heal for a long time.

About the middle of the year it came to my turn to go in charge of a detachment to Cumbum. The two companies were there already, so I had to journey alone to relieve the officer who was to return to Cuddapah. On reaching the Pennair river, I found it in high flood, and that the only means of crossing it was on rafts. These rafts are made of logs of a peculiar light wood, which grows in great quantities in the jungles; when dry, it is almost as light as cork, so that a log which, to all appearance, should be a good load for a strong man, can be lifted with one hand.

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A number of such logs, eight or nine inches in diameter, and nine or ten feet in length, are fastened strongly together with a rope made from the fibres of the Palass root, and are crossed with a number of slighter logs, also well fastened to each other and to the lower layer of the raft. Each raft, which is about as broad as long, will carry five or six passengers, with, perhaps, two or three hundredweight of baggage. Every raft is accompanied by two or three swimmers, besides two pole-men on the raft. The swimmers have dry, hollow gourds attached to their waist-cloths, behind; and it is their business to hold on to the raft and to propel it, swimming across the strong current, when the pole-men are out of their pole's depth. When the river is in full flood, the raft is frequently carried down a mile or more before it attains the opposite shore. In this way we crossed, with bag and baggage, on the rafts.

My horse was committed to an experienced native, who swam over with him. A very risky and nervous affair it was to look at, but it was well done, and the horse landed safely, though he, too, was carried half a mile obliquely down the river. The native, duly equipped with his bottle-necked gourd, swam beside him, having hold of a stout rope, which was most carefully tied, *twistedly*, to the horse's forelock, and looped loosely over its neck, by which rope, and one arm passed also over the neck, he guided the frightened and snorting animal over the swollen river. On my arrival at the other side, I had my camp pitched, and carts procured for the tent and baggage, and rested for the short remainder of the day.

The journey to Cumbum was very pleasant, the rains having come and gone. The climate was de-

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lightfully cool, and we wended our way over a pretty country, studded with groves of mango and tamarind trees, and occasional patches of jungle amid the cultivation, and hills covered with thick copses and high waving grass. Nor was there any want of water. Many tanks, both large and small, lay rippling in the wind, and large expanses of fast-growing paddy met the eye pleasantly with their cool verdure. There were abundance of duck, &c. on these tanks, and snipe thronged on the swampy irrigated ground under the embankments. About half-way between Cuddapah and Cumbum is a very delightful place, Pulmomera, with a good bungalow standing in a tall grove of trees, and surrounded by the best duck and snipe-ground in the district.

Travelling, as we did, very leisurely, the sixth day brought us to Cumbum. This is a large town, lying under the embankment of a great artificial lake, and possessing an old dismantled fort, inside which were the places of arms, officers' houses, and lines for two companies of sepoys. I and my subaltern were very comfortable here, and much enjoyed our six months' tour. What with fishing, boating, and shooting, the time passed like a pleasant dream, only half-enjoyed, and unreal.

The only other English resident was a civil officer, termed the sub-collector, who occupied a good house a short distance outside the fort. Cumbum was famous for reptiles of all kinds, it being a moist, steamy place, environed with water drawn from the great lake. There was a terrible uproar one day in the sub-collector's establishment. A large python was found in his poultry yard, gorged with a fat fowl which it had annexed in the night. The helpless

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glutton was speedily done to death by the assembled household. As a rule, however, the pythons, or rock snakes, are seldom meddled with by natives, who think that the destruction of a serpent of this kind inflicts drought upon the district in which it is killed.

The old bed of the river, which is dammed up by the bund of the lake, but which is full of deep pools and swampy places, fed by the overflow of the water, was infested by crocodiles, and also swarmed with fish of all sorts and sizes, providing a continual amusement for the sepoys of the detachment, and for the numerous pensioners who resided in the town. Cumbum fish were not very desirable for the table, as they were commonly afflicted with parasites, something like small pale worms, which burrowed in the flesh, and obtruded themselves unpleasantly when the fish was cooked. There were numbers of perrun in this piece of water, which was very deep, and full of great growths of weeds, which formed a shelter for the fish, and prevented any extensive use of nets. There was a story among the sepoys that years ago a havildar had found a tremendous perrun half-stranded in a ditch which communicated with the river-bed, and had got astride of the monster, which was "as big as a man," and prodded it to death with his bayonet; though it is difficult to understand why, or how, he should have had his bayonet so handy when out fishing! However, the Secunderabad perrun, which I have already mentioned, was nearly as large. As regards worms in fish, I have lately seen a medical report from Singapore upon the presence of these parasites in the fish of the "Straits" seas. The report states that many different forms of parasites

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are found, generally in the parts that are removed before cooking; that the muscular tissue is also sometimes infested with thread-like worms of a yellow colour. In the Cumbum fresh-water fish, the parasites were of a pale pink.

The lake embankment lies nearly two miles west of the fort, and is sixty or eighty feet high, a hundred feet or so wide at the top, and about half a mile long, blocking up a gorge between two low hills; on it were numerous large trees, and a small bungalow belonging to the sub-collector. There is a tradition that the embankment was built by two brothers, whose family name was "Cumbum," and that an evil spirit continually breached the bund while it was in progress. At last one of the brothers was told in a dream that the only way to propitiate the spirit, and to ensure the stability of the bund, was to sacrifice himself to the pious work. Accordingly he caused it to be made known that he would suffer himself to be built up alive in the bund; and this was done with great ceremony, amid the tears and plaudits of the assembled multitude; after which the bund stood firm, as it has ever since. Stories of a similar character are, as we have all read, common over the whole world. Nothing is more certain than that, in this respect, "wits jump" from one nation to another. The view of the lake from this embankment is lovely. The wide expanse of water, not less, taking into account all its bays and jutting promontories, than thirty miles round, lay before us; hills, covered with varied jungle and forest, hem in the waters on three sides; and no less than seven rocky islands, wrapped over with tangled bushes and creepers, stud the surface of the lake. There was an old boat at the bund,

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and in it we often had fishing parties, landing on one or other island, and fishing from the rocky shores for hours together. We caught eels, carp, perrun, &c. Duck were not numerous on the lake; indeed, they had much better feeding-ground on other and smaller tanks in the neighbourhood; but they used to fly, in the evening, over the embankment into the lake, in tolerable numbers, as also did great multitudes of egrets, greenshanks, &c. Duck and teal used, almost every evening, to fly over the fort, and we often kept our guns by us while sitting outside the house, and shot them as they passed over.

We sometimes went out to neighbouring jungles, and I shot a large sambur, with horns unfortunately in the velvet, on a hill-side about fourteen miles east of Cumbum. At this place, Agrarum, there was a gang of capital shikarries, men who were almost equal to Cooper's red Indians in tracking animals, and reading jungle *sign*. My first shot hit the sambur in the shoulder, and he walked slowly on; my second bullet broke his neck, and he rolled down the steep hill-side about a hundred feet, smashing his young and tender horns in his fall.

There was capital snipe-shooting everywhere about Cumbum. The sugar-cane gardens, of great extent, between the fort and the lake, were full of snipe, so also the swampy rice-fields which stretch for miles under the embankment. Also, at various other places near by, there were good swamps and tanks, all of which afforded excellent sport. I often had to swim out to *retrieve* birds which fell in the water. I had a sort of shikarry in my pay; but he was a poor creature, and funked the water—indeed, he was but an indifferent swimmer.

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While sitting under the shady date-bushes fringing one of these tanks, I saw a strange commotion in the water, something like a small steamboat coming along; it was clearly something that ought to be shot, and I prepared accordingly. It neared the shore, and I saw that it was a fair-sized python. It swam with its head and a few inches of neck out of the water, and propelled itself with violent lashings of its tail, churning the still surface of the tank into foam, and leaving a long wake behind it. I took care to meet the serpent as it neared the shore, and just as it stretched out its head to nip hold of the bank, I blew it up! This snake was eight feet long, and as thick as the calf of a man's leg. Soon after this I shot a cobra on my door-step. It was coolly preparing to walk into my house. Small snakes were very numerous. There was a very good cat in the house, a tabby of the Burmese breed, with its tail tied in a knot, as it were, at the tip, and this cat often brought in snakes, and, after disabling them, played with them in the house.

During our stay at Cumbum, we boated to the far end of the lake, with all needful preparations for a long day in the jungles. A petty "zemindar" (landowner) met us, and brought with him a pack of good-looking powerful dogs, and a gang of beaters, and we tried hard to get some hog or deer, both of which were said to abound; nevertheless we were unsuccessful. But we had good sport with jungle-fowl, the only drawback being that we had to *pot* them on the ground. The way was this: the fowl keep very much to the dry-water courses which meander through the jungle, and the sides of which are heavily wooded. Half-a-dozen beaters, with stick and hatchets in their

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hands, are stationed athwart the nullah, on both sides of it ; they do not move until they have given the sportsmen time enough to make a detour, wide of the nullah, and to occupy it at a point perhaps a quarter of a mile down its course. We thus ensconced ourselves in thick bushes on each side of the water-course, commanding a view, more or less, of a small portion of it between ourselves and the beaters. In a few minutes we would hear a tap-tap of sticks and hatchets on the tree stems, and the subdued voices of the beaters (for all depends upon driving the fowl very quietly), saying, "Look out! here they come—cocks and hens! Fine red wattles! Get guns ready," &c. Presently the "fine red wattles" would shine, like joys of coral, amid the green leaves, and the gallant cock would run up to his fate, in advance of his sober-coated hens, his head turning nervously from side to side, as he moved along. A loud gun-shot or two, and a flapping among the pebbles, and a scattering of sand and dead leaves, would show that the fowl had been potted as they ran along, and the beaters immediately ran forward and picked up the game ; after which they formed athwart the nullah as before, and we made another detour and again occupied the nullah some way ahead. Thus did we beat these "fiumaras" one after the other, and got a bag of nearly twenty couple of jungle fowl, before the lengthening shadows warned us to retrace our steps to the boat. We paid the beaters the usual bounty, two annas, *i.e.* threepence each, with which they were well pleased. The zemindar was, we observed, talking eagerly to our shikarry while we were paying his men, and on our asking what it was, the shikarry said, with a broad grin, "This gentleman wants to know

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whether he is not to get his two annas as well as his men!" This request from a man occupying a similar, or even superior, position to that of a well-to-do farmer in England, astonished us not a little; but we immediately complied, and the zemindar's anxious face forthwith softened into a smile. We could not resist desiring our shikarry to tell him that we had never before seen a *gentleman* take cooly hire; but he cared not, he had got his two annas, and was content.

Before getting into our boat, and while resting by the side of the road, a seller of "bangles" (wristlets made of blue and green glass) came by, driving his bullock laden with his brittle wares before him. He heedlessly drove the bullock very near us, and the animal saw our red faces and strange garments almost in its path. A terrified stare and grunting bellow, and the bullock shied right across the road, and dashed into the jungle, upsetting its load with hideous crash and clatter. The owner's face was a picture of despair, but its rigid muscles relaxed when we, pitying his distress, tossed him a rupee, which well made up for the breakages among his bangles.

At this place, also, we passed a number of people who lead wandering lives, roaming from one wild track to another, and supporting themselves by snaring and selling game, both four-footed and feathered. They had with them several handsome antelopes, well grown black bucks, with net-work of stout cord over their horns; it is their business, when brought near to a herd of wild antelope, to challenge the master buck of the herd and to engage him in combat. This soon ends in his horns becoming entangled in the net-work of his antagonist's, and the shikarries

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run up and complete the capture. These people capture numbers of pea-fowl and jungle-fowl, and, after sewing up their eye-lids, carry them in large tray-baskets on their heads, for sale in towns and cantonments. It is shrewdly guessed, also, that a little larceny, and even highway robbery and murder, does not come amiss to this savage tribe. The mention of their cruel mode of temporarily blinding the captured game, reminds me of the way in which natives treat the miserable guanas (great lizards) when they catch them. All the guanas that I have seen brought for sale (and they make very good soup and cutlets), have their four legs secured to their mouths, and their mouths tied fast, in a most brutal manner. The claws and sinews attached to them are dragged out from the toes, and used, hanging out some inch or two from the foot of the tortured reptile, to tie its jaws up so as to prevent it from biting.

The end of this year saw me back again at Cuddapah.

Early in 1850 I went with a friend on a shooting excursion. We went six miles only on the Madras road, and pitched our tent at Kurnumpillay, a village just off the road. At the outset we were unfortunate in our commissariat arrangements. We had brought with us the hind-quarters of a remarkably fine fat sheep, and our wretched cook, instead of hanging the mutton in the cool night air, on a tree, as he should have done, kept it shut up in a great box, with the inevitable result that the meat smelt loudly in the morning, and had to be thrown away. "Misfortunes never come singly." A good fowl was decreed to be roasted in place of the spoiled mutton, but, an hour or so before the dinner should have been ready, a great cry arose

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at the cooking-place, and we rushed out of the tent—only to see a large pariah dog dashing off with our fowl, which he, having gained a small steep hill near the camp, lay down with, and devoured before our eyes! The last resource that afternoon was the untimely slaughter of a pair of ducks; and these were almost spoiled by the demon of a cook sousing them in boiling water for removal of their feathers, instead of plucking them, so increasing their natural toughness very many degrees. We did not much enjoy our dinner!

The next day we went out before dawn, and sat on a rocky hill for a bear, on which my companion had, to use his own words, "spent a lot of money," and had sat up at various times, morning after morning. This bear had always managed to elude him, either by the sneaking trick of coming up in the dark, or by never using the same path two days together. The native shikarries dubbed this bear the "Donga," *i.e.* the name, in Teloogoo, of a thief or rogue. But the Donga's days were numbered, and his luck was down upon him this morning, for, just as it became light, he came along, rather hurriedly, past the high rock on which I was perched. A shot through his back, and a convulsive plunge forward, were followed by the three long-drawn howls with which every respectable Bruin gives up the ghost; these howls smote the ears of my friend, who was sitting not very far off, with the conviction that his expenditure of rupees on this bear had been thrown away, and that another man, who had not spent a rupee upon it, had ravished the spoils from him. We came back to breakfast, and afterwards sallied out again to beat up the quarters of another Bruin which was known to haunt these jungles. I owned a port-

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able kitchen, which kept everything hot by means of half-a-dozen oil wicks placed under a block-tin oven, in which I kept a good curry for our lunch in the jungle. Nothing would serve me but to have this contrivance carried along on a man's head with us, and my friend grumbled exceedingly, declaring that the smell was enough to drive off every animal in the jungle for ten miles round!

After some search we turned out a bear from a very pretty ravine, where it was lying under some overhanging rocks, and I made a disgracefully bad shot at it. I must have grazed it somewhere, for, though it went off at speed, apparently untouched, we found two or three drops of blood on its track. We had some wild men, "Yenadees," with us, and first-rate trackers they are. They are an aboriginal tribe, dwellers in the wilderness, and are armed with bows and arrows, with which they shoot enough game for their wants; they also collect honey, tamarinds, &c., which they barter at village fairs for coarse cloth, beads, knives, and such other things as come within the category of their simple desires. Well, we followed the bear for some time, under the guidance of two lean lads of the tribe, and they led us at a smart pace through jungle and over rocks, where *we* could not discover any traces of Bruin's progress; but, when we told them, through our shikarry, that we thought that they were on a wrong scent, they only grunted, and, on crossing a little strip of sand a minute afterwards, one of them pointed with his toe to a mark in the sand, which on close examination we found to be the bear's footprint. After thus tracking for over a mile, we ascended a small hill and looked down upon a valley filled with low jungle. Suddenly we heard

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the bear roar angrily three or four times in the valley below, and the Yenadees said, "Wild dogs!" On descending we found that they were right, for the tracks of several wild dogs were *over* those of the bear in a sandy nullah. The Yenadees said that it was useless to go on, for that the bear was very slightly wounded, and was going strongly before the dogs, which, attracted by the smell of blood, were teasing and following it; so we gave it up.

In the very hot weather of this year three of us obtained a few days' leave and went up the Nulla Mulla Hills. We left the station all a-buzz with the whirring "Thermantidotes"—winnowing machines, by which air, cooled by passing through bamboo frames filled with watered "Cuscus" (a scented grass root) is impelled into houses—and the same night we slept under blankets on the mountain-top. Our camp, on a plateau of clear ground surrounded by heavy jungle, was about fourteen miles from Cuddapah and nearly 2,000 feet above the seething hot plain. There was no habitation within some miles, and we thoroughly enjoyed the freedom of our trip. We shot some "jungle sheep," which are the best venison in India, and several Imperial pigeon; also two Malabar squirrels, great fellows as large as rabbits, beautifully coloured chestnut and yellow, and with tails as long as their bodies. We also found the remains of a porcupine which had been killed by a hungry panther. It was mostly devoured, but the head and skin were lying on the path, and the quills strewn in all directions. I should have liked to have seen the faces which the panther must have made while eating his dinner with the accompaniment of quill-sauce! On this plateau is a rude stone tomb, erected over

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the body of a shikarry who was killed here some years ago by a panther which he had meddled with. We were likewise told by one of the shikarries of the death here of one of his comrades, who was drowned by the sudden rising of a mountain stream which he was essaying to cross.

There was a man-eating tiger about these hills, and my shikarry, who once saw him just after he had killed a wood-cutter, described him as very large, dark in colour, and with very little hair upon him, but with a great naked head "like a big chatty" (cooking-pot). He spoke of him with great respect. We were not lucky enough to fall in with this formidable beast.

Soon after this I went to Madras, to pass the examination as Interpreter in Hindustani, and on my way back stayed a day or two at Muddunpillay with a civilian friend, whose tents were pitched in a large grove of well-grown mango trees. Muddunpillay is high above sea-level, and is very cool and pleasant in the hot weather. The mango trees were the resort of a great colony of monkeys, and we were told that the natives had caught many of them by placing on the ground cocoa-nuts in which holes had been cut, and which they had half filled with grain. These holes were only just large enough to admit the monkey's open hand. It was said that when Jockoo had grasped a good fistful of grain and could not withdraw it, the natives rushed out from an ambush close by, threw a cumbly (native blanket) over his head, and captured him, as he could not draw out his fist *full*, and would not let go his lawful prize of grain! This is the story as told to us; but, in the interests of my veracity, I must say that we did not

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ourselves see the thing done. Our host lost a horse at this place in a curious way. He was coursing foxes with greyhounds, a common sport in India; his horse put its fore-leg, up to the knee, in a hole, while going at full speed, and the leg was smashed to pieces; the horse, which was a valuable Arab, was shot.

After my return to Cuddapah, we often went for a days' fishing to the Pennair river, and passed close to the diamond mines, which are merely shallow pits grubbed out on a hill-side in slatey gravel, and are now almost neglected. There are dangerous quick-sands on the way, in which people have had narrow escapes. On the road also from Cuddapah to Bellary there is a dangerous quaking bog, where we used to shoot snipe, but we had to be very careful. Cattle were often engulphed in the morass, being tempted by its bright green verdure to stray on it in dry weather.

Our poor friend "Copper Face," who, it will be remembered, joined the regiment at Samulcottah, met with an awkward adventure at Cuddapah. He was shooting snipe in the rice-fields near a village, and, in firing at a snipe, put two or three shots with his first barrel into an old woman who, unseen by him, was culling herbs, or otherwise employing herself, under the lee of some high rushes. Up rose the old lady with a desperate screech, and, as she rose, the second barrel was discharged before he could stop his trigger-finger, and she received a second dose of snipe-shot. The row that took place may be imagined. The unlucky sportsman rushed up, and being, as I have already related of him, well versed in the vernacular and in native forms of speech, he tried to make his peace with the injured old creature. "Oh, Mother,"

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said he, "I did not see you. I did not mean it—indeed I did not." "Ah! my son," returned the old woman, "that is all very well. You might not have meant it with the first shot; but what was the second for? Tell me that!" At last, and with the help of a couple of rupees which he had with him, he succeeded in pacifying her; for the distance had been great, and the shots had barely penetrated her wrinkled skin, and so he heard no more of the misadventure.

But accidents of this kind are very inconvenient, and commonly bring to the front that latent hatred of the white man which lies at the heart of our "Aryan brothers." On such a misfortune occurring a village will almost invariably turn out with clubs and stones, and make a violent onslaught upon the sportsman who has been so unlucky as to pepper a native. It is in vain to offer excuses, to ask for a hearing, and to protest that (as the villagers know well enough) it was nothing but an accident; they have got the white man at a disadvantage, in the wrong as they think, and all their savagery is brought to bear upon him. Many officers have been most cruelly beaten and ill-treated in cases of this kind, as most sportsmen in India know. At Secunderabad an instance happened. An officer, shooting snipe on the skirts of the Hoossain Saugor, near the village of Khyrabad, put some shot, entirely by accident, into a native who was concealed among the high herbage. The village turned out, beat him savagely, and, as I have said, thinking that they had got him altogether "in the wrong box," tied him hand and foot, hoisted him on a long pole, and carried him, thus trussed, into the city of Hyderabad, straight up to the

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Minister's house; but Sir Salar Jung astonished them considerably by awarding each one concerned in the outrage a heavy term of imprisonment for their pains, after he had inquired into the circumstances.

Just about the time we were at Cuddapah there was a great deal of inquiry going on (which afterwards culminated in a "Commission") into the practice of torture as used by the native officials of both high and low degree. No officers of any experience or standing in India were, or now are, unaware of the fact that torture is an institution among the natives. It is used not only for recovery of Government dues, though, owing to the stir made about it, much less so than formerly, but it is employed by the native police as a means of eliciting confessions of crimes when other ways fail. Torture is accepted by natives of India as a legitimate process; even mothers use it in punishing their children. I well recollect hearing one day, at Cuddapah, the frightful screams of a child at my stables, and finding that the syce's wife had been punishing her little child by squeezing the juice of chillies (red pepper pods) into its eyes. My servants seemed to see no evil in this. It happened, at Cuddapah also, that some money and other things were stolen from the desk of an officer, and one or two of his servants were apprehended and, as we afterwards found, put to the "question" by the police. The means used on this occasion were the squeezing of thumbs and fingers and the tying of half a cocoa-nut full of beetles over their navels. Many years afterwards, at Nagpore, I had some servants examined by the native police authorities for the theft of a gold ornament,

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and they told me that they were severely handled by the constables, their fingers tied back, and ears wrung, &c., in order to extract confessions from them. I advised them to complain, but they refused, saying that they were taken one by one into an inner room of the police-station, and that there were no witnesses.

The following is an extract from a Mysore newspaper of the year 1883:—

> We are informed that the five accused persons in the Kunkunhully murder case, who were acquitted the other day by the Sessions Judge of the Nundidroog Division, were put to the torture by the police, in order to extract a confession. We are told that the woman especially was most brutally treated, the police using iron instruments in the torture, and that a medical officer gave a written certificate to the effect that she bore marks of a cruelty which we can only describe as devilish.

Terrible things were elicited by the Torture Commission. The Report states that "personal violence on the part of the native revenue and police officials prevails throughout the Presidency," that "in five recorded instances, death has followed upon its infliction." The use of wooden pincers, the bending and tying a man up double, twisting and squeezing the fingers, and making him sit in the scorching sun with a heavy stone on his head, are some of the expedients used in collecting the revenue. The police tortures are far worse; "twisting a rope tightly round the arm or leg so as to impede the circulation: lifting up by the moustache: suspending a man by the arms tied behind his back: searing with hot irons: placing scratching insects, such as the carpenter beetle, on the most sensitive parts of his body: dipping in wells

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and rivers till the victim is half suffocated: beating with sticks: nipping the flesh with pincers: putting pepper or red chillies in the eyes," &c. All these abominations were practised with the full cognizance of the highest native officials; nor can the English civil officers escape heavy blame for having failed to take means to bring to light, and to punishment, a brutal system which they had good grounds to know prevailed throughout the land. Sometimes cases were brought to the notice of English civilians, and now and then convictions were obtained; but *complaints* were not numerous. The practice was universal, and those who suffered from it well knew the difficulty of establishing a case against the powerful native authorities. *Now* the practice of torture is carried on more warily, and, as I have said, is a good deal out of fashion as an aid in the collection of the revenue; but in criminal investigations it still flourishes, and from time to time a tale of horrors comes to light, enough to make one's hair stand on end!

In the middle of this year (1850), I was again sent to command the detachment at Cumbum, and I took up two companies of sepoys with me for the relief. We were greatly annoyed in the Cumbum fort by donkeys belonging to washermen in the town. These animals were permitted to stray about the place all night, and, the fort gates being things of the past, droves of donkeys came in every evening and made the night hideous with incessant braying; even invading our verandah, and raising their most sweet voices in our very ears in the dead of night. We tried all means to get rid of them. We complained to the civil authorities, who took no notice of our complaint.

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The asses were captured and taken to the pound—their owners did not care; the animals were starved for a day or two, and, no one coming forward to pay the fine for them, were offered for sale by auction, at which they found no bidders, and were turned loose again.

At last we determined to take the law into our own hands, and did so very thoroughly. One evening we stationed men at the fort gate, and had a round dozen of donkeys captured. We tied dry palmyra leaves, with long cords, to every tail, so that the leaves dragged on the ground at a safe distance. These leaves, when dry, burn like torches: we set fire to the leaves, and the whole herd started furiously, kicking and plunging (and not neglecting to bray), with the blazing bunches of leaves flourishing in the air behind them. Away they rushed out of the fort gateway, which was now cleared to permit their exit, and down the street they galloped to their masters' houses. It was a great fright for the donkeys; but the remedy was effectual, and we were not troubled by them any more.

Had this been done some twenty or thirty years later we should certainly have been "run in;" but those were unsophisticated days, before the advent of Trevelyans and other Radicals and Revolutionists of that stamp; and the natives, especially in remote and barbarous places, far removed from the Presidency towns, respected, if they did not love, their British masters, and seldom remonstrated, above their breaths, against such freaks as those above described.

Even then, however, they were in a transition state, and growing "civilised"! Time was, say in the

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Thirties, when a peccant servant could be sent to the police officer of a station with a note—

Dear ——, Please give the bearer a dozen;

and the dozen stripes were accordingly administered, without any further inquiry or bother, greatly to the advantage of domestic discipline!

While at Cumbum this year I shot an immense cobra in the rice-fields: it was as thick as my wrist, and I judged it to measure about seven feet; but I had blown it into three pieces as it lay coiled up on the mud, and could not well ascertain its exact length. I have since thought that it may have been a "Hamadryad," as I have heard that this fearful snake has been found, though rarely, in this part of India.

There were two curious things at Cumbum in a Mahomedan burial-ground just outside the fort. One was the perfect outline of a skeleton, formed by the stiff clay soil having been gradually washed away, in the course of years, from a shallow grave, and so left the white lines of mouldering bones exposed on the surface; the other a large tomb, with a horse's head carved on the flat covering stone, which, it is said, was placed over the bones of a war-horse which had carried its Moslem rider gallantly in some battle of old times, and was here buried by his grateful master when the good steed died.

Towards the end of this year, two friends came, on my invitation, from Cuddapah, and I, having obtained permission to hand over command for a few days to my subaltern, rode with them to a place among the Nulla Mulla mountains, half-way between Cumbum and Cuddapah. We were greatly disappointed in regard to large game, for we saw none, and

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had to content ourselves with duck and snipe, hares and partridge, of which we got abundance; also some fair fishing. On this excursion I obtained a disagreeable knowledge of an insect which the natives call a "leaf scorpion." Grasping a bough of a tree, to aid me in descending a steep hill, I felt a sudden agonising pain in my hand,- and saw a queer-looking kind of green caterpillar crawling on it. The native shikarries shouted in horror, and exclaimed that it was a leaf scorpion! It fully deserved the name, for the pain lasted several hours, though not in its first intensity. The green abomination was adorned with various spikes and horns, projecting from its inch-long body. When I shook it off, it was immediately trodden to death by an officious shikarry, which I was sorry for, as I should have been glad to have pickled it with other gruesome objects—scorpions, centipedes, &c.—which I kept in a wide-mouthed glass jar.

On the tour of detachment at Cumbum before mine, one of my brother officers had been seriously mauled by a bear at Nimeleegoondum (the Peacock Pool), a river in the jungle about twelve or fifteen miles south of Cumbum. He had fired, and, fortunately, broke the bear's lower jaw; but, being in the direct way by which Bruin proposed to gain his den on the hill above the river, he was assaulted by the aggrieved animal, which rose up on him, and got his head into its mouth, scoring his scalp down as if it had been gone over with a garden rake, but, owing to the broken jaw, unable to bite him, or to take a proper grip of his head. My friend managed to get away from the bear, and imagining, as he told me, that he had been mortally wounded by Bruin's teeth, he picked up his gun, rushed on the wounded animal,

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and *finished* it with the second barrel which was still loaded. Erysipelas came on, and he very nearly died from the effects of the severe scalp wounds which he had received.

At Nimeleegoondum there was a shikarry, a great savage, and possessed of the most tremendous voice I have ever heard: his shout, when an animal broke, was something terrific. He was a Mahomedan in profession; but really was of no religion in particular. My friend who was mauled by the bear had occasion once to reprove him for some piece of wickedness, and said to him, "Nunnoo! don't you think that Allah-tallah (God Almighty) will be angry with you?" He answered, "What has Allah-tallah ever done for me, that I should care about Him! Besides, I am a poor beggar; He won't bother Himself about anything that I do."

This genius once came to Cuddapah to sell wild bees' honey, and called upon us at the Mess-house. A surgeon of a cavalry regiment, passing through Cuddapah, had just before died of cholera, and all his kit, uniform, &c. was laid out on the mess-table, preparatory to sale by auction. Nunnoo came gaping in, staring, like the wild man that he was, at everything he saw: when he came opposite to where the full dress of light blue and silver was displayed, he stood, transfixed as it were, and confided to us, in the nearest approach which he could make to a whisper, that he thought that Allah-tallah must certainly be dressed in such-like beautiful garments!

Early in 1851 I returned to Cuddapah, and had another shooting excursion to the Nullah Mulla mountains, with two friends in my company. We remained about a week at the "Rolah Pentah," the open space

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on the plateau which I have already mentioned. I shot a jungle sheep, and one of my companions got a fine stag sambur. I had a strange interview with a sambur: it was standing on a hill-top, amid young forest trees, at some distance from me, perhaps two hundred yards. I fired and missed: it only put up its tail and did not stir. I fired two other shots, and, as far as I know, missed with both; yet the sambur did not budge until I moved on with the intention of coming to closer quarters with it. I was not much to blame for these misses at a long distance, for there were very many saplings between me and the stag, which guarded its body; and I found two of my bullets in these young trees in a very good line and elevation for the stag's shoulder.

But the strangest incident with sambur was on a bright moonlight night. It must have been about midnight. We were fast asleep, all three, in our tent, and the shikarries were in a kind of shanty which they had built of jungle-wood props and boughs. All of a sudden we awoke with a strong cry ringing in our ears. To seize our guns, and to go outside in our shirts and drawers, was the work of a second. Our first glance was at the shikarries' shanty. Every man was on all fours, at the low doorway, each peering over his neighbour's shoulder. The oldest man, Buswapah, a grizzled, cunning old woodsman and hunter, crept out. We said, "Buswapah! what is it?" He gave no answer; but wagged his grey pow in a mysterious manner, shouldered his wood axe, and led the way on the open space, which was about three hundred yards across. When we had advanced about a hundred yards into the clearing, we saw, by the light of the moon, something lying on the sward.

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Cautiously approaching, we found it to be a half-grown sambur, stone dead. At the same moment another sambur *belled* loudly very near us, and we discerned two shadowy forms standing close to the edge of the clearing. One of my friends immediately fired, and missed. We then turned our attention to the dead sambur: it was in no way torn or injured; but its throat and armpit were covered with slaver! The old shikarry said that what we had heard was its death-shriek when pulled down by wild dogs, which had not had time to break it up, but had strangled it, and had bolted when we came on the scene. The two old sambur had been attracted by the death-cry of the young deer, and had come to see what was the matter.

We returned to our tent and our cots; but were long kept awake by the proceedings of the shikarries, who lighted a great fire, and spent the remainder of the night in grilling and devouring great gobbets of the unfortunate sambur's meat. The next morning we proposed to the shikarries to have a beat after sambur, &c., but old Buswapah put his shrivelled hands on his distended stomach, and said that they really could not do a day's shooting—"they were *so* full!" Soon after this we received the route for Trichinopoly.

I now come to a most sad event which took place in this year: one which threw a gloom over the whole regiment. We had, for a long time past, been uneasy regarding "Old Copper-face." His habits had become more and more dissipated; and at last he seemed to be in so queer a state of mind that we had fears that he might do himself a mischief, but we did not think that there was sufficient reason for active

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interference with him. But, one rainy morning in August, just as I was thinking of getting up, I heard a gun-shot in the direction of his bungalow, which was only about a hundred yards from my house. In a few seconds his servant rushed over to me, and said that his master had shot himself! I ran to the house, and found him lying, quite dead, in his front verandah—his gun lying by his side. He had on his shirt and drawers only; and had put the muzzle of the gun to his right temple, and pulled the trigger, native fashion, with his toe. He lay with his head and neck against a pillar of the verandah; and, when he was lifted up, we found the flattened bullet lying under his neck on the ground. It was a sad sight, and I have said enough about it. There was a piece of paper, the ink not dry, on his table inside—"I request that my private papers may be destroyed"—signed in his usual way, and dated.

The inquest brought in a verdict of "temporary insanity"; but the clergyman at Cuddapah took upon himself to form a different opinion; and, first, refused to read the burial service over him, and then, when he found that he could not maintain this in face of the verdict, he pleaded a lame foot! and the service was read by the Adjutant over the hapless suicide. We were all excessively indignant at this; and the reverend gentleman made matters worse by taking our poor comrade's evil life and miserable end as the subject of comment in his next Sunday's sermon at the Mess-house, where "church" was held every Sunday morning. Under all the circumstances (and some of them were very shocking and painful) we ourselves were pretty much of the cleric's opinion, and believed that our late comrade had been perfectly

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sane when he destroyed himself; but, nevertheless, we highly resented the clergyman's action, holding that the verdict of the inquest should have covered everything.

This tragic event occurred in August, and about a month afterwards the regiment marched to Trichinopoly. The march was almost uneventful. The only thing to mention is that a dhooly-bearer met his death, by drowning, in a large tank at one of our halts. It happened thus. The Sergeant-Major of the regiment lost his cap, which was blown off his head into the tank. The bearer went in, and swam out to recover the cap, which was blown farther and farther by the wind. Suddenly he sank and did not again appear. We were halting at this place, so did not march the next morning. The tank was very deep, and the body had not been recovered; but we knew that it would float the next day. Next morning I and several others were watching the tank, and several of the bearer's comrades also were there, talking over the accident: they were, as natives in like cases usually are, much inclined to be down upon the (European) Sergeant-Major, saying that it was probable that he had pushed the man in; an utterly groundless suspicion, for the Sergeant-Major was a most quiet, good-tempered man, and the bearer had been seen by many persons swimming towards the cap. I heard this talk going on for some time. At last I said, "What are you all talking about? It was his *fate*. What more?" This exactly chimed in with native ideas: they looked at each other, and nodded their heads, and said, "Yes! his fate! come along, brothers"; and went away, perfectly satisfied. An hour or two after this we again went to the tank,

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and had been there a few minutes only when the drowned man suddenly popped up: his head only was above the water, and two good swimmers went out with a rope, noosed it round his neck, and towed him to the shore.

Halting at Vellore, we inquired after the crocodiles, and heard that they were preserved with the utmost care, and that no fishing for them in the fort ditch was allowed. At Vellore we were considerably disgusted at seeing a leper, with leprosy patches showing lividly on his hands and body, and with feet half eaten away by the loathsome disease, sitting by the highway, and selling fruit! Truly, the natives of India are a strange people, and utterly regardless of all considerations of health and cleanliness in such matters. What other people would allow a leper to sell eatables, or would think, without disgust and loathing, of eating from his cracked and swollen hands! As regards drinking, also, the habits of natives are simply filthy: although they make a great fuss about the water they drink being drawn in their own vessels, and consider the touch of an inferior caste to be pollution, yet they drink water they have just washed in (and no one who knows India can fail to know what their early ablutions are), and will wash their clothes, and clean their teeth, also, on the steps of wells and tanks from which, the next moment, they will drink!

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CHAPTER VI.

Trichinopoly.—Coollamullay Mountains.—Thieves of Trichinopoly. — Cattle Poisoners.—Salem. — Shervaroy Hills.—Narinjeepett.—Voyage down Cauvery River.—A Bear Shot.—Bear and Cubs.—The Cummum Valley.—Rous Peters.—Nursingpooram.—Unsuccessful Encounter with Elephant.—Bull Bison Shot.—Also immense Python.—Embarkation Duty.—My First Elephant.—"Story of a Campaign."

SOON after we arrived at Trichinopoly the Mahorum festival came on; and a great riot was occasioned by the Hindoos carrying an idol in procession, with distracting noise of horns and tom-toms, past the "Jumma Musjid" or principal Mahomedan mosque, thus exciting the fierce ire of the Moslems, who resented the insult in a most violent manner. The main guard turned out, and, under protection of their bayonets, the police peons very gallantly captured several of the rioters.

At the end of this year I commenced to keep a "Shikar" Journal, upon which I shall now draw as may seem desirable. I went, with three others, in November, to the Coollamullay mountains, about thirty miles north of Trichinopoly, On this first expedition there was nothing worth noting, except that we shot some strange-looking hornbills. The birds, which are quite as large as pheasants (though

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not so desirable to place on table), are very gay in colour: red, yellow, and black; and their immense bills and *horns* are covered with yellow and red dyes, which come off on the finger when touched. This colouring matter is obtained from a sort of paint-box, or receptacle, which is found just above the bird's tail, and which is crammed full of pigment of all shades of red and yellow. Of the first pair of horn-bills that we saw, we shot one; but the companion escaped, though slightly wounded, and doubtless put on an extra coat of paint in honour of its escape!

A great hurricane did much damage at the end of this year: the great trees which lined the roads were blown down in dozens, and traffic was stopped until they were cleared away. At this time, also, a very annoying occurrence took place in our Mess-house. The annual inspection was taken by the General of Division, and, after it was over, we, according to custom, entertained him, his staff, and all the "big wigs" of the station, at dinner. When the General got up to depart, his gold-laced cap was missing, and was never found! Some rascally thief had actually stolen the cap of the guest of the evening, and the whole regiment was devoured with shame and rage. The General, moreover, did not take his loss very kindly; he was very surly and sulky over it. The thieves of Trichinopoly are famous, or infamous, all over the south of India: they belong to a separate, and low, tribe of Hindoos, and are called "Kullers." The residents at Trichinopoly are subject to a kind of black (*very black*) mail, which is discreditable to Government, who might stop the practice by taking sharp measures with the head-men of the tribe, and by making them give security for the good behaviour

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of their tribesmen. Every occupier of a house is obliged to keep one of these people in his pay, as a "Cowlcarra" or watchman; and, if he does not keep one, for his house to be robbed, and probably entirely cleared of valuables, is only a question of time: sooner or later, the thieves take their revenge for his neglect to keep a thief in his pay. These watchmen are a great nuisance whenever they happen to be awake at night: they howl hideously to prove that that they are on the alert; and if one begins to howl, all the rest take up the noise and make a horrible uproar.

Fires, in the native lines, were very common at Trichinopoly, and were very often incendiary. The incendiaries were the *thatchers*, who lived by renewing grass and leaf roofs, and who, when they thought it time for the lines to be renewed, settled the question by promptly setting them on fire. This rascally proceeding is not an uncommon one throughout India, and with the same motive: to get profitable employment in renewing the roofs. A crime of much the same nature is also known to exist in many places, *i.e.* that of poisoning the cattle, both horses and oxen, of travellers passing along a road. The poisoners are the "Chumars," or leather-dressers, who do not hesitate to poison a horse worth a thousand rupees, with the vile object of getting a rupee or two by his hide and hoofs.

In the beginning of 1852 I acted for a short time as Police Officer at Trichinopoly. The greater part of the work was the disposal of petty cases of assault; and, unless the evidence on the complainant's part was very clear, my plan was to fine *both* parties. This gave great satisfaction. In this duty I acquired a

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perfect insight into the fact that, whenever a native accuses another of an assault, he or she always adds to the accusation a charge of theft also; so, having heard the complainants half through, and when he or she stopped to take breath, I would say, "And then the defendant stole half a rupee, which was tied up in the corner of your handkerchief?" "Yes, protector of the poor! he did! he did!" And the native clerks and policemen would look at each other and wag their heads in appreciation of the magistrate's profound penetration and cleverness. I had no remuneration for my efforts in the cause of justice, as I was merely acting for a friend who had taken a month's leave of absence; but, shortly afterwards, I obtained a staff appointment as Quartermaster-General's Officer in the Division, and I remained thirteen years in the Department.

An officer had a narrow escape, this year, from a cobra, which fell from his verandah roof on to a sofa on which he was lying, and then stood up on its tail to look at him. Probably the cobra was as much frightened as he was; anyhow, he escaped without being bitten.

Just at the end of the hot weather I went on duty to Salem, eighty miles north of Trichinopoly; and I spun out the time to close upon a month, combining duty with pleasure. This was my first experience of a journey with bullocks, and it was a terrible one! I expected to do the first forty-five miles in less than ten hours; but it occupied over seventeen. At every rough bit of road, the bullocks, from a slow waggling trot, pulled up into a crawling walk. I had to get out and walk over every sandy place, the wretched animals toiling, sorely tail-twisted, behind me. When

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sleepy, I curled myself up on the seat of my "buggy" (Indian for a two-wheeled vehicle, a sort of gig), and kept dropping off to sleep for a few minutes at a time, waking up again at some crash into a rut, or drop on to a stone, and so on all night. In the early morning, I had a fine view of the Coollamullay mountains. They were about seven miles off; and their massive slopes and densely-wooded ravines stood out clear and sharp in the bright morning light.

At Salem, where two friends met me, we made the ascent of the Shervaroy mountains, 5,000 feet high, and ten miles north of the town. Half this distance is smooth travelling over a plain, the other half is a steep climb up the mountain. Half-way up is a large flat rock, known as "Stapleton's Rock," so named after a young officer who ascended these mountains thirty or forty years ago, went to sleep in the middle of the day on this rock, was taken up ill with sunstroke, and died the next day at Salem. On arriving at the mountain top, the difference of climate was very cheering and enjoyable, and the little station on the plateau, with its cleared slopes planted with coffee bushes and gay with wild roses and raspberries, looked very pretty and home-like.

After leaving Salem we visited the jungle of Narinjeepett, noted some years before for man-eating tigers, which had, however, all been killed off by a gang of shikarries, whom Government took into pay for the purpose of destroying the terrible animals. There is a road, along the right bank of the river Cauvery, leading from Narinjeepett to the Mysore country, and all along this road were cairns of stones every few hundred yards, and often much closer together, showing where a tiger had sprung out and

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done to death some heedless traveller, or, if not heedless, yet doomed all the same, for the jungle bushes and high grass closely fringed the road, and afforded one continued ambush to the striped enemy.

We got no large game here, but shot many pea-fowl, jungle fowl, sand grouse, &c. On our way to Narinjeepett we had to cross a large nullah close to where it enters the Cauvery. We had a basket-boat, the frame being of woven bamboo-work covered with buffalo-hide, and about nine feet in diameter. In this we crossed over, ourselves and our luggage, in two or three trips, the cart being dragged, and the bullocks swimming, over the pea-soup-coloured fluid, which was about four feet deep. On our return this nullah was nearly dry again, the rain which had fed its sources having ceased, and we crossed without the aid of the Indian coracle. We now made the best of our way down the bank of the Cauvery to a point about seventy miles from Trichinopoly, where we took boat (basket-boat again) for our voyage down the river. We had two of the largest-sized boats, each about ten feet in diameter and two feet deep; but even when laden they drew a few inches only of water, and thus ourselves, cots, bedding, and other light baggage, were stowed away in one, and our servants, heavy baggage, and kitchen apparatus in the other.

We glided smoothly down the stream of the rain-swollen river; each boat had three men attached to it, to work with poles or with paddles as circumstances might require—in shallows to pole, in deep water, *i.e.* anything over three or four feet, to paddle. The paddling was peculiar. It was a twist of each paddle alternately, giving the boat a half turn, first

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to the right, then to the left; the current did the rest. This current, in the calm morning, bore us swiftly down the smooth surface of the river; and thus pagodas, villages with their crowds of gaping natives, buffaloes knee-deep in beds of sedgy grass, and flocks of snow-white egrets high-stepping in search for food on the oozy margin, passed, as it seemed, in quick succession. We went at the rate of about four miles an hour till nine o'clock, and then hauled up on a bank, where a creek afforded still water, and had our breakfast. The servants did the same under the lee of a small muddy island in mid-river, whither we went after our breakfast was over and hastened them off.

Having our cots with us (on one of which we sat in our boat), we set up its musquito-curtain poles, and rigged up a sheet of coarse cotton cloth to serve as a sail between two of the poles. The wind being straight down the river, this answered very well; but it was greatly to the disgust of my servant, who was owner of the cloth, and of the boatmen, whose time-honoured notions of navigation, derived from their remotest ancestors, were fearfully outraged by this unusual proceeding. In consequence of our unexampled innovation the mariners would not steer, and let us almost run on shore, so that we had to claw off to windward nearly the whole breadth of the river. Now, also, the wind rose, and the *sea* rose with it, and tossed our basket-boats about like corks; the cross-chopping waves made the motion very unpleasant, and retarded our progress not a little.

At five in the afternoon we came in sight of the place where the river divides into two branches, one of which, the Coleroon, we had nothing to do with,

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and over which, moreover, there is an "anicut," a dam of masonry, thrown across, for the purpose of directing the main stream into the other channel, where it is used for irrigation of the broad rice-lands of Trichinopoly and Tanjore. This dam was built by Sir Arthur Cotton, a great and successful engineer in works of this kind. We landed for the night on the island of Seringham, which divides the two branches of the river, to unite again about twelve miles below, and we put up in a bungalow belonging to the engineer of the works. The bungalow was empty, and the man in charge violently objected to our camping in the verandah; but we had no idea of passing the night in the open air for the gratification of his churlishness, so had a good dinner cooked, and turned in for the night. At five the next morning we resumed our voyage, and arrived at the landing-place, close under the fort walls at Trichinopoly, at about eight o'clock. Here we found my bullock-buggy, and all three mounted it and were driven to our mess-house in time for breakfast.

On the 5th December I started on the first of several annual journeys which I made, on inspection duty, round a great part of the Division, and in which I always managed to get a good deal of shooting likewise. I extract from the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*—now, alas! dead of inanition—an account of some of my adventures on this journey. I wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Burkandaz," which means a "thrower of lightning"—Eastern hyperbole for a *gunner*.

It was on the afternoon of a cool December's day that I was sitting in my tent, in a pleasant valley about forty-five miles north of the famous rock of Trichinopoly. I had been out in

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the morning after bears, though without success; but now an unexpected piece of luck befel me. At about three o'clock a native hurried to my tent and reported having marked down a fine bear in a clump of bushes on the bank of a small river about five miles off, near the village of Aramboor; so I started on horseback, with my guns carried behind me. On the way I had to ford a pretty deep river, where two days ago a Brahmin had been carried out of his depth and drowned, but now it was quite fordable. At a quarter before five I arrived at the place, and found five men watching the thicket where the bear was sleeping. The river, which was then about three feet deep, ran round three sides of an isthmus, on which were clumps of date trees and low jungle.

I sent the watchers, now turned into beaters, across the river, with orders to re-cross it at the back of the thicket, and to beat the bear out towards me. Before commencing, the beaters propounded the very natural question, "Suppose the bear falls upon and tears us, what will become of us?" to which, having on a former occasion known what was the argument to advance, I answered in a grave tone, "It will be your 'nusseeb' (fate)." This was quite satisfactory, as it was in the case of the drowned bearer, and they all said, "Ah! come along, brothers!" and started across the river. After throwing in volleys of stones, and objurgating the bear and all his relations in the usual native style, they moved into the thicket, and I saw Bruin's back rise up among the bushes; but he did not like the look of things, and obstinately refused to come out. The beat was kept up in this way for some minutes, and at last the men were tired of standing still, and moved on. Bruin was on the look-out, and up he got, and was at them like a shot, with an awful roar. The beaters rushed out, and somewhat hampered me by running straight up to me; but luckily the bear did not come with them, but turned off and came out of the cover to my right front; so I gave him my right barrel, a favour which he acknowledged with a loud yell, and with a desperate charge. I fired the left barrel, and he came on his nose, bleeding at the mouth; got up again, but in a very shaky condition. My shikarry handed me my little rifle, with which I fired at him, and down he went again with a ball through his body. I thought that this would have been enough; but he again got on his legs, and I was obliged to fire two more shots

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before he finally succumbed and began his death-song. He was what Lloyd, in *Northern Field Sports*, calls "a capital male bear," not very large, but stout and powerful, and of mature age.

I had him skinned on the spot, and his fat taken out; but what would the Teloogoo shikarries, with whom I had beaten so many jungles, have said to the "Arawas" (southern race of Hindoos), who, when I told them to eat the bear, spat on the ground, and left him lying there, "so fat," to feed the jackals! While the bear was being skinned, an ancient herdsman came up, and stood leaning his hoary chin on his long staff, and wagging his head as he looked on. Seeing a cynical twinkle in the old fellow's eye, I said, "Well, a fine bear, is it not?" The ancient looked at the bear and looked at me, and said, "How many of you killed him?" I proudly replied, "Why, *I* killed him, of course!" Fancy how my pride was taken down when the old man drily answered, "Why, I thought there were three or four of you firing at him, judging by the noise!" My shikarry thought this very impertinent, and made at him as if he would have eaten him; but I called him off, and the fellow went away grinning.

Next day I moved my camp about twelve miles northward, and pitched near the village of Thadaoor. Here was a small rocky hill, full of dens and caves, in the middle of a plain, and an old shikarry who lives in this village told me that there were bears in the hill. Accordingly, I went up and prowled about the hill, looking into each hole and cranny of the rocks. I was standing on a pile of large rocks, and was looking down into a cave of no great size, when I heard a curious noise down below, like the squealing of young cats. I crept along a ledge of rock, and looked into a den formed by the falling together of shattered masses of granite, and there I saw, on the floor of the den, two strange little animals about the size of a fortnight-old puppy, and of a brown colour; at the same time I saw, not six feet from me, and at the farther end of the den, the back and rump of a big bear. It was shuffling about, and no doubt was aware that there were unpleasant strangers in the vicinity. I saw that no time was to be lost, and fired at her, thereby making her very wroth; and, as she began to back out with the view of coming to even closer terms with me, I fired another shot into her back. Now, there were two entrances to

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this den, and she made for one which yawned just beneath my feet; so I prepared for action, and just as she was painfully lifting her head and shoulders out of the cave, I put the muzzle of my big rifle to her ear and blew her up. We had a hard job to get her out of the den; but, after that, matters were easy enough, for a good push sent her some hundred feet at once down the hill. I then picked up the youngsters, and tied them up in a handkerchief and carried them to my tent; their eyes were not open, and they could not have been more than three or four days old. I tried to bring them up by hand, but they died in a very few days.

After this I visited Salem and Dindigul, and, still combining pleasure with duty, I found myself, towards the end of January 1853, in the Cummum valley, that noble valley watered by the swift-flowing Shurley and Vigay rivers, and environed by the magnificent mountain ranges of Pulney, Bodamullay, and the forest-clad hills of Tinnevelly and Travancore. Here, in days long gone by, did "Rous Peters," the princely collector of Madura, hold his revels: here he gave his pic-nics, which lasted for weeks together, and at which were collected the residents of Trichinopoly, Madura, and many other neighbouring stations, to enjoy his hospitality, and witness the sport, if it may be so called, of catching elephants in pitfalls. The inhabitants of the valley have a wonderful story of a *white* elephant, which is said to have long roamed the jungles, and which at last was trapped in one of these pit-falls. It is said that, when the elephant was trapped, Peters came with all his guns and went up to the pit where the great white head of the captive was reared up at the surface of the ground. The poor beast lifted up its trunk and made a humble "salaam," and the natives, who were by, begged that its life might be spared; but Rous Peters was obdurate, and shot it to death in spite of their entreaties and warnings of evil to come.

That very night he was seized with mortal illness, and returned to Madura to die. There is, however, another story, in which the white elephant does not figure, and which is that Peters, owing to his lavish and extravagant style of living, had what Theodore Hook called "a complaint in the (Government) chest," and poisoned himself to avoid the coming exposure; but the natives have no belief in this, and, to this day, grey-headed elders in the Madura and Dindigul districts will tell

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long and wonderful stories of the "Pandaram (god-like) Peters," as they call him, and songs in his praise are even now sung in the plains and valleys of the old Pandion kingdom.

The scenery of and around the Cummum valley is very lovely; the valley itself is fertile, and is watered by several mountain streams in addition to the two rivers just mentioned. It is studded with fine groves of trees; and here and there tanks, fed by perennial streams, and nourishing vast sheets of bright green paddy, glitter like mirrors in the hot Indian sun. On the north of the valley rise the Pulney mountains, often wrapped in mist and cloud, and showing through this shifting screen a buttress or a pinnacle, as an earnest of the majestic, wall-like mass of mountain which presents its 7,000 feet of height in clearer weather. To the south are the lesser peaks of the Wursanaad and Vullanuddee hills, crowned with forest and abounding in elephant and bison. So also is the western boundary of waving mountains, dank with the perpetual droppings of the heavy monsoons, and which divide the valley from the Travancore state. On these mountains the south-west monsoon has full sway, and the lichen-covered trees bear huge shell-like fringes, and festoons of trailing moss. From the highest of this range, known as the Bodamullay, the Shurley river, whose sources are in impenetrable forest, leaps sheer down into the low country, in a slender Y-shaped fall of some 2,000 feet. I once endeavoured to reach the pool at the foot of this splendid cataract, but, without guides, failed, and, after toiling in and out of the river for several miles, was compelled to return without effecting my object.

When from Dindigul I had proceeded for about fifty miles, or half-way down the Cummum valley, I turned off to the eastward, with the view of trying my luck with the elephants which there abound. And now the new year had come on, and on 19th January 1853 I arrived at Nursingpooram, a village on the jungle-surrounded bank of the Vigay, where I had heard that there were numerous elephants. Nursingpooram is a small village on the right bank of the river, and is surrounded at a distance of from one to four miles by high and wooded hills. The small plain or valley on which the village stands, and through which the river winds, is mostly covered with jungle. On the sides of the hills are spreading masses of "umbrella thorns," and the level ground is an expanse of

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thorny coppice, varied with forest, and with tall, creeper-laden, single trees, along the watercourses. Among this wilderness are sparse clearings of cultivation here and there in the vicinity of the squalid hamlet.

This morning the shikarries brought in news that an elephant, a tusker, was in some very thick thorny jungle, about four miles off, in the direction of Wursanaad; so I went out to try what I could do with him. The jungle was covered with elephant tracks, and their dung was heaped up in almost every open space. I was following an elephant path in thick jungle, when suddenly we heard a crashing sound in the thicket about a hundred yards ahead of us; the elephant had smelt or heard us. We went on cautiously and he stood still. I went up to within thirty yards of where he was standing, but could see nothing; he blew fiercely from his trunk two or three times. I then went to within twenty paces of him along a path, and he moved, and I saw his legs and trunk coming slowly towards me, and then his great head, daubed with red mud and rough with bristles, and his gleaming tusks, bending under a thorn-tree a few paces off. I waited till he had just cleared the tree, and then I took a steady aim with my large rifle just between his eyes, and fired. He stood for a moment; but I had not hit him in the right place, and he wheeled round and went crashing back through the jungle, leaving *something* behind him as big as a wheelbarrow! Oh the misery of that moment, when I felt convinced that I had lost my first elephant! I followed him for more than half a mile; but I knew that if he were hit in a vital part he must have stopped before that, so homeward I turned, very sick at heart, and felt scarcely any interest when a great bull bison galloped across my path at about a hundred yards distance; so I got back to my tent in a pouring rain, and chewed the cud of regret and mortification.

January 21*st*.—Nothing worth noting occurred yesterday, for, though I went out after elephants which had been seen in the morning by the shikarries, I did not meet with them. *This* morning four elephants were reported in the jungle to the northward, and I rode out two miles and then went on on foot. The people went on the track, and found that three elephants had gone up a deep valley to the eastward, and that another had gone into a smaller valley to the west. We went on the last-named track, which was very plain and fresh, and followed

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it for about two miles, when we found that the elephant had doubled back. We then went back through a pass in the hills, still finding fresh evidence of his having been on the road. Presently we came to an immense rock, where there was water, in the middle of the valley. We were all sitting down by the water, when suddenly the trees waved and cracked, and the beast came out from behind the rock, where he must have been standing in the shade, and walked quietly away through the thick jungle. I ran to cut him off, but could not, his progress through the thorns being three times as quick as mine, and he went down the valley. We followed him for a couple of miles, and then gave up the chase and turned homewards, it being near five o'clock in the afternoon. After walking some way we heard the noise of cracking branches, and presently a blowing, as from an elephant, in a dense thicket about fifty yards off. With great trouble I worked my way through, big rifle in hand, and came to the bank of a deep nullah, on the other side of which I saw a bull bison, his head only exposed, looking savagely at me. I fired, and down he fell with a *brass* ball through the ridge of bone on his forehead. His groans and struggles were terrible, and I fired my small gun at him, after which he became quieter, and I crossed the nullah to him. A path was cut through the creepers and brambles, and I stood by the side of an immense bull bison. The poor brute was dying dreadfully hard, and, though I stabbed him with my short shikar knife several times in the neck, it was of no avail, so I fired my little rifle at the nape of his neck; but even then he was a long time dying, and at last his struggles were tremendous. I got a string and measured him. From the middle of the withers, over the shoulder, and down to the heel of the hoof, he measured seventy-nine and a half inches. I suppose his height standing would be nearly nineteen hands. This bit of luck was some compensation for the loss of the elephant, and I returned to my tent rejoicing.

January 23rd.—No news of elephant yesterday or to-day, so I went out this morning determined to shoot at any game that might come in my way. I went about three miles towards Wursanaad, and was walking quietly along, looking at the track of a tiger on the path, my shikarry being in front of me and the village people behind. My shikarry had just passed a large bush, when, as I was approaching it, the bush shook and an

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immense serpent came gliding out. I fired my gun, loaded with ball, at the snake, and luckily the ball cut through its throat just under the jaw. He lashed about furiously, but could not get away, and I cut a stout club and knocked him on the head. I then got the people to twist a rope of bark, and we dragged him with difficulty into an open space, and hauled him up to the branch of a large tree, where we left him to be brought in the next morning. We then turned homewards, and at about five o'clock I heard a crack in the jungle. "An elephant," said I, and so said the shikarries, and presently we heard him coming towards us. I went down the path to meet him, and most unfortunately the village shikarries, seeing him, called to me, and I stopped for a second; then he came out on the path and stood looking at me. Had I not halted I should have been within ten paces of him; as it was, I was quite forty paces off, and, as I raised my rifle to aim at his temple, I said to myself, "Too far." I hit him hard between the eye and ear, and he spun round and nearly fell, but recovered himself and went back, crashing through the jungle as if it had been a bed of reeds. We heard him tearing his way along for about half a mile, and then the noise ceased. It was now getting dark, and I returned to the tent, much vexed at having lost this noble elephant. However, "Rome was not built in a day," and I may improve with practice.

Next morning the python was brought in, carried by two men on a stout pole; it measured seventeen feet four inches, and was as thick round as my thigh, which is no trifle! We hung it up on a tree near my tent till people should arrive to skin it. In the afternoon some Chumars (a skinning, carrion-eating tribe) arrived, and the snake's jacket was taken off; but the body was so *loud* that even the practised stomachs of the Chumars gave way, and I had to dose them with brandy to enable them to complete the operation.

So much for my first contribution to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. Several more will be met with by-and-by.

The aborigines of these elephant jungles, yclept "Pulleers," are a strange set of little beings: few of them are over five feet in height. They are even

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WE HUNG THE PYTHON UP ON A TREE NEAR THE TENT.

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more wild than the Cuddapah Yenadees. They are most excellent trackers, and nothing escapes their sharp and accustomed sight. In appearance they are hideous, and in smell disgusting; with wizen monkey-like faces and matted locks, and bodies encrusted with dirt, which they are ever scoring with their bird-like claws. In summer they live beneath the shade of shrubs and trees, and in the rainy and cold seasons they take up their abode in caves and in clefts of the rocks. They wear nothing but the narrowest of breech-clouts, and are subject to—in reality are slaves to—the renters of the jungles, for whom they collect honey, tamarinds, fibres of the "murrell" (a root with a small aloe-like leaf), and other forest products, receiving, as their pay, a scanty dole of rice, chillies, and tobacco. On very great occasions, such as trapping or snaring an animal of value, their master gives them a strip of the coarsest cotton cloth, about three feet long at most, by a foot wide. They value not money. They are much afraid of white faces. When I first came to the jungle they would not come near me, though they would accompany my shikarries out tracking. They would not, however, come close to me, and they propounded to my shikarry strange questions concerning white men; whether, for instance, "Sahibs" did not cut up jungle people into "massalah" (medicine) for their horses whenever they got a chance of doing so. The ordinary villagers, likewise, had their own doubts to satisfy. They once asked my shikarry whether his master could not stay at home if he liked. The shikarry said, "Yes, he could." "Then, can he not sit down, and lie down all day, and sleep all day, if he likes, in his own house, instead of tiring himself out in these

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jungles?" "Yes." "Does he not have his regular meals at home, at proper times, instead of living from hand to mouth, as we see he does here?" "Yes!" "Then why, in the name of all the gods, does he come out into this wilderness, and not stay comfortably at home? Is he mad? He *must* be mad!!!" And thus they passed judgment, after reckoning me up in this style.

Just after we left the elephant jungles, a row took place which ended in the abdication of my shikarry, who, from his inclination, when drunk (which was not seldom), to bite off people's fingers and noses, was popularly known as "the man-eater!" He had lately been drunk and quarrelsome oftener than usual; and I had repeatedly warned him, and threatened him with dismissal. Hitherto, all his uproars had occurred in the evening; but this special morning, just as we were ready to move off to a fresh camp, he was royally drunk, and commenced an assault upon one of the coolies before my face; so I sallied out upon him, and administered castigation with fist and foot! The man-eater went to his night's lair, packed up his belongings, which were not numerous, and, in a very few minutes, presented himself in full marching order, and demanded his discharge, which demand I immediately complied with, and he went off in great dudgeon. Nothing more worth recording occurred in the remainder of this journey; and an expedition, with a friend, which I made in the fall of the year, to some jungles near Trichinopoly, was equally barren and void of incident.

Early in January 1854 I went to the coast, on embarkation duty, and did not return to Trichinopoly until the middle of March. Most of my time was

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spent at Negapatam, and at Tranquebar where I had many friends; and I oscillated between the two stations, for sometimes the transports anchored at one port and sometimes at the other. In the space of two months, during which I had to await the uncertain arrivals of sailing vessels, I embarked the 84th Foot and a company (no guns) of artillery; and disembarked the 74th Highlanders, in several detachments, from the Cape. Little is contained in my journal, save the hum-drum routine of the service upon which I was engaged. The boats had to be canted on their sides for reception of the horses. The Colonel's charger was obstreperous, and sat down on the gunnel of the boat, and had to be pulled in by the tail! One other horse went in quietly; but the Adjutant's charger was in a desperate fright, and sat down in the boat on his haunches like a dog! This horse, when hauled up on board the ship, was so violent, and knocked itself about so badly, that it became necessary to land it again; and its owner left it to be cured and sold at Negapatam.

On one of my flittings from Negapatam to Tranquebar, I had a coolie brought for the purpose of carrying, along with me, my small personal luggage: the bundle, or whatever it was, was neither large nor heavy; but the coolie, who probably felt no great desire for a walk of nearly twenty miles behind my horse, looked at the load, put on a very sour face, weighed it in both hands, and, setting it down again, said, "Cut my throat!" "No," I said, "there is no order for cutting people's throats; but you will carry this load." The coolie became more and more loud and angry, and worked himself up into a perfect fury. My servants put the load on his head; but he

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threw it down again, and danced with rage. I then came again on the scene, and gave the recalcitrant Aryan a good caning. He took his caning, rubbed his shoulders, lifted the load, and trotted with it, in *front* of my horse, all the way to Tranquebar, in most excellent style. I never had a better coolie; and at the end of the journey he came up to me, grinning, and asked for "backsheesh," which I gave him, and he went off with a low salaam. Some good people will, no doubt, be shocked at this little anecdote; but the Arabs have a saying, "The *stick* came down from Heaven!" Also I have been mightily supported in my action on this occasion by an anecdote which I have lately met with in an old book, entitled *Voyage Round the World*, by Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri (see part iii. p. 228 of his quaintly-told adventures). He thus writes:—

> For want of beasts to carry my luggage to Ponda, which was twelve miles off, I took three Gentils; and was forced, against my will, to make use of a cudgel upon them, because they will never do good service for either fair words or money, but run away as soon as they can; and, on the other hand, when thrashed, they load themselves like asses!"

This performance, on part of Gemelli, took place on the northern frontier of Goa.

On the 17th March I returned to Trichinopoly, and started once more for the Dindigul jungles. My appetite for elephants had been whetted by failures in my last essay upon them, and I determined to shoot one on this occasion. There is a note in my journal which I will transfer to these pages, though it *does* tell against myself. On my journey, a sort of juggler, or, as he called himself, a "pylwan" (wrestler), was making a great noise, wanting me to come out of my

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tent and see his performances; and, when I shouted to him to be off, he became insolent: so I got angry, and *did* come out, and gave him a good clout, with my clenched fist, on his head. Now, it so happened that, as one of the feats of these people consists in throwing up a cocoa-nut and letting it *smash* on their skulls, this pylwan's skull was harder than my knuckles, and I was, good people will again say, rightly served by having my hand sprained in a most violent manner: it was perfectly crippled for many days; and the knuckle having, to use a native idiom, "sat down," has never properly got up again!

On the 5th of June I pitched my tent on the old spot at Nursingpooram; and on the 7th, notwithstanding that my hand was so swollen and painful that I could not myself load my gun, but had to employ my shikarry to do so for me, I went out after elephant, of which news had come from Wursanaad, a hamlet about six miles from Nursingpooram.

We went straight to Wursanaad, which is a very wretched cluster of grass huts, situated among the ruins of an old mud fort, of which nothing now remains but a few mounds of brick-strewn earth. There were marks of elephant all over these mounds, close among the huts! On the road we came across the spoor of a herd of elephant. There were foot-prints of all sizes: full-grown, and also little ones. There was a tusker in the herd: he had stripped off, with his tusks, a great piece of bark from a tree, and the wound was quite fresh and moist. The Pulleers, who were now good enough friends with me (being always well treated and well fed), did not come in till after ten o'clock, by which time I had accomplished my breakfast in the shade of a large tamarind tree;

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they had tracked the herd into some almost impenetrable jungle about two miles from Wursanaad. So I, and my new shikarry, nicknamed the "Paddy Bird," on account of the exceeding length and thinness of his legs, but whose proper name was Venketsawmy, moved off in the direction of the herd; and with us went three village shikarries and two Pulleers. For some time we searched the thorny thickets in vain; and then I sat down, and sent the Pulleers out again. They very soon returned, and said that the herd was not far off, in a heavy cover under a clump of forest trees. I got within a hundred yards of the place, and heard an elephant blow and then trumpet.

We could not get an inch farther in that direction; so, still keeping to leeward, tried another quarter, and found the thorns less thick. Worming our way in, we heard some queer noises about thirty paces in front—elephantine sighs and yawns, and the trickling and gurgling of water, which they were amusing themselves with pouring from their trunks over their heated bodies, and of which they evidently had a good supply. We crept cautiously on; and, through a screen of brambles, saw the herd within eight paces of us. They were about ten in number, and most of them were lying down like a herd of pigs; two or three were standing up, lazily pulling at the branches with their lithe trunks. Being new to the sight of a herd of elephants, it seemed to me, when one moved, that they had found us out, and were about to retreat; so I fired my rifle, in a great hurry, behind the ear of one which had its tail almost towards us. The *spot* was a good one to fire at, but the *angle* was wrong: the heavy ball struck the elephant, which only fell on

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one knee, and was up again in a moment. The herd rose immediately, and the next instant showed nothing but broad sterns quietly walking away through the jungle, with one or two little ones, as large as buffaloes, bringing up the rear. My rifle was loaded again by my shikarry; and, in very unhappy mood, I followed the retreating herd, and found small drops of blood on the track. We did not expect to see them again; but, after walking a short distance, I heard one *blow* close to me, and presently saw them, standing all together, having, I suppose, pulled up in consequence of the great heat of the sun. Just then my shikarry touched me on the shoulder, and pointed to a large female elephant within ten yards of us: it stood facing us, with its head well exposed. I levelled my large rifle at her eye, and pulled the trigger.

The elephant half turned round, and fell on her head with a dismal roar, and began to kick violently. I thought that all was finished, and yelled in exultation: a terrible noise there was; for my shout upset the equanimity of the retreating monsters, already somewhat disturbed by the groans of their unfortunate companion, and they set up a universal trumpet of disgust, and rushed through the forest like a whirlwind.

In the meantime my elephant seemed to be recovering, and I fired several hasty shots as it lay rolling on the ground; and then, as she seemed to be getting more lively every moment, I retreated a few paces to load. While I was loading (that is, the shikarry for me), she got up, but did not remove from the spot, and remained there some minutes, making a growling and rumbling noise, tossing her trunk up and

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down, and rending every branch within her reach. My sprained hand was very painful after firing my heavy guns. The Paddy Bird loaded them as fast as he could; I could do nothing. At last, all three guns and rifles were loaded; and I went up, and blazed into the side of her head at about ten paces. She turned round, roaring, and we began to load again. And now she began to move away, slowly and staggering, step by step. I followed the poor beast for about a quarter of a mile, taking shots at her head, through the thorny thickets, whenever I got the chance. At last the elephant turned, and advanced through a small open space close to me, its head covered with blood, and still keeping up the growl which, indeed, had never ceased during the whole affair. I now got a clear shot between the eye and ear, with my heavy double rifle, and over came the elephant for the second time. I determined to make sure, and went round till I got within six feet of the back of her head, and sent a two-ounce ball in, right between the *bumps*. This finished her, and she did not move again.

I had no further success at Wursanaad, and we moved off for the head of the Cummum valley. On my way, while resting on the road-side, near a little grass-built shed, an amphisbæna caught a "bloodsucker" lizard, and rolled down a bank with the lizard in its folds. The "bloodsucker," though a large stout one, was squeezed to death in a few seconds; and then I carried out man's ancient grudge against the serpent, which was about two feet long, and something thicker than my thumb. The monsoon came on as I was ascending the pass between the valley and the Travancore country; and, what

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with incessant rain, and swarms of land-leeches which it called into activity, also a paucity of game at this damp and uncomfortable season, I was only too glad to get back to Trichinopoly. Soon after my return, a disturbance in the country of the Poodoocottah Rajah, about thirty miles south-east of Trichinopoly, took me out again.

I cannot do better than transcribe an account of this affair from the pages of the former *Indian Sporting Review*, in which it appeared, some time afterwards, as the "Story of a Campaign." In this account, the names Trichinopoly and Poodoocottah are travestied into "Pokerapooram" and "Kullerputty." I may note that the Rajah and all his subjects are of the "Kuller" caste, the "Thief Tribe" already adverted to by me.

Great was the bustle in a cantonment, which I will call Pokerapooram, in a hot month in the year of grace 1854. News of a row at Kullerputty, the residence of a neighbouring rajah, and a consequent application for military aid, having been received on the evening of *one* day, a party of both British and native soldiers, with a large allowance of officers, and a perfectly horrifying quantity of surgico-medical adjuncts, all under command of a field officer, left Pokerapooram, *en route* to Kullerputty, on the afternoon of the next.

The quarrel, between the Rajah and his people, was on account of some clever, but rather unscrupulous, financial dodges invented by that potentate, against whom his lieges had, likewise, other causes of complaint, into which it is by no means necessary to enter. One of the principal leaders of the rebellion had made himself scarce; the other, a near relative of the Rajah, was encamped in a grove not more than two miles from the royal residence, and had with him a following variously estimated by the natives, according to the degree of *funk* of the informants, at from two thousand to five thousand men, of whom four hundred, at most, were armed with guns and matchlocks of sorts; the rest addressing themselves to war with a provision of blunt swords and spears, and even clubs and

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slings! The British Resident, or Government Agent, was on the spot; but not even to *his* charming would these deaf adders incline their ears, not scrupling even to march in battle array, and with martial and discordant music, past the Residency, a very handsome and commodious building erected for the use of the Government Agent when he visits Kullerputty, and likewise available for the accommodation of English travellers who may be drawn, by business or pleasure, to visit His Highness the Rajah.

On the morning of the 24th July we arrived at Kullerputty, to the evident great admiration of the townspeople, who lined the road in multitudes, as we marched in with "all the pomp and circumstance" of war. The field force encamped within the precincts of the Residency, where several large tents, belonging to the Rajah, were pitched for accommodation of the officers; and in the Residency itself a good breakfast had been prepared by the servants, of whom a regular establishment is kept up for the service of guests. Some of the Rajah's sepoys were on duty on the premises, and were great fun: their "present arms" was perfectly unique. At midday, the Rajah's militia, and the black Barons who owe him suit and service, arrived. The great men were dressed magnificently, shining in "barbaric pearl and gold": the troops they commanded were not dressed at all. The chiefs, arrayed in "kincaubs" and turbans of gold and silver tissue, had flaming standards and red-scabbarded swords borne before them, and were attended by little pages carrying large muslin scarves, which were waved before the heroes as they came on. It was really a pretty and characteristic bit of Orientalism, and such as I had not before had an opportunity of witnessing. We had a good dinner, at which the Rajah's champagne flowed freely, in the evening.

The fashionable wear, at Kullerputty, appears to be the silk trouser, of loud colours; even the fat Brahmin Tahsildars (collectors of district revenues) and the "Sirkele" (Prime Minister), an immense fat Brahmin, wear them. The rebels have been invited to come in and be punished; but, as yet, the ducks do not respond to the cry of "Dilly, dilly!"

25*th*.—This morning, the chief man of the insurgents delivered himself up at our camp: he was dressed in silk and gold, like the other people who came yesterday; but was unarmed, and entirely without attendants. He, of course, told

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the Resident that he was quite innocent of the offences laid to his door; and, after a few minutes, he was removed to a detached bungalow, round which sentries were placed. The remainder of the culprits, headed by a famous rebel with a long name, still hold out; but they cannot keep up the game much longer. Nothing more than an exchange of messages, and divers attempts to serve warrants upon the chief malefactors, occurred till the evening. About six o'clock, the Sirkele suddenly made up his mind to beat up their quarters with his horde of armed riff-raff; so we all turned out to support him. The detachment was under arms in about two minutes; but, as the rebel camp was at least two miles off, there was not much chance, or perhaps much intention, of doing great things before dark. The Rajah's militia were collected in the road, about half a mile on; and as soon as they found themselves *backed* by the troops, the chiefs gave the word, and all hands set off at a smart double. Spears jingled, mustachios curled of themselves, tattoos trotted, and palanquins (for some of the chiefs went to battle in these conveyances) toiled along in the midst of the rabble.

Just as it was getting dark, the grove where the rebels were encamped came in sight: the wretches were cooking their dinners, and their fires shone brightly. A rush, with terrific yells, was made into the grove, which was emptied of its garrison in the twinkling of an eye. I saw a great number of people running into the jungle just as we came up; but immediately afterwards it became quite dark. About ten unfortunates were captured in the grove, and their brave captors immediately commenced to thrash them most unmercifully! A tremendous hubbub arose, owing to the gradual collection of the Rajah's *braves* with their prisoners; torches were lighted, and we moved back to camp in grand procession. First went the irregulars, their chiefs looking like gilt gingerbread dolls in the torchlight: each great man with his sheathed sword carried upright before him; and his ragamuffins, with twenty-foot spears, old muskets, matchlocks, &c., around him. Then came the native infantry; and the rear was brought up by the sturdy party of Highlanders. After we had gone a short distance, a row commenced in some houses near the road, which ended in five more rebels being captured, duly beaten, and placed in the procession with the rest. In this state and pomp did we return

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to our camp, which we reached soon after 8 o'clock. We heard that "Suniassee Sholialagum," the famous rebel with the long name, had bolted out of the grove first of all, and, of course, escaped in the dark.

26*th*.—We passed this day in eating and drinking the Rajah's excellent breakfast and dinner and tolerable champagne, in playing bagatelle on the Rajah's table, and in turning over his somewhat antique and musty library.

27*th*.—Early this morning, nearly all of us went out into a jungle near Kullerputty to see the famed, but very tame, sport of catching, or trying to catch, antelope with a hunting cheetah. We galloped out seven miles of very finely varied country, partly cultivated, and partly low jungle, under guidance of a native police officer, who rode before us on a very good horse, which he sat right well; and cut a gallant figure, clad as he was in a shiny dress, which looked exactly as if he had robbed a tea-caddy of its inside and robed himself in its spoils! At the end of this long gallop we came to a large village, at which we picked up some very fierce and truculent spearsmen; and then we rattled on three miles farther, and found the cheetah sitting in his cart, with his blinkers on, very restless, and evidently anxious for a run. He was a handsome animal, and the Rajah had given Rs. 500 for him three years ago: he had a guinea worm in his tail, which rather blemished him. We found antelope almost immediately; but could not for some time get any to stand. At last we slipped the cheetah at two antelope, and saw the way in which he went to work, and which has been described a hundred times: he did not *sneak* so much as I thought he would, but bounded off at once like a greyhound. When, however, he got near the antelope, he went "*ventre à terre*" at a tremendous pace. The course was a failure, and the beast lay in a bush until he was picked out of it by his keeper. We had another run, which also failed; and we all agreed that we had seen enough of this sport, and cantered back to the village, where two of the Rajah's carriages were waiting for us, and so back we went to breakfast.

Now this day was to be devoted to visiting the Rajah, and receiving his return of the compliment; so I must invoke the best efforts of my pen to do justice to the strangely mingled magnificence and squalidity of the court of Kullerputty. Soon after midday we were ready, and drove off in a procession of

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five carriages, some horsed and some bullocked, to the palace, a distance of about two miles. When we arrived at the outer gate, we were received and saluted with a hideous rout of tom-toms and collery horns, by the irregulars, of whose deeds I have already made mention; and then by a mob of the Rajah's sepoys, in full dress, and drawn up in what, by courtesy, must be termed a *line*. Getting out of our carriages, we entered another courtyard, where about twenty men, in old Light Cavalry uniforms, but on foot, received us with carried swords and a cracked trumpet, on which latter a most portentous and maddening point of war was blown. Passing through this court, and a narrow passage beyond it, we emerged into an inner court, surrounded with an open square of pillared buildings, crammed with all kinds of natives, and reverberating to the thundering music (not so bad, by the way) of the Rajah's band. We were met by the Rajah and his brother at the steps of the Hall of Audience, a mean-looking building, adorned with many rows of painted pillars. The Rajah then took his seat on his *throne*, a common-looking couch, or sofa, covered with red velvet and ornamented with gold, or, more likely, gilt mouldings.

The great man was dressed out in all his jewels, valued at some £50,000 or £60,000. Some of his diamonds were splendid: his bracelets, set with large diamonds, were worth £5,000 each, and his tiara was one glittering mass of brilliants. He had on, likewise, a magnificent jewelled "stomacher," and very fine emeralds pendant from the tiara, which was crowned with a plume of feathers of a Bird of Paradise. On his left hand and arm was a gauntlet of precious stones, and strings of large pearls were hanging round his neck. And what was the kernel of this dazzling shell? A very short, stout, personage, very dark in colour, and mean in appearance; certainly not looking in person, whatever he may have been in dress, like the Eastern prince we have all seen in the pantomime. We sat during a tedious half-hour, the band playing all the time, and then were presented with betel-nut, and garlanded with flowers; and, after this ceremony, we took our leave.

At six in the evening the field force was paraded, forming a street for His Highness to pass through on his return visit. Soon after six we saw and heard the great man, and his court,

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and his guards, and all the people of Kullerputty who were not bedridden, advancing towards the Residency—the band playing "The Girl I've Left Behind Me" like fury, and the Rajah and his courtiers sitting on half a dozen elephants. The setting sun shone on the Rajah's howdah, and cap, and dress of gold, and on the glittering housings—all embroidered with gold and beetle wings—of his great elephant. The effect was very pretty, and would have *told* immensely at the pantomime just adverted to. In the morning, the Rajah had worn a spangled muslin dress with a short train, which an attendant tucked up in a most ridiculous fashion when the great man walked. The dress which he wore this evening was of cloth of gold, and much shorter: and his cap, also of gold embroidery, had a jewelled plume in it. Three of his relations who were present wore much the same kind of dress, but had only small black feathers in their caps, as had also the Sirkele, who had encased his enormous rotundity in a court suit over his white dress, and looked perfectly elephantine! At last, the Rajah's torches were ordered, the betel-nut and garland affair was gone through twice over, once by the Resident to the Rajah and his suite, and once by the Rajah to ourselves. He then departed with the same state as that with which he came; and we most unanimously agreed in being very glad that it was all over, and made ourselves ready for a return to Pokerapooram on the morrow.

28*th*.—We left Kullerputty early this morning, leaving a company of sepoys to keep matters all right, and we passed the day in the usual "faineant" camp style. In the evening, a body of militia joined us, under two very great, and very highly gilt, men; and it was rumoured that the rebels had drawn together again, and were bivouacked near the village at which we encamp to-morrow morning.

29*th*.—After marching about three miles we parted company with the Rajah's ragged host, which turned off to the eastward with orders to reconnoitre some villages in which the rebels were said to have reassembled yesterday, and to send us word should the enemy be there in force. We held on our way for six miles more and encamped, and were just about to fortify ourselves with a breakfast, when a messenger, "bloody with spurring," galloped up on a miserable tattoo, which he nearly capsized over the Commandant's tent ropes, and, as well as his excitement would allow him, told that two thousand of the in-

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surgents were encamped—if squatting on the ground may be so called—near a village about three miles from our tents. We were all up and off in five minutes, and arrived in due course at the village, but saw nothing till we had passed through it, when a long line of the rebel scouts appeared on a high-swelling plain about a mile and a half in front of us. The gallant militia had, with great prudence, halted at about two miles' distance to the southward, and we had sent them word to advance upon the enemy from that quarter while we came on from the west. There was a thick jungle, about a mile square, in rear of the rebels, and behind it a large village; and through this village we, assisted by the Rajah's people, who came up in a frenzy of bravery when they found that we were on the spot, drove the enemy, most of whom made off in various directions when they came to the village.

This place was soon surrounded; and a strict search commenced, which ended in the capture of upwards of a hundred of the insurgents, among them some men of note, who had distinguished themselves in various ways, such as setting houses on fire, half murdering the Rajah's peons, &c. The row was tremendous, and the expedients resorted to to escape capture were very ingenious. Besides such common shifts as getting under heaps of straw and perching like fowls on the cross beams of roofs, several were found, in dark corners of rooms, with great chatties (earthen vessels) over their heads and shoulders; and many were lugged out of the large wicker-work plastered receptacles for grain, to which the only access was through the hole, stuffed with a fid of straw, in the roof. The unfortunate captives were beaten and violently pinioned by the Rajah's people as soon as caught; nor were our own sepoys very good-humoured towards them. One sepoy with whom I remonstrated upon his having beaten a rebel, preparatory to tying his hands, said to me, "Sir, I have had nothing to eat since three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and I suppose that I shall get nothing before three this afternoon; and shall I refrain from striking! No! by all my gods!" Whack—whack. I burst out laughing, and left him to wreak the vengeance of his empty stomach upon his unlucky captive. The indignation of the whole breakfastless force was certainly very great, and several languages were sworn up on the occasion before we got back in triumph to our camp. This was the wind up of the campaign:

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the prisoners were carried off by the militia to Kullerputty, and we returned, the next day, to Pokerapooram. And, for all this, we have got no medal!!!"

It was on this journey that I became acquainted with a curious fact in natural history, as regards the disposition of one species of wasp, if not of others of the tribe. I saw a wasps' nest, formed of leaves stuck together with mud, hanging from the bough of a small tree on the side of a jungle path. I said to my shikarry, "Look out, wasps!" for they were buzzing about in great numbers all round the nest. To my surprise, my shikarry grinned, and, instead of moving on as I did, and giving them a wide berth, he swung round a loading rod which he was carrying, and struck a violent blow on the bough, thus breaking it off from the tree. I was in horror, knowing the vicious temper of these insects when disturbed; but he told me—and I saw that it was so—that the wasps would do no harm now that their nest was *cut off*. The calamity to their fortress, so thorough in its effects, seemed to stupefy them, and they took no notice of us, but crawled, despairingly, over their ruined dwelling. The shikarry said that if he had failed to cut the bough entirely off the wasps would have attacked us with their wonted enthusiasm. The entire destruction of their abode is necessary to ensure the aggressors impunity.

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CHAPTER VII.

Another Tour in Southern Division.—A Revengeful Old Woman. — Veeranoor. — Bear-shooting. — Rungamullay. — Belling the Boar.—How to Poach for Hog.—A Pair of Tuskers.—Four Elephants shot in one Herd.—Bear and Cub.—Enormous Centipede.—The "Boycotted" Moslem.—A Week with Bruin.—The "Hunting of the Bear."—Some Bear Stories.—Himalayan Bears.

AN absurd but very annoying affair happened at the house of an officer of my regiment at Trichinopoly. The lady of the house gave what is called a "tea-fight," and some dozen people were gathered to it. A very handsome gold bracelet, of the far-famed Trichinopoly workmanship, and which had just been made for the lady, was handed round and duly admired, and replaced in a basket on a side-table. An unlucky spinster—of a certain age, by the bye—who was one of the guests, took it into her head, "for fun," to abstract and hide the bracelet, intending to enjoy the search and consternation when its disappearance should be found out. She, therefore, when all were otherwise engaged, took it and carried it into an ante-room and hid it under a roll of music. It did create excitement, with a vengeance! for when the perpetratrix of the silly joke had enjoyed for some time its success, and had given the clue to the place where she had hidden it, to her horror and dismay it

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had disappeared in sad earnest, and nothing was ever heard of it again! No doubt whatever, one of the servants, male or female, had been peering into the room and had seen the bracelet hidden, and had taken an opportunity, when the guests were playing a noisy and engrossing round game at cards, to abstract it. The distress of the unhappy joker may be imagined. She "boohooed" aloud, and refused to be comforted. The bracelet had cost 150 rupees =£15.

At the close of this year I started again on a tour round part of the division, and made first for Salem, *viâ* the Puchmullay (Green Hill) jungles. There were bears on a hill close to the village of Vengalum, but I had no luck with them. I was amused one morning at seeing an old woman gesticulating violently in the direction of the Puchmullay mountains, where in a deep ravine there is a Hindoo temple dedicated to Periasawmey ("the great god"). She was screaming at the top of her cracked voice; and, on inquiry, I found that she was addressing an urgent request to the god of the ravine, that he would inflict some horrible injury on a person in the village with whom this old hag had quarrelled; most particularly she begged the deity so to order matters that a corpse might speedily be carried out of her enemy's house. "Ah—h!"—in this case she promised a sheep in sacrifice—"Ah—h!" —otherwise not a grain of incense or a bunch of flowers should he ever have from her in future—"Ah—h!" —and so she went on, working herself up, as these "mild Hindoo" women do, into a greater rage every moment, tugging at her fusty grizzled hair with her skinny fingers, and giving the idea that she was possessed with a legion of devils at the least.

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On the 19th November, being encamped at Veeranoor, a deserted village on the left bank of the Cauvery, about thirty-six miles from Salem, we went out at dawn and sat over some caves. Seeing nothing, we went on, some villagers leading the way. On approaching some small hills, we saw the villagers gesticulating excitedly, and found that there were two bears in a thick ravine. Presently a cry arose that the bears were coming, and they came on in thick cover, and stopped just under where I was posted. Presently they began to ascend the hill, and I saw them, and gave one of them a "punt" on the head with a bullet from my little gun, and they both went roaring down again. One went off at score; but the wounded one was done, and remained on the skirts of the hill making a horrid noise. While preparing to circumvent him, I heard an indignant and astonished grunt behind me, and turning round, saw two great bears standing on a ridge of rock. I fired; one fell over, but picked itself up again and made off with its companion. We went to the spot and found a great deal of blood and a bit of bone on the ground, but the bears had vanished in the heavy jungle. We returned to the first wounded bear, which was moving slowly towards some caves, and I hit it again; but it got into a cave. Going up, we heard it inside, and, removing some loose stones, saw it lying at the bottom of a den. I fired again, and presently the bear was still. My servant (who had come out this morning to see the sport), being a thin creature, went down with some squeezing into the cave, and, though the bear's flanks were still heaving, tied some of the villagers' waist-bands together and fastened them round its fore-paws and neck. We then tried to haul

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it out; but the crevice was too narrow, and we had to remove the rocks from another entrance, and then we pulled it out. It was a good-sized male, with a fine skin.

Next day we saw several bears; but my luck was down upon me, and though I wounded one severely, I lost it. It came up behind me while I was sitting on a hill-side. I heard a puffing noise, and there was Bruin, hot and angry, about twenty yards from me. I fired, and he fell over, yelling outrageously, and I was so lost to all sense of fairness that I hit him again while he was down! But, though very badly wounded, he gathered himself up again and went off shouting "Murder!" We never saw him again, and he got into a lot of impracticable caves, and we had to give him up.

On my way thence to Dindigul I encamped near a high conical hill, by name Rungamullay. It is very high and steep, and the peaked summit is encircled with a ring of piled and broken rocks, forming fit fastnesses for wild animals, bears, panthers, hyænas, &c. In the rays of the rising or setting sun this hill exhibits a fine rosy tint reflected from crag and boulder, it being composed of a handsome pink porphyritic rock, well relieved by the green foliage with which its ravines and gullies are bountifully clothed. I had a beat for bears on this hill, but saw none; doubtless they were lying safe and comfortable in their caves, laughing in their sleeves (if they had any) at the clatter and vain attempts of their enemies outside.

I heard an odd story here of the hog, which "once upon a time" infested the hill in such numbers as almost to ruin the cultivators for miles round. No

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grain-field was safe from their ravages. As for sweet potatoes, yams, onion-patches, and such like delicacies, the epicure hogs would not for a moment permit them to reach the stew-pots of their hungry owners, but cleared them all off even before they began to ripen. The truculent swine cared nothing for villagers sitting on stages in the middle of the grain-field or the garden. If the watchman launched a stone from his sling at one place where he heard champing jaws at work, the herd instantly went to another quarter of the field, and treated his objurgatory yells and shouts with the most perfect contempt. Nay, when one incensed villager, cudgel in hand, rushed at a particularly fine old boar which was actively engaged in his potato-field, the injured animal made for him with fierce grunts, upset him, and rootled at him with his sharp tusks to very good purpose, so much so that he barely escaped with his life.

This was the coping-stone, so to speak, upon the enormities of the hog, and a cunning elder of the village invented a plan for their discomfiture. A beat with nets was planned, and a fine lusty young boar was captured. Carefully hobbled, and also otherwise arranged by having his mouth tied tightly up, a tremendous bell with a loud-tongued clapper was fastened with a stout leathern collar round his neck; he was then taken to the skirts of his much-loved hill, and his bonds, both of foot and jaw, cut adrift with a few strokes of a sharp knife.

On regaining the freedom of his stiffened limbs poor piggy made tracks for the hill amid the cheers of the assembled villagers. Up he climbed, full of his wrongs, and eager to pour his complaints into

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the ears of the sympathising herd; but, alas! he reached the first favourite cover, only to find the whole herd scampering away from the diabolical clang of the bell which he carried with him.

With plaintive grunts he chased his recreant friends from cover to cover, the herd growing in numbers as they rushed through thorn and thicket. For half a day did this exciting chase delight the eyes of the grinning villagers who were standing on the plain below, until at last the whole enormous herd, sore spent and foam-streaked, burst from the hill and rushed with all remaining strength across the plain, with their snouts well set for the distant Cauvery jungles. In the rear toiled the despairing victim to village cruelty, adding at each boom and clash fresh speed to the horror-stricken herd. Henceforth the villagers cultivated their fields in peace, and their stew-pots once more knew the pleasant savour of sweet potatoes and other tasty garden vegetables.

This story reminds me of a capital plan for catching wild hog, related to me by my long-legged shikarry, whose poaching qualities were of a very high order. He said:

"Take a very strong well-barbed hook with a very long shank (a sort of shark-hook, in fact). Get eight or ten strong, thin cords, and whip an end of each cord firmly to the shank of the hook. Take a stout piece of bamboo about a foot long; pierce holes in it about an inch or so apart to receive the loose ends of the cords, which are to be carefully knotted through the holes to the bamboo, so as to spread out from the hook like a fan, each cord to be about a foot in length. Your instrument is now complete. Take a careful survey of the paths of a good pig jungle, and

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note where is most traffic of the swine. Ground bait these paths with ripe plantains for two or three days; pig are fond of ripe plantains. When you find that the luscious fruit disappears nightly, take your instrument and bait the hook, both shank and curve, with one or two plump ripe plantains; lay it on the ground in the path, and scrape a little sand or dust over the bamboo and its spread-out cords, and retire. The next morning sally out with spear or gun and look for your bait; if fortune has favoured you, it will have vanished, instrument and all! Piggy will have swallowed the plantains with his wonted alacrity; but the hook will have stuck in his gullet, and the cords will have hung out of his mouth some few inches, with the bamboo dangling under his chin. To get rid of the nuisance he will have raised one foot and scraped at the dangling cords; but this will have made matters far worse. The thin cords, probably two or three of them, will have caught in the cleft of his hoof and the hind knob of his pastern, and he will be unable to get that foot to the ground again. Far from that place he will not be able to go, and a tumbling noise in bush or brake not very far from the path will guide you to the spot where he is *anchored*, and you may murder him at your leisure!"

After thus reciting with great gusto, my shikarry declared that he had many times made use of this artful contrivance with success. I heard, but did not applaud.

On the 28th December I again pitched my tent at Nursingpooram, and once more met with elephants. On the 1st January 1855 news was brought to my tent of three elephants, two tuskers and one female, in a valley surrounded by low hills. Rain was falling,

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and I waited till 2 P.M., and then went to the head of the valley, only about a mile from my tent. I sat on a ridge of rock overlooking the valley, which is crowded with jungle, and in a few minutes saw a great back, red with the ferruginous mud of this district, pass slowly along the middle of the valley. Then I saw another, a female with a cub, which I did not care to disturb. We watched the great elephant for some time, and saw that it was a tusker, as he every now and then raised his trunk up to the trees, and showed the white gleam of a fine pair of tusks. Presently we saw another elephant moving about near the other end of the small valley, where, as we afterwards found, a narrow pass led out between the hills, and he, too, displayed tusks. I consulted with the shikarries, and we agreed to attack the pair of tuskers, and, led by an ancient Pulleer, we plunged into the jungle, and followed the track of the first-seen elephant.

In one of the densest thickets, where we had almost to crawl on our hands and knees, we heard a branch crack on our left, and directly afterwards another on our right; there they were, within a hundred yards of us, and we between them. We crept on again, and presently the left-hand elephant made a noise exactly like the letting off of a rocket. "Discovered!" thought I; for six men making their way through such a jungle could not help making some noise. We halted, and I did not feel very comfortable when we heard both elephants growling in a very dissatisfied manner, for we could not have moved out of the path which we were on. We moved on a short distance, and were glad to reach an open space of bare rock which forms the head of the pass. The "Paddy Bird"

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pointed to our right, and there, about twenty yards off, in a clump of tangled jungle, I with difficulty distinguished the head and tusks of a great elephant.

He was facing us, and evidently saw us all as we emerged from the jungle. His attitude was that of the most watchful attention—ears cocked, tusks almost touching the ground, and perfectly silent. The other elephant was moving uneasily to our left, and we were right between them. The right-hand animal now moved a few yards, and gave one or two short trumpets, a prelude, as it were, to a grand piece of music; the left-hand fellow continued growling, but moved not. At last he did move, and crossed towards the pass; he was in a nullah, and his forehead appeared among the bushes instead of high up. I fired at the space between his eye and ear; he turned round, with a noise between a groan and a roar, and rushed back into the thicket. The other elephant remained quite silent, and we did not know what to make of him. He was close by, we knew, and by his ominous silence it was likely that he was in a humour to charge down upon us should we move.

Presently he growled, and came out in front of us at about twenty paces' distance. I gave him the right barrel on his ear; he uttered a smothered roar, stumbled, and turned round, and appeared to be coming right over us. In moving round to avoid him I caught my foot between two rocks and tripped up, and before I could recover myself he passed out of view in the thick jungle. It was now too late to do more; but the next day this elephant was found dead by some villagers who were roaming the forest some miles from where I fired at him. He was a fine elephant, with moderately good tusks.

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Next morning two shikarries came and brought word of a herd of about twenty elephants, in a forest beyond the village of Menaichpooram, about three miles from my tent. After a toilsome climb of hills, through jungle which was in many places almost impenetrable to us—but which the elephants had crossed and re-crossed in all directions, though the branches overhung their paths in such a way that we had absolutely to *thrash* our way along—we arrived at the top of a hill which overlooked a long valley. Here we saw two elephants half-way up a hill-side, amusing themselves with tearing the small trees in pieces. They were as red as foxes, from the red mud with which they had plastered themselves. Going on, we saw at least a dozen elephants in the nearest part of the valley, and, on climbing on to a mass of rocks which jutted out from the hill-side, we got a full view of all below. There were two herds in the valley, consisting altogether of over forty elephants, but all were females and young ones; no tusker was visible. The various noises were very odd—every now and then a trumpet, loud and shrill; then a tiger-like roar; anon a piping squeal; and all sorts of queer rumblings and blowings.

We watched the beasts for nearly an hour, and then descended into the valley, determined to do something with them. The character of the jungle was better than I expected; it was so trodden by the elephants that we could get along very well. After a little while we came upon three or four elephants, which were advancing towards us. They were behind a thin screen of bushes, and I was just preparing for a shot, when all at once a general hurried movement took place, and they hastily retreated without uttering

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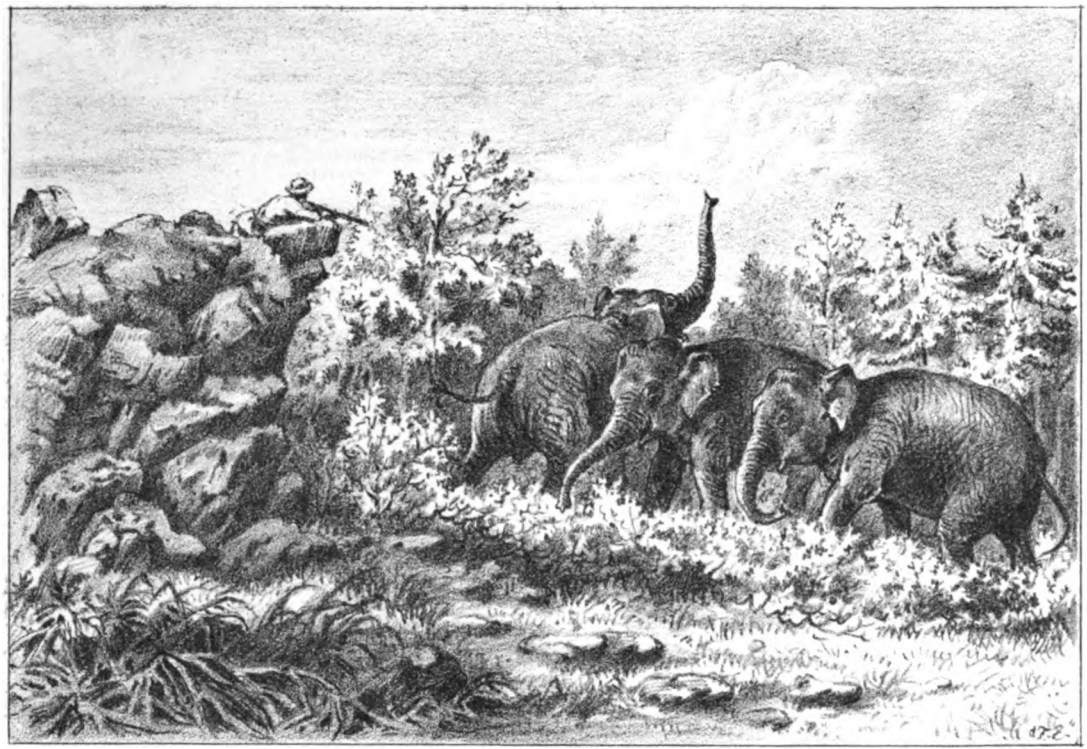

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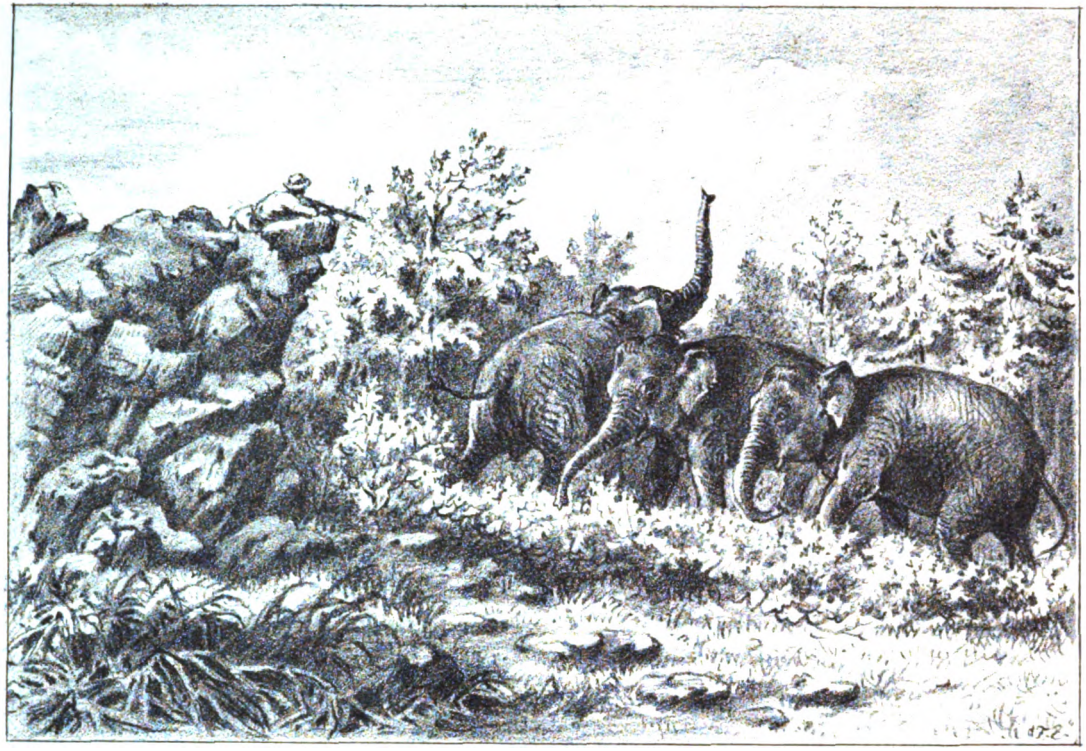

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a sound; they had winded us, and we went on up the valley, and presently found ourselves close to three or four more. One elephant was in a nullah close to me, and only the top of its back was visible. There were many creepers and shrubs between, and, as it moved slowly along, I made a terrible mistake and fired into its shoulder instead of into its head! It trumpeted and rushed on, and, though we found blood, it was lost for *that* day; but was found dead, not many miles away, a couple of days afterwards; and the ear, tip of trunk, and tail, all *very high*, were brought to me, and served to establish my claim to the reward, which in those days was sixty rupees—now, in the "eighties," the slaughter of elephants is not only not rewarded, but is positively prohibited.

To return to the herd. We soon found them, gathered together and moving about in an excited, uneasy way. I got close to them in the thick cover, and waited. Several large shapes loomed dimly in the thicket. At length a fine tall female moved out, and, just as her head was disappearing behind a large tree, I fired behind her ear. She roared tremendously, and fell with a crash to the earth. For some moments the herd did not move. At last another large female, attracted by the groans of its dying companion, came to the edge of the thicket, and I got a good sight at its forehead and knocked it over. The herd stood, roaring and rumbling, and, as we had to reload, we moved to a clearer spot, and gave them a cheer to start them. This was enough, and we heard them break away and rush, clattering and trumpeting, up the pass which led out of the valley. We then went to the dead elephants and secured the trophies—tail,

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ears, and trunk tips. Then we went on the track of the herd, and, before we had gone far, found another elephant standing under a large tree. This one also I secured by the side shot between the eye and ear. There was no tusker with the herd, and, although I had rather not have shot females, it was a profitable morning's work, as I got 240 rupees reward=£24, for the four elephants.

Nothing worth noting occurred on the remainder of my journey. I got a slight attack of jungle fever, and was obliged to hurry back to Trichinopoly.

In August I obtained a few days' leave, and went to the Puchmullay mountains, and encamped again at Vengalum. I was accompanied by an engineer officer, a close friend of mine, now dead, as are most of my old friends of those days.

The morning after our arrival, we went before daylight to the Periasawmy ravine. Day broke just as we reached our ground, and I had not quite arrived at my post, which was at a little distance from where my companion had placed himself, when a village shikarry up in a small tree began to make frantic signs, in return for which I shook my fist at him, and presently I saw a bear waddling up. It stopped when within about thirty yards of me, and I thought that it saw me; but the Paddy Bird whispered that it was only inspecting an ant-hill. I fired a barrel of my double gun and knocked it over; but it rose again and made off. As soon as it was fully light we commenced to track, and heard the bear coughing and wheezing at the foot of the hill. We soon found blood, and tracked it all the way to the hill, where it became much more abundant, great splashes on every stone. The bear was apparently hit in the lungs.

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When we attempted to follow the track up the hill, we were stopped by impenetrable thorny jungle, and, to our great disgust, had to give it up.

The next morning we sat up again, and kept a strict look-out for bears. Nothing came near me; but my companion, who had gone to another ravine, got a shot at a bear, which rolled over to his bullet, and he fired his second barrel; but this was loaded with small shot! There cannot be a worse practice, when likely to meet with large game, than to load in this fashion. There was no blood on the track, and we could only suppose that the bear had rolled over from fright and surprise as they often do, when the first barrel was fired. He was probably peppered by the small shot of the second barrel, but this would not do him much damage.

The next morning we saw nothing, and in the evening we sat in a pit dug at the side of a ravine, and screened with bushes, till past nine o'clock. It was grand to see the engineer's misery in this pit. Being possessed of long legs, he did not know what to do with them in the cramped hole in which we were sitting, and his smothered groans and ejaculations were heart-rending. The vicious attacks of the small but very poisonous jungle musquitoes, little fiends with powdered heads and speckled bodies and legs, did not add to his or my comfort, and when we got back to camp he swore loudly that nothing should ever induce him to repeat this experience!

The following day, the 29th of August, was more successful. We sat in the morning at the large ravine, and just before daylight we heard a bear grubbing in a field very near us. When it began to get light, the village shikarry, who had climbed

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a tree just over my head, got quietly down, and whispered that a bear and cub were coming. In the dim light two black objects could just be discerned, walking towards us, one large and one small, and they made straight for our ambush.

I upset the large bear with a shot in the body, and when she rose again, the cub immediately mounted on her back. I fired a second shot at the staggering mass of fur ; and, to my astonishment, the old bear shuffled off, leaving the cub—the only one, as I then thought—dying on the ground. It was a six months' old one, with very sharp teeth. I picked up the unlucky youngster, which had received the shot intended for its mother, and waited for sufficient light to track the old bear. A large hog now came up, but turned off before it was within shot.

We began to track carefully, and at first found no blood ; but after walking about 200 yards we found some. The blood-spots increased in size, and we soon saw large patches, almost pools ; and in about half an hour, when very near the hill, something stirred and shook the bushes. We could not see the bear in the thick cover, but clattering of stones showed that she was moving up the bed of a ravine. We got across this ravine, and, guided by the village shikarry, came on it again *above* the bear. Soon she came crawling on, moving with great difficulty, and I let her come within six or eight yards, and fired. She fell, and partly got up again; but she was singing her death-song. To our surprise, a cub began to move about, creeping over the old lady, whining, and looking at us in a pitiful way, with its fore-paws on the old one's body. Bears always carry their cubs on their backs, when they are small and tired, or

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when danger is abroad. This one must have been on its mother's back from the very first, hidden, especially in the imperfect light, by the mass of long shoulder hair. We tried to catch the cub; but it uttered a bark of defiance and rushed into the jungle. The Paddy Bird and two village shikarries went after it, not too willingly, and tried to throw a blanket over it; but a furious roaring and barking showed that it had charged and utterly defeated them, and they came back discomfited, exhibiting bitten and scratched arms and legs. The old bear and the dead cub were skinned, or, as our poor friend "Copper-face" used to say, "skun," and we returned with our trophies to breakfast.

We had no more luck; two bears came up to our tent at night, but they escaped unscathed. On the way back to Trichinopoly I killed an enormous centipede, striped with alternate bands of black and orange. It was eleven inches long and nearly an inch wide across the back. The natives expressed the utmost horror of it, and said that its bite was fatal. Certainly it was large enough and ugly enough for anything.

In October I went again on one of my annual tours. First of all, I pitched my tent at Vengalum, but saw no bears. I heard at this place a story which I think is worth repeating. The only Mahomedan in the village, a man of some substance, got on bad terms with the Hindoo local authorities, and the Hindoo "moonsif" (petty magistrate) issued what we should now call a "boycotting" order—that the Mahomedan should be, in a civil sense, excommunicated, he and his whole house: that the village washerman should not wash for him nor the village barber shave him:

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that no villager should give a coal of fire at his asking, nor should speak to him: that, if thieves broke into his house, no one should afford him aid: nor should he get any supplies or necessaries of life in the village, for love or money. The boycotted Mahomedan went to the town of Ahtoor, about twenty miles off, and brought back a washerman and a barber with him; but the "mild Hindoo" was not to be thus *done*, and drove them both forcibly away from the village. Two days before I arrived at Vengalum, the badgered Mussulman went to lay his complaint before the Tahsildar (head native civil officer of the district); but there is little doubt that the longest purse will carry the day at the "Cutcherry," as the case will not be carried so far as the English civilian. The oppressed Mahomedan would probably be most thankful so to carry it on; for natives, with good reason, distrust their fellow-countrymen in office, and infinitely prefer to be dealt with by their white masters.

I shot nothing at Vengalum but some duck and snipe, and a large cobra. On my onward journey I camped again at Thadaoor, but saw no bears. There were a great many hog on the Thadaoor hills, and, there being no possibility of riding them there, or in any part of the district, I took a shot at a big boar, and the bullet passed right through his body, as was plainly shown by blood-marks on *both* sides of his track. He, however, escaped into the hills, and, after following his marks for upwards of two miles, they entered an almost impervious jungle, and we had to give him up.

From Thadaoor I went to Salem, where I inspected the "Native Veteran" Detachment. At that time,

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there were two battalions of veterans; now they are things of the past, and the Pension List is the only refuge of those native soldiers who are unfit for active service. These veterans, commanded by an old captain, also a "veteran," had pretty well put off all military feeling. I was amused, though not much surprised, at a paragraph in the Detachment Order Book directing the two companies to parade for my inspection; and which parade was to take place in the compound (enclosed space, or paddock) of the Commandant's house. The order stated that "sticks are to be left outside the gate"! When at Salem, I visited the shop of the well-known Arnachellum, whose shikar knives and hog-spears are renowned throughout all India.

Thence I went on to the banks of the Cauvery; and I now enter an article which, under the title of "A Week with Bruin," I sent to the *India Sporting Review*, in which it duly appeared.

Few and far between have ever been the contributions of Madras sportsmen to the pages of our *India Sporting Review*. Perhaps we are deterred by our want of the great equipage with which our Bengal and Bombay brethren take the field; perhaps the lassitude induced by the somewhat tepid climate of the "benighted" land disinclines us to take up the grey goose-quill: certain it is that, even in the high and palmy days of *Maga* (the now defunct *Oriental Sporting Magazine*), southern sportsmen have been, with some few notable exceptions, almost unrepresented in her pages.

There is no lack of matter for description; no scarcity of perilous achievements by flood and fell; no want of objects of the sportsman's highest daring. Moreover, many are those who have fought and overcome the mighty elephant in his trackless jungle, the fierce and grinning tiger in his lair; and (a matter which more concerns the present offering upon our revived Maga's altar) who have attacked, in all ways and at all times, that most surly and ill-conditioned animal, the Indian bear.

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Bruin is a fellow of very uncertain temper. Sometimes savage in the extreme; a look or a word, or even the suspicion of a human being in the vicinity of his shady retreat, is sufficient to bring him out with a barking roar, and exaggeration of attack, enough to strike terror into the boldest heart. At other times, no endeavour, no amount of stoning, rocketing, and smoking will induce him to leave his secure fortalice. Very various, also, are the methods by which Bruin is to be brought to bag: sometimes he is to be waylaid in the grey of the morning, on the skirts of a hill, when he is swaggering homewards, with his crop well stuffed with white ants and with great grubs laboriously torn up from sheltering roots of grass; at another season of the year, he will camp out, like a free and independent forester, in bamboo and thorn brakes, in sheltered ravines and on wooded slopes, whence he has to be evicted with yell of beaters and clang of tom-toms and collery horns. Again, nearer to the fall of the year, when the purple fruit of the "Jamun" is falling into the stony bed of the nullah overspread by its white-limbed foliage, a cunning hiding-place must be devised hard by, in which the sportsman sits during long moonlight nights, sorely bitten by musquitoes, and watching, rifle on knee, for the snuffing of Bruin as he makes his cautious approach to the scene of anticipated feasting.

It is when a cluster of dens is to be stormed, when the shaggy inmate, probably as well known to the herd-boys of the neighbouring village as their own goats, is to be attacked on his own ground, in his own *Malakhoff* as it were, that this sport becomes really perilous. Crouching amid huge rocks, under ledges overhung with thorny creepers, he listens to the clattering advance of his toiling foe, who, with ready gun, is climbing, and slipping, over ground which is to Bruin a fairer field of battle than any bowling-green. Then it is that the bear springs forth, determined to do or die; and, unless the first bullet lays him low, it too often makes his antagonist repent of his temerity, and maltreats him in a fashion sufficient to inspire him with becoming respect for Bruin's privacy for the future. Although bear-shooting is generally esteemed a tame pursuit in comparison with many other Indian sports, yet it is a well-known fact, in the Madras Presidency, that more *maulings* have been received in it than in any other kind of shikar, not even excepting the peculiarly Madras fashion of going *on foot* after tigers.

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With these preliminary remarks, sufficient, I hope, to inform the readers of these pages that Bruin is a respectable animal, not to be sneered at, or treated with unbecoming levity, I proceed to turn up, in my journal, the record which I have preserved of a very fair "Week with Bruin."

Imagine, then, on the 15th November 1855, a tent pitched on the side of a dry nullah, in a stony open tract thinly covered with low jungle; and about a "call," as the natives say, from the small and squalid village of Veeranoor. The general character of the country is undulating, with rocky hills, more or less clothed with thorny jungle, and flanked with deep, dark ravines running towards the far-famed river Cauvery. At the bottom of some of these ravines clear streams of water are flowing; but in many, owing to the unusual dryness of the season, only small stagnant pools lie, half hid, under the grey rocks, and afford a paradise to numerous colonies of green-coated frogs, which jump in with agile somersault and slowly emerge again to stare, with beady eyes, at the audacious intruder who is seeking some pool, sufficiently clear and pure, at which to slake his thirst. Many and large are the caves in these rocky hills—every imaginable form of confusedly-piled rocks is to be seen. Some ravines are filled, to all appearance, with avalanches of stones of all shapes and dimensions, from the size of a band-box to that of a moderate house. Some, again, are cleft deeply in the solid rock, and are almost hidden by the bright-coloured clinging brambles: between some hills, deep and wide channels are worn by the monsoon torrents; and one can walk down these channels without being inconvenienced by the sun, except at the hour of noon, so densely are their damp beds fringed with ever-green trees and creepers. In days long gone by, a great portion of this tract of country was under cultivation; and even yet the boundaries of fields can be traced without difficulty; but now, owing, the villagers say, to a sweeping visitation of fever, all the former cultivation has been abandoned; and only about a dozen wretched huts remain, here and there, of what were once large and flourishing settlements.

After taking the reader out into a blazing sun, to point out to him the above features of the country, it is but reasonable to suppose that he will be glad to return to the shade of the tent, in which I am now sitting in solemn council with my shikarry,

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a meagre, long-legged, stuttering, but very zealous individual, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Venketsawmy (his nick-name being "the Paddy Bird"), and a stout, very black, gentleman-farmer sort of personage, who owns, or if he does not actually own all, controls nearly all the neighbouring hamlets and villages. My friendship with this petty zemindar, whose name is Iyanah Gounden, is of some standing, for, on a former visit which I paid to Veeranoor, he came forward and volunteered his aid, and that of his merry men, to beat up Bruin's quarters. In acknowledgment of his former civility, I have just presented him with a huge broad-bladed spear, and his face is, by reason of this gift, overspread with smiles. Iyanah Gounden is a keen sportsman; though, like all natives, he has very little idea of giving an animal a fair chance: in truth, his attacks upon the *ferœ naturœ* are carried on by means of long nets, into which the animals are driven by dogs and men, and in which, when inextricably entangled, they are gallantly prodded to death with long spears by him and all his people. In this fashion he, only yesterday, circumvented and slew a bear, about four miles from my tent, not knowing that I was coming; and he has, by all accounts, killed nearly a dozen tigers, at different times, in the same manner.

At Salem the people of a neighbouring village, having netted a hyæna, tied its mouth, and passed hooks, to which cords were attached, through its back-sinews above the hocks, and beat and pelted it to death. I was told that this is a common practice with the "mild Hindoo"! But "there is nothing new under the sun"; and I have read that Dutch colonists, at the Cape, did much the same with *their* hyænas. They caught the beasts in traps, cut a slit in the hind legs, pushed a piece of iron chain through the wound, and fastened the ends of the chain together. They then let the tortured animal loose, to break all its teeth by biting at the chain; and it was then, in its helpless state, worried to death by the Dutchmen's dogs!

The report of the number of bears being favourable, we agree to proceed, to-morrow morning, with beaters to a hill about two miles from my tent; and there is every chance that we may come across some of them wending their way back from their nocturnal feeding-ground on the bank of the Cauvery.

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November 16th.—Truly, Veeranoor is a great place for bears. I sallied out, at the first blush of dawn, with about twenty men; and, after a hurried tramp, arrived at a small hill overlooking the river, and surrounded with deep and thickly-wooded ravines, and fantastic masses of rock, which crop out in all directions on the base of the hill: the hill itself is a mass of caves, and snug retreats beneath overhanging granite ledges, sheltered from the garish light of day by matted brambles, and creeper-festooned cactus bushes, cool and shady nooks after Bruin's own heart. Arriving on the ground shortly before sunrise, I climbed up to a good central look-out place, and sent the beaters, in the capacity of scouts, in parties of twos and threes, to mount guard on high rocks, and to telegraph the approach of Bruin whenever he might make his appearance. In a few minutes the posts were all occupied by dusky, cumbley-wrapped figures, squatting on the topmost rocks, and looking exceedingly like a congregation of vultures of magnified dimensions.

After ten minutes, no signs having been made by any of the scouts, I moved on to the head of a deep scarped ravine, on the river side of the hill; and had scarcely got there, when one of the look-out men near me slid down from his post and brought word that two bears were coming up from the river. The other semaphores now began to work their arms, and soon every digit was pointing to a thicket on the border of the ravine. One bear had lain down in the thicket, and another had gone into a smaller ravine which ran into the large one. I now advanced cautiously, under guidance of a man who had seen the bears, and, while advancing on the lair, and not more than half-way to it, the guide suddenly stopped on the edge of a smaller, but very precipitous ravine, and then crept back, and whispered that two more bears were standing in the nullah.

I stole to the side of the ravine, and saw a bear standing, like a statue, near some thorny creepers. He was evidently listening, having heard our movements, quiet as we had been. I fired my right barrel, and the bear fell into the midst of the creepers, with a ball through his back, and roaring hideously. I fired another shot at the black mass as it rolled about in the thicket. At the same moment another bush, only a few paces off, shook violently, and another bear rushed out, with an angry grunt, and scuttled down the ravine. Snatching up my single

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rifle, which, with a double gun and my skikarry's rickety single barrel, composed our whole armament, I sent a two-ounce bullet after the fugitive, but missed. I then extinguished my wounded bear with a shot in the head from my shikarry's gun; and, after loading again, descended into the ravine, and found the bear to be a fair-sized male.

Other scouts now came, and said that the two bears first seen had moved off at the sound of the firing, and that, as far as they could tell, one of them had got into a small cave about a quarter of a mile farther on: so away we trundled, and found very recent and evident signs of Bruin's presence at the cave's mouth. The den was almost half-way up a pile of rocks, more or less broken, and had but one entrance, and that very narrow and low. I shot a bear in this very cave a year ago, and therefore knew the place right well. Stones were thrown in at all the crevices; but the bear refused to come out and be killed, though he moved occasionally, puffing angrily.

I now took up my post at the mouth of the cave, and ordered a rocket to be put in at a promising crevice; and this was accordingly done, but without effect. Bruin snorted, and moved; but only into a deeper recess of his den. All this time a heavy fire of abuse had been kept up, and the Ursine family was dishonoured up to its remotest progenitors. Several other rockets were thrown into the cave, but to no purpose; the bear stirred not. Sticks were also rattled in all the crevices; and I began to fear that we were to be beaten by Bruin's passive resistance, when a beater, who had removed some stones from a crevice in the rock, put his bamboo down as far as it would go, and, by great good luck, clapped it right upon the bear's back, and stirred him up roundly. This was too much for Bruin's equanimity: he instantly fell into an extremity of rage, jumped about, bit the bamboo in a most vicious manner, and roared at the top of his lungs. At this welcome sound, and the no less welcome noise of scuffling and hustling up to the mouth of the cave, I cocked my gun, and put the muzzle within a foot of the entrance. Out came the grey head, with an ominous twinkle of the eye; the neck and shoulders were following; when I fired, and the bear fell dead, half in and half out of the cave: the ball had broken the neck.

It was very evident that the people would do no more after this success; so, leaving them to tie the two bears on long

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poles, on which to bring them to my camp, I returned quietly through the jungle, only stopping, for a few minutes, at a beautiful stream of water, which rushes down to join the Cauvery, fretting over the rounded basaltic rocks, and gladdening the jungle glades with its perennial bounty. Soon after I reached my tent the bears came in, borne in solemn procession, and followed by an admiring tail of herd-boys and idlers from the neighbouring hamlet. The usual process of skinning and cutting up was gone through with great *éclat*; and, in the first bear, we found a bullet which I had fired at it a year ago; the ball was under the skin of one shoulder, and embedded in a thick white cist of leathery texture. There being very little small shooting to be had in this place I did nothing more to-day, but retired to bed early, to dream of more luck for to-morrow.

November 17th.—I went this morning to the hill where we had such good sport yesterday; but though we sat on the rocks till near 8 o'clock, and also had the hill beaten as far as this could be done, nothing appeared. Yesterday's rumpus had evidently put the bears on their guard, and they had evacuated the premises for the present. I therefore set off, over the shoulder of a large hill, from the top of which a most lovely view of the Cauvery valley is obtained, and beat up a cluster of caves, from one of which I turned out no less than three bears a year ago; now, however, the cave was untenanted, and there was no recent trace of Bruin, but there were fresh marks of a panther. After putting in some rockets, without result, we moved on to two large hills, separated from each other by a narrow pass, which gradually deepens into a tremendous ravine, running into the Cauvery, which flows immediately beneath.

Establishing myself in the pass, the people beat one of the hills, but nothing larger than a lizard made its appearance, and I began to think that this day would prove blank. The other hill remained to be beaten, and scarcely had the people got to the top of it, when a cry arose of "The bear! the bear!" After a minute's suspense, I heard that the bear had skirted round the opposite side of the hill; so I set off at a great pace to meet it, plunging into the ravine already mentioned, until I came to a place where another deep nullah, with a stream of water trickling down it, joined the main gorge. Then we

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rushed, panting and toiling, up this nullah, while ever and anon a violent shout, "It is coming! it is coming! it is coming round the hill! it is in the nullah!" arose. At last we heard a clattering of loose stones in front of us, and, in a few seconds, saw the bear coming down the nullah at a good canter. Shaking its head from side to side, and with its long black hair waving up and down as it came on in a clumsy gallop, it presented a formidable appearance, and, the heat being excessive, its temper was, undoubtedly, soured and cranky. However, the unfortunate beast had scant time to show off any freaks of temper; for, at the very moment that it appeared to see me, standing, as I was, on a small rock on the side of the nullah, an ounce ball crashed through its head, and it rolled over, struggling and gasping, into a pool of water, which soon was crimsoned with Bruin's blood. Another ball put an end to its struggles, and it was dragged out of the water, tied to a pole cut from a jungle tree, and carried off by six men to the tent, the distance being a good three miles.

After this adventure, we went about a mile further, and explored a great many caves and ravines; but, though it was pretty certain that there were bears in more than one of the dens, we could not induce them to show themselves. The caves which we thus visited were of enormous extent; and the riven and shattered masses of rock which stood out, piled in strange confusion, on the top of each little hill, were covered with marks of bears, and, in smaller degree, of panthers. Clearly, too, they were the favourite abodes of innumerable porcupine; but these shy nocturnal animals seldom show themselves in the light of day. At about 2 o'clock, I turned my steps to camp. The sun was excessively hot, and the rocks so heated that it was difficult to keep the hand on them for more than a few seconds at a time; even the natives complained that their feet, necessarily denuded of sandals in climbing up and down the bare and slippery granite, were inflamed and painful. I was not sorry when I arrived at the tent, after a very tiring trudge of near three miles over the plain. In cutting up the bear, which was a female, and fat, yielding twelve bottles of grease, a *young one* was found. It is rare to find a fœtus in a bear. I have never before met with one, though I have been at the "flinching" of so many. This young one was about

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the size of a kidney bean, quite white, and semi-transparent, with eyes perfectly developed; and its toes also, easily distinguishable, as it lay coiled up in a ball; the mouth, too, was distinctly marked by a dark line, but had no opening.

November 18th.—We went to the hills which we had already twice visited, but this day's attempts upon Bruin ended in a failure. A bear was marked down into a deep and thickly-wooded hollow, and I endeavoured to get a close shot at it from the top of some rocks; but the jungle was so thick that, when the beast took alarm, which it very soon did, I could not see it till it had gained the skirts of the hill, all round which people were posted. As the bear was making off at a great pace, at some eighty yards distance, when I caught sight of it, and as I did not doubt that my scouts would mark it down again, I refrained from taking the long shot; but, upon moving round the hill, I was disgusted to find that not one of the look-outs had seen the bear. Nothing remained but to follow it up, in the direction in which it had disappeared; and, on passing the cave where the affair of the 16th had come off, we found that Bruin had been to it; but, warned by the smell of blood and of rocket powder, had, after most unmistakably testifying his disapproval of the unusual odours, passed on. We then tracked him to a huge cave which I had not before seen, and we endeavoured to turn him out; but to no purpose, though we heard him, now and then, scuffling about inside. Our attempts to get him out occupied so much time that I had no opportunity of retrieving our bad luck at any other hills; so, after beating a few deep dells without success, I returned to my tent, and issued orders for a move across the Cauvery the next morning. Iyanah Gounden took leave this evening, after having made violent love to my shikarry for a new clasp-knife which I had lately bestowed upon that long-legged biped, but which he would not, on any terms, surrender; so the zemindar went away baffled.

November 19th.—I struck my tent this morning, and moved off to the Cauvery, shooting a partridge and a brace of rock pigeon on my way. At this point the river is seldom fordable, and I crossed over in a basket-boat of raw hides, stretched upon a round bamboo frame, about nine feet in diameter and two in depth. The river runs swiftly between high banks, on a rocky channel; and, when in flood, cannot be less than twenty feet deep, by

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three or four hundred yards wide. On the opposite or right bank of the river is a plain, covered with low jungle, very thick in places, and dotted with many craggy hills of the same character with those already described by me as being at Veeranoor. I amused myself with shooting some rock-pigeon (sand-grouse) on the bank of the river, while my tent and baggage, in many trips, was passed over; and then selected an open space in the jungle, for my camp, about two miles from some promising-looking hills. We got hold of a wild-looking fellow, rejoicing in the name of Pyreney, from the neighbouring village of Samapully, and he promised to show me several bears; he made honourable mention, in particular, of an old lady and two cubs, which cubs, he declared, had been with her for two years; if so, they must be fine youngsters! With Pyreney came two or three other villagers, but they did not seem to be much of shikarries; being, in appearance, very mild men indeed. This afternoon, I went out, under guidance of one of the mild men, and shot several rock-pigeon; I also went to a heavy thorn jungle on the bank of a tolerably large stream, which runs, on a low sandy bed, into the Cauvery; but I was soon tired of crawling under tangled creepers, and being held back by the hair of my head by "wait-a-bit" thorns, of which, and of other varieties, there is a most plentiful supply in these jungles; seeing plainly, all the time, that nothing in the way of shooting was to be effected without a strong gang of beaters to drive out the spotted deer and hog, which undoubtedly abound.

I passed the sites of several deserted villages this evening, in one or two of which stone seats were still to be seen under umbrageous tamarind trees; and could fancy to myself the assembly, years ago, of grey-bearded patriarchs, solemnly squatting on those seats, in the cool of the evening, like a herd of superannuated monkeys; discussing the price of grain, the best way of getting up a story of short crops, by which to *do* the collector, and, through him, the Government; or, perchance, forming themselves into an extempore jury, to try the merits of a row between Mrs. Luchmee and her not unreasonably jealous husband, who, having been caught with his bullock cart, and pressed into the service of a marching regiment, had been passed on, by his first masters, to the relieved corps; from them to a third, and so on, till, at the end of many

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months, poor Ramasawmy, falsely reported to have died of cholera, returns to his native village, only to find his fields let out to others, his household goods wasted, and nothing flourishing except his family, miraculously fat and well-looking under the protection of some kind friend, who had taken possession of his vacant place during his absence on his enforced journey to see the world! Now, however, all this is completely changed. Ramasawmy has been sedulously taught his rights, and something more, by a new school of governors, &c., and it is as much as the life of the commandant of a regiment, or the collector of a district, is worth, to attempt to press Ramasawmy, and his cart, into the service at all.

November 20th.—At earliest dawn did I sally forth this morning, and arrived at the foot of a low range of hills, about two miles from my tent, soon after daylight. I climbed up a steep rock, from which I could command a wide view over a stretch of rugged country, overspread with a thorny jungle, and broken up by innumerable deep nullahs, and wooded groups of low, time-worn, hills; and I felt very certain of an encounter with Bruin, and already took off his skin in imagination; but a defeat should be chronicled, as well as a victory, and, for my own part, I always look with suspicion upon an account of a shooting expedition in which good luck, and good shooting, are not sometimes chequered with their reverse. The sun rose, bright and fiery, as I sat on the rock; and each hill-stone became tinted with red as it emerged, to all appearance, from the grey mists of the morning; still nothing came in view. I was just thinking of getting down from my post, when a scout came round from the other side of the hill, and said that he had marked a bear into a cave, about half-way up the rocks which crowned its summit. Up we all went, and a stiff climb it was over the *débris* of the ancient granite; at last we reached a ledge of rocks high up, lying under some beetling crags, which stood out, in bold relief, against the rosy sky on the apex of the hill. And now the guide began to crawl, with warning hand upraised, towards a rock-bound narrow den, in which the bear was sleeping. The affair was badly managed on all sides. Though I had, in a previous year, climbed up this hill, I was not acquainted with this particular den; moreover, I did not descend, as I should have, and examine its several outlets; and when, walking on to its roof, the guide pointed to

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a large chink between two rocks, and told me that, if I looked in, I should see the bear lying in a corner; I thought of nothing but of, most unfairly, blowing it up where it lay.

After these confessions, I will proceed with my story. I looked into the den, which was lighted, partly through the crevice, and partly through a lower aperture; and, when my eyes got accustomed to the imperfect light, I saw the bear, or, rather, part of it, lying on a ledge of rock, at three or four paces distance. I could not tell what part of his body was in view; it looked like a patch of black fur only, among the stones. I fired at the middle of the object, and the bear roared furiously. As the lower opening of the den was darkened by his retreating form, I fired another barrel; and, from the nature of the ground, over which nothing but a cat, or a bear, could move with any reasonable speed, I could not get sight of him again as he plunged down the hill. On descending to the point whence he had emerged, large patches of blood were visible, and by the blood we tracked him into a very large cave, under some enormous rocks, near the foot of the hill. On arriving at the entrance of this den, a great smear of blood showed that Bruin had taken refuge inside; and the natives, especially Pyreney, began to walk over the steep and slippery rocks, peeping into every cranny, and coolly tripping over places the very sight of which made me feel giddy.

Presently, Pyreney came up, and said that he had found the bear, and took me to a chink between two perpendicular walls of rock, between which my portly body, portly by comparison with his attenuated carcase, could by no means pass. By dint of squeezing myself sideways, I managed to get my head and neck round a corner, and, about ten feet below, in a sort of open tunnel, I saw a small opening, between the stones, of about four inches square; and, after looking at it for some time, I made out that the bear was lying there, with a small portion of some part of his body pressed against the opening. What now to do I knew not; I could not find room to level my gun, as I had to fire *round the corner*. I got my gun handed to me over my shoulder, and laid it for the bit of fur, as well as I could, and fired. The fur disappeared, but I could not tell whether I had hit it or not, but there was no splash of the bullet visible on the rocks. Now another search after poor Bruin commenced. After some time, during which

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several rockets were put into the den, I heard the bear move, and presently it was discovered that he had gone out of the lower cave into another and higher den, to all appearance unassailable; it was a narrow cleft, between two huge rocks, ending in a den which turned at right angles from its entrance; accessible only by climbing a rock by which, and a drop beyond, the cleft was gained. I felt, I think reasonable, doubts of the wisdom of putting myself into a position from which retreat, *in a hurry*, would have been quite impossible. Acting, therefore, upon the better part of valour, I threw rockets in at the mouth of the den, but they fizzed idly in the entrance. I then had a pile of grass and branches thrown on the aperture, and a lighted brand tossed on them, and very soon there arose a tolerable blaze; but the bear would not come out, though he growled continually. At last, much to my disgust, I was obliged to leave him, for I hate to leave a wounded beast to languish and die; not to say that such imperfect success is exceedingly vexing. So I turned tentwards, tired and savage, blowing up the natives, and taunting my long-legged shikarry most unmercifully. So ended this day's work.

November 21*st*.—This day's sport, being probably my last attack upon Bruin for some time to come, has been signalised by a very prodigious row. I determined to devote this morning to the bear and cubs, and accordingly went out long before dawn, and sat at the foot of a hill, close to the scene of yesterday's adventures. I remained on this hill, perched on the top of a heap of caves, till about 7 o'clock, but the bears did not appear, though it was quite evident that this was a favourite haunt of my greasy friends. We walked all over the rocks, disturbing a great number of spur fowl; and then I went to look at the cave where I met with defeat yesterday morning. I was leisurely walking, double gun in hand, along the foot of the hill, and was about climbing up its side, under a great collection of rocks covered, pretty thickly, with cactus trees and thorny creepers, and the natives who were with me were skipping from rock to rock, throwing stones into the thick bushes, when, suddenly, I heard a rustling sound behind me, and, turning round, saw the grey muzzle of a bear coming after me through the jungle. I had no idea that the bear would charge, and, consequently, waited for a clear shot; but, to my anger

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and astonishment, when she arrived within twenty paces of where I was standing, she came straight at me with a grand roar! I fired, and hit her in the shoulder, but she did not fall; and, at the same moment, I saw a second bear burst out of the bushes; and, in another moment, a third appeared—all in full charge at me, yelling furiously. The two last bears were as big as the first, which was their mother. There was no time to be lost—all three were within ten yards of me, jumping, open-mouthed. I fired the second barrel at the old bear, and, most fortunately, shot her dead; but the others came on, and were almost upon me. I had no time to take the rifle from my shikarry, who was standing behind me, so I threw down my empty gun, and bolted, as fast as I could, over the stones. Like "Sahela Selassie, King of Abyssinia," "I ran, and my men ran too." I verily believe that my legs were preternaturally lengthened for the occasion. My shikarry thundered on in front, his long legs flying over the stones in a most ludicrous fashion, and the bears followed, like two savage dogs, at my heels. Fortunately they did not come very far, and I pulled up, and got my rifle from my shikarry. Content with their victory, the cubs moved up the hill; I got a snap shot, through the bushes, but did not hit; so I went back, picked up and loaded my gun, and found the old bear lying dead on her back; she was a very old bear, exceedingly thin and mangy.

After this scrimmage, I went to the cave of yesterday's wounded bear, and saw that it had managed to get out in the night. The two young bears had got into this cave; we heard them whining, but could not get them out; they were proof against rockets and everything else. While I was sitting here, Pyreney went up to look at another den, and presently shouted that a bear was coming out. The beast was coming right for me, though not, as yet, visible to me, when the villagers, who were sitting near me, jumped up, and the bear immediately turned off. From our position, it was impossible to follow his course; but I sent the natives over the top of the hill, and they came back with news that they had marked two bears down into a cave; that they imagined one of them to be that which had just gone round the hill, the other they thought to be the wounded animal of yesterday, as it seemed to crawl rather than walk. I went up to the place and saw a large den under a perfect chaos of rocks, and we tried

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hard to get the bears out, but without avail. Blank shots, stones, rockets, all were tried, and all to no purpose; so I had to abandon the assault, and return to my tent. Thus ended my "Week with Bruin"; four bears had been bagged and one wounded, out of eleven seen. Nearly a month's march, over a country barren to a sportsman's eye, lay before me, at the end of which I anticipated, with delight, eight or ten days of elephant-shooting in a jungle with which I am well acquainted, and in which I had enjoyed some good sport, and had experienced the pleasure of laying low more than one of the mighty pachyderms.

As intimated at the conclusion of the above article, I arrived in due time at the elephant jungles, and I sent an account of my doings there to the Review, though not for more than a year after their occurrence (during which time I had been to England and back); but before I transcribe this article, which I entitled "A Week with the Pachyderms," I will relate a few anecdotes anent bear-shooting, which serve to prove that I have not over-estimated the danger which attends the pursuit of the Ursine family in India.

The "sloth bear" is the species which is the theme of the "Week with Bruin," though why a personage of its active habits, and its alacrity in attack and defence, should be so named, I cannot understand.

The first instance I knew of its ferocity was the case of a young officer who was, in 1843, brought into Chicacole, in a blanket tied on to a bamboo. He was grievously wounded, and came straight to our mess-house; and I need hardly say that we took every care of him. He had been after bears, at a high hill about twenty miles from Chicacole, and, while poking about the rocks, a bear slipped out of a cave behind him, upset him in a trice, and "chawed up" his hands in a frightful manner. It was neces-

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sary to amputate two of the fingers (middle fingers) of his left hand; the bones, also, between those fingers and the wrist, had to be partly excised; the right hand was badly bitten, but no bones in it were broken. He had used his hands to save his face.

Poor fellow! some years afterwards he and his young wife (they had been married but a few weeks) were drowned off the western coast of India. They had embarked on a coasting voyage in a "pattimar," and a violent storm came on, and wrecked the crazy craft.

About the same time, an officer was terribly mauled at Cuttack. He, too, was out shooting, and was attacked in much the same way; he was so torn, that his recovery was almost a miracle, and the only thing which saved him was that, for years past, he had been a "teetotaller," and thus his wounds healed without the severe inflammation which would have set up in a less temperate man.

The bears of the Himalayan range are apparently less fierce than those of the plains of India. The so-called "red bear," or "snow bear," which is really the colour of a dirty blanket, is known to be a generally quiet and inoffensive creature. It, as also the "sloth bear," is sometimes paraded, as a show, about the bazaars of India, and is taught, after the manner of such exhibitions, to dance in its clumsy fashion, and to engage in mock wrestle with its keepers.

The Himalayan black bear is more savage, and sometimes shows fight gallantly. In 1883, an Indian newspaper gave an account of a most disastrous affair which took place at Dhurumsala.

While one of a shikar party, a Mr. Knowles, was

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watching a hill-side, a black bear came upon him from behind, and before he could turn round to defend himself, seized him, and threw itself, with him in its grasp, down the hill, a sheer fall of about forty feet. On reaching the ground, it rolled over several times, and then disappeared in the bushes. Mr. Knowles was picked up dead; his scull was smashed in.

In the meantime, a second bear attacked another of the party, and, notwithstanding that it received two bullets from his rifle, and a severe gash from a "kookree" (a heavy, sword-like knife used by the Ghoorkas), it knocked him down, and rolled upon him; but this sportsman fortunately stopped before the bear did, and escaped with some severe bruises; the same bear then fell upon a Ghoorka jemadar, and threw him over the hill-side into a mountain stream. The jemadar was badly hurt by the fall, and his thigh was severely bitten by the enraged animal.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"A Week with the Pachyderms."—On Leave to England, and back to India. — To Trichinopoly. — Embarkation Duty.— Autancurray. — Advantages of Autancurray as compared with Madras Harbour. — The Sepoy Mutiny. — Why no Mutiny in Madras. — To Beypore on Duty. — Walliaur Jungle.—Gun Accident at Walliaur.—Down the Cauvery in Basket-boat.—Appointment to Nagpore Force.—From Trichinopoly to Kamptee.—Bears at Pericait.—Arrive at Kamptee.—Climate of Kamptee.

I NOW proceed with the "Week with the Pachyderms."

Bruin was the theme of my last contribution, and, according to promise, I turn over the leaves of my journal for the sequel of my jungle rambles in the end of 1855 and beginning of 1856. Exciting as are sometimes the encounters with my shaggy friends, and dangerous as are their teeth and claws to the unlucky wight who gives them a chance of wreaking their vengeance upon him, still more exciting is the pursuit of that most mighty of animals, the ponderous elephant; still more dangerous the blind fury of the irritated monster, when, maddened by his smarting wounds, and transformed from the quietest denizen of the forest into a savage, thirsting for the blood of his enemy, and filled with the sole idea of revenge for injuries received, he rushes, regardless of obstacles, crashing through the groaning jungle, dashing trees and tangled creepers from his headlong path; and, if he finds within reach the object of his rage, tearing him limb from limb, kneading him into the blood-stained earth, pounding and smashing him out of all

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semblance to humanity, till he leaves nothing of his tormentor and foe but a mass of hideous clay, the mere sight of which would inspire horror and chill the blood in the veins of any child of Adam!

After this terrible picture of what *may* be the result of too ardent a pursuit of the modern mammoth, the reader may perhaps expect to hear of "hair-breadth 'scapes" and cruel scenes of elephantine vengeance wrought before the eyes of the inditer of these pages; but, alas for the interest of the present lucubration, such is not to be the case. Many an elephant have I shot at—some I have shot; for be it known that shooting *at* an elephant is by no means tantamount to killing him, as all elephant-hunters can testify; but never yet have I been actually charged, or seen anyone else pursued, though I have more than once put myself in full sight of wounded tuskers: but it has always ended in the elephant making the best of his way from the scene of action, without coveting any further acquaintance with either my big rifle or myself. Many other sportsmen can, however, tell a different tale. In some jungles—especially, it would appear, in Ceylon—to be seen by a solitary male elephant is, almost always, to be charged also; but I have never met with a rogue of this kidney: my experiences have been confined to one tract of jungle, which I have visited occasionally for three or four years, and the pachyderms of which were, I verily believe, very unsophisticated and peaceable animals until I went among them and taught them what powder and ball meant. Since the time when I first hit upon the jungles of Wursanaad the repose of the lords of the forest has been often broken upon, not only by myself, but by other keen sportsmen who were attracted thither by the report of my rifle, and the *éclat* attending upon the disbursement of sums of money, from the Collector's treasury, in exchange for sundry tails and trunks handed in, as vouchers, by the owner of the same heavy "wepon."

It is, therefore, likely enough that some of the huge tuskers which have lately been knocked about the head, like "Bunsby," that ancient mariner, may turn rusty, and "see in every bush an *officer*," and incontinently charge at any inquiring sportsman who may seek to explore their haunts. Be it so; in that case, unless I am caught and treated after the fashion which I have described with such unction, I will send to Maga an ac-

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count of my next expedition to Wursanaad, where I hope to be, big rifle in hand, before two months are past.

This jungle is one of a peculiar nature: it by no means answers to the general idea of an elephant-jungle. There are no park-like glades, no savannahs of waving elephant-grass, overtopping the labouring sportsman as he stumbles over the wiry hassocks, and almost concealing the giant game; not even are there the thickly-clustered bamboos, with polished stems creaking and rustling in the breeze. None of these are there at Wursanaad—*there* nothing is seen but one vast expanse of thorn-jungle, matted together with interlacing creepers, and penetrated, in all directions, by narrow paths formed by the elephants. By elephant-paths I do not mean paths which are easy to follow: most of them are very difficult of access; for the brambly thorns and pliant creepers close over them after the elephant have passed along; and, though unfelt, perhaps unnoticed, by the monstrous beasts, yet present formidable obstacles to the tender-skinned biped who intrudes on the recesses of the jungle.

Though the jungle is low, and, as a rule, deficient in forest trees; yet the banks of a broad and sandy river which winds through it are fringed with some noble trees; and many a pleasant hour have I spent beneath their grateful shade, while my scouts, little jungle men, who call themselves "pulleers," have been looking for a herd of elephant. Very pleasant it is to lie under the shade of a great tree, all a-chatter, perhaps, with monkeys and bright-hued birds, to watch the water gently rippling over the old black rocks, listening, the while, for sounds in the distant jungle, and rehearsing, in anticipation, the stealthy approach to, and fierce attack upon, the unsuspecting herd. I know that they are not far off: probably they are huddled together, chewing the cud, under a clump of trees taller and more umbrageous than the surrounding thickets; for it is now high noon and "hot enough to melt the nose off a brass monkey!" Presently three little, almost nude, and entirely dirty, figures appear on the bank of the river; and, stepping quietly, come up with strangely solemn faces. My long-legged shikarry rises and asks the news; but the stolid faces relax not until they come close up. Then the oldest and most scaly-looking savage extends one stumpy digit, and says that there is an elephant about a mile off. How big? is the

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question; and, in answer, he grasps his own thigh, and nods, by which I understand that it is a tusker, and that the ivory is as thick as the limb indicated.

I will not follow any farther this imaginary bit of shikar, which I have introduced merely to show the way of setting to work; but will ask the reader to come with me on the morning of the 18th December 1855, when I made my first attempt, in this expedition, upon the pachyderms. This morning a large tusker was reported to be feeding in the jungle, across the river which runs close by my camping-ground. I got the news at 10 o'clock; but rain was falling, and I did not start out after him until 1 in the afternoon. The jungle was very wet; but my gunlocks were well wrapped up. After crossing the river and walking about two miles through heavy thorn-jungle, we came to a large mass of rock, about twenty feet high in the highest part, just overtopping the surrounding thicket. Here we stopped, and listened for the elephant. Rain fell at intervals, and a soft breeze gently stirred the leaves of the thorn-trees. Presently we heard a *crack* in the jungle, about a quarter of a mile to windward of us; and the weather being so cool, it seemed pretty certain that the elephant was moving about and feeding. After listening for a short time, we heard another crash of a broken tree, a little nearer than before; and, in another minute, he *blew* two or three times. Almost directly afterwards, I saw a tree shake, and a muffled crash showed that the beast was at work on its boughs. For near an hour he thus continued to feed in the thickest part of the jungle, still gradually drawing nearer to us. At length I saw a tree shake on the skirts of the jungle near the rock on which I was standing, not more than a hundred yards from me; but this part of the cover was an almost impenetrable thicket of thorns and creepers. Two of my men now went on along the side of the rock, and presently beckoned to me. I crept cautiously up to a small rock which was standing on the edge of the flat mass, and which was elevated somewhat above the jungle. A clump of trees rose out of the thorns at the distance of about fifty yards from me, and there he was! A small opening in the branches just showed his shoulder, and the side of his head also, as far down as the middle of his ear. His ears were constantly flapping, and were pricked up at every little noise in the jungle.

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It was far for a shot, and also there was a branch of a tree across the opening, at the upper part of his ear; but there was no other chance of a shot: if he should move even a foot his head would no longer be in sight. I watched him for some time, seeing his snake-like trunk playing among the branches of the tree just above his head, every now and then bringing down a delicate morsel in the shape of a branch as thick as my arm or leg. The shikarries advised a shot, as there was little chance of getting even so clear a mark in any other position. I laid my double rifle on the rock in front of me, and took a sight at the ear of the noble beast. I then cocked the right barrel; and I do believe that he heard the click of the lock, for the ears were pricked for a moment, and then the flapping commenced again. All was still in the jungle: scarce a breath of wind stirred the leaves. As I pressed the trigger, I could not but think of the difference which this slight movement of my finger would make. I fired—I heard a crack as if my great bullet (conical, steel tipped, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) had struck a rock. The clump of jungle shook, as if by an earthquake; and the mighty brute rushed forth with a piercing, shrill cry. On he rushed, like a tempest, the jungle yielding and groaning before him; the sharp crack of broken trees mingling with the continued sweeping sound of the smaller branches which were dashed, right and left, from his levelled path. After having charged along for about three hundred yards, he stopped for a moment, and then went on again, at a more moderate pace, in the direction of Wursanaad; and, in five minutes, all was still.

Now to see the effect of the shot. I went, creeping under the thorn bushes, to the spot where he had stood, and saw the huge footprints, showing how he had staggered on receiving the blow. One of the pulleers now drew my attention to a bush; and, looking at it, I saw that it was covered with blood: no scanty drops, but as if bloody rain had fallen on it. I crumpled up some of the leaves in my hand, which was instantly incarnadined from wrist to nail! We followed the track: no difficult matter where the jungle was levelled, some feet in width, as if by a broad roller. Still every leaf dropped blood, and in a place where the elephant had stood for a moment there was a puddle of it, as if a basinful had been spilt on the ground. "He will die," said all the shikarries. Probably he will; but shall I ever get his tusks out of the claws of the

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THE ELEPHANT THREW UP ITS TRUNK.

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renter of the jungle? I measured one of his footprints, roughly, with my hand—eight spans round—which, by the well-known rule, would make his height nearly ten feet. A noble elephant! We followed on the track for some time, but to no purpose in the jungle, where the elephant could go three feet to our one, and, it growing dark, we gave up the pursuit; and, though we explored after him the next day, we could never gain any news of him again. His footsteps were lost among those of a herd; the bleeding of his wound had stopped, and he, being, I doubt not, hit too high up, was lost to me and my heirs for ever!

December 19th.—To-day the people came in with the news that the "Comebay" herd, which, by the way, was in the valley of that name yesterday, had decamped towards Meenachpooram or Wursanaad, but to which of those two places the people were not sure. I had myself last night heard them bellowing and making a great riot in the river bed; we therefore determined to go upon their track, and started off at noon. After going S.E. for about three miles and putting up a herd of bison, which, of course, I did not meddle with, we came to the river, which we crossed and re-crossed, and then came upon the tracks of another herd.

I sat down, and sent out scouts, who presently came back and said that the elephants were in a thicket of brambles under some large forest trees. We made a long circuit to get to leeward of the herd, and then advanced upon them. The elephants were in a very thick cover of evergreen thorns; and, though I got to a clear spot within fifty yards of them, I could not see one of the herd. At last I crept into the thicket and sat down in a somewhat more open spot, and then I saw an elephant pass along within twenty yards of me. I waited, and another came in view, showing the side of the head at about the same distance; and I took a steady aim, and fired. The elephant threw up its trunk, turned half round, and fell over, dead. The herd, which consisted of eight or ten, broke in all directions, and I got a partial view of another; but, while waiting for a good sight of its head, I lost my opportunity, and they all went on to a thicker place than we had yet seen: there, having gone not more than three or four hundred yards, they all stopped. We went up to the dead elephant, which was shot through the temple, and measured it—eight feet four inches;

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and then went after the herd. I found it impossible to get up to them; so I posted myself in an open space to leeward of the thicket in which they were ensconced, and sent some people (very strong smelling ones) to the *windward* side. When the elephants got the scent of these people, they moved off; but perversely took a slanting course, and did not come up to me. I followed them for more than a mile, and overtook them in a terribly thorny place on the bank of the river. Creeping in, I caught sight of one among the thorns, and fired at its temple. The next moment the whole jungle seemed in motion, and I half expected to be trampled under foot; but the herd swept by, and it was now too late to pursue them any farther. The elephant I had just fired at had fallen, but got up again, apparently none the worse for the crack on its skull, and its footprints were not distinguishable from those of its companions; so we turned our steps homewards.

December 20th.—This morning we had no news at all of elephants; so, at noon, I started on an expedition of discovery, but found no tracks. At about 4 P.M., while sitting on the bank of the river, we heard the roaring of elephants in the direction of Wursanaad; but it was too late to go to that distant jungle, so nothing was done this day. There being no elephant to be disturbed by firing, we tried to find bison, of which we had hitherto seen some each day; but now that they were wanted, we could find none.

December 21st.—I sent people this morning in the direction of Wursanaad. The Zemindar of Vullanuddee inflicted a visit upon me, and made himself remarkably stupid on the occasion. Hindoo magnates are mostly great boors as well as bores; their conversation usually is nothing but a string of questions, which to *our* notions savour strongly of impertinence—"How old are you?" "Are you married?" "How many children have you?" "What pay do you get?"—and the like.

The scouts came back at 10 o'clock, and reported a small herd, about three miles off, near some tanks on the road to Wursanaad. I started immediately, and rode to the river, within a quarter of a mile of the place where the game were said to be. The watchers had seen them on the open ground in the cool of the morning, two small males and three females. We went into a jungle of high trees, with thick undergrowth of prickly bushes, and occasional belts of high luxuriant vege-

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tation. Presently, while moving through this ground, we heard the elephant. Going on, we soon saw the head and back of a large elephant, and I tried to creep up to it. While I was doing so, it turned and came towards me. The path was very narrow, and much overhung with boughs and creepers. I could see nothing but the upper part of the elephant's forehead, and at this I fired. It stumbled and turned round, but did not fall, and, before I could well see what was happening, it disappeared. The herd was off immediately, and the wounded one with them, nor, such was the exceeding thickness of the cover, could I again catch a glimpse of either one or other, though I toiled on for a long time, hearing an occasional screech or roar in front of me. This was a day of defeat and disaster, and I went back to my tent sad and sulky, with my tail between my legs, making myself a nuisance to the shikarries on the way home, and a terror to my servants when I got there.

December 22nd.—I have little to record this day. I went out after a large tusker; but I think that my people had allowed him to *wind* them early in the morning, for, though he had evidently been this day in the place where he was reported to be, he had moved off and up the hills, and we did not see him.

December 23rd.—This morning I moved my camp about six miles to Shuliempully, and arrived there at about 9 o'clock. There is no village here, but a clear space of about a mile in circumference, where cattle are folded during the hot weather, at which season they are pastured in great numbers in these jungles. Soon after my arrival, the Zemindar of Yelmudda, whom I had invited to meet me, came, with his brother, and a large tail of shikarries, guns, rifles, &c., all his armoury being in the last stage of dirt, rust, and neglect. Early in the afternoon news came of a herd of five elephants, all females, in a jungle about two miles from my tent. I went out with the Zemindar and his brother, both of them wearing very *doubtful* countenances. We found the elephants in a rather open jungle; but, it being warm, they were all huddled together in a thick clump of many-limbed trees, in such fashion that it was difficult to make out any particular features of the animals.

The Zemindar and his brother halted when we had arrived within about three hundred yards of the game, and I went on

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and crept up to within seven or eight paces of where the elephants were standing among the trees, and there I crouched, peering under the bushes, for at least ten minutes, vainly endeavouring to distinguish the figures of the animals sufficiently to enable me to fire. Whether a shift of wind betrayed me, or whether they happened to see me, I know not; but a sudden rush and a whirring trumpet showed that we were discovered.

A very large female passed out of the trees, in full view, at not more than twenty paces distance; and, as she rushed along, I fired my big rifle at her, aiming behind the ear, and she rolled over and lay struggling on the ground. I went up to her, and my long-legged shikarry begged leave to have the polishing off of her between the *bumps*, which I gave him, and he accordingly performed this heroic feat with great evident satisfaction to himself. This elephant was one of the largest females I have ever seen, and measured over the shoulder nine feet four inches. I suppose she would have *stood* well over eight feet. I looked for the Zemindar, supposing him to be near, not having observed that he had lagged behind. No Zemindar was to be seen, nor was it until after a great deal of shouting and calling that his worship made his appearance. When he did come up, he looked very blue and nervous, but pleased withal. He, however, took an immediate opportunity of informing my shikarry privately that this mode of shooting was not agreeable to him; that *his* way was to sit on a platform built up in a high tree; and that he begged to be excused from going on foot again after elephants: in fact, that the whole thing was not to his taste, and made him feel particularly unwell, for which reason he had been obliged to stop at a distance! The costume of the Zemindar was what he considered to be European, and was very unique: all green from head to foot, jacket, trowsers, and cap. He looked for all the world like a green bug! His brother affected purple in his jacket and nether garments, and dispensed with a cap altogether. The other four elephants went straight off, and I returned to my tent at sunset.

After this day, I had some more adventures with the pachyderms; but as this paper has already reached a goodly length, and as I have no further very successful issues to boast of, I will lay down my pen for the nonce. I should long ere this

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have followed up my first essay of six months and more ago; but since then I have taken advantage of these go-ahead days, and have been to Old England and back again.

My time has consequently been fully occupied, and my attention given to scenes and pursuits new, indeed, to me. Carried on the wings, not of the wind, but of steam, to Suez: hurried at the tails of four wild horses to Cairo: bundled into a railway carriage: whisked past the Pyramids, at which we looked from the window: and shot out at the dead of night at that most unsainted place, Alexandria: then by steam again to that great lobster-pot, Malta, where we rush on shore for two or three hours' sight-seeing, and, peace with Russia having lately been concluded, are jostled at every step by soldiers—French and English, Highlanders and Zouaves, horse, foot and artillery, militia, and no-nation legions of all descriptions, until one might think that it was a "world's exhibition" of military costumes, and surmise that the Millennium was farther off than ever. Then to that wondrous fortress, Gibraltar, where apricots of exceeding sourness, commonly called "Kill Johnnies," and tasteless cherries and strawberries, are bought in the market at the Water-gate; where one "does" the fortifications in breathless haste in an hour, and then once more hurries on board the steamer for a last experience of the pleasures of the sea, and a taste of the quality of the far-famed Bay of Biscay. Then, once arrived at Southampton, all is ten-fold greater hurry and confusion, till, jumping into a railway carriage of the express train, one is whirled along at the rate of forty miles an hour, and finally disgorged, with fifty other yellow-faced Indians, in Babylon the Great, where all are dispersed and lost to ken in five minutes.

All this has happened to me, besides innumerable journeys by rail, and walking, and cabbing it, half over England, and rushing back again through France, and the overland journey all over again as before, since last April, when I despatched my first contribution to the "New Series." Now I am sitting once more in my tent, with my trusty guns and rifles under my cot, my shikarry polishing up some of my shikar trappings outside, and a fine hot sun, though it is December, overhead, most effectually warming the tent, and reminding me that my Christmas is not being spent in Old England! But I am not in any sporting locality; duty has called me elsewhere, and I

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fear that I have little chance of seeing the great heads and gleaming tusks of my much-desired game until February, if even then. I have a good battery ready for them—two double No. 8 bore Minie rifles, by Westley Richards; for smaller game, three double guns, No. 14; and a six-shot revolving rifle by that excellent maker Blissett, of Holborn. Thus I have all appliances for a successful campaign, and, if time and tide will allow, I hope to achieve some success worthy of being communicated to the Indian sporting world.

I will now leave this article, written in December 1856, after my six months' trip to England, and will hark back to my Journal. To summarize the remainder of my tour, I got one small male elephant with very poor tusks, and lost one very large one which got away wounded; and the 2nd of February 1856 saw me back again at Trichinopoly. In April, as noted in the foregoing extract, I took my leave to England, and in October again landed at Madras, where, standing on the well-accustomed shore, listening to the jabber of crowding natives, and seeing black and brown faces all around instead of the jolly red visages of English porters and sailors, the past six months seemed more like a dream than a reality, and I at once fell into the old groove of my Indian life.

The short trip to England was almost too brief to have left any but an unsatisfied feeling—all seemed a whirl of steamers and railroads! France was a pleasant experience, for, on my return, I stayed two or three days in Paris, and enjoyed the sights of the gayest and liveliest of cities. The coffin of Napoleon the Great was then lying in the chapel of the Invalides, and the circular marble tomb in the body of the building was just completed, and yawning for reception f the mighty conqueror's remains. I duly made my

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pilgrimage, and saw with reverence the well-known little plain cocked hat, and sword, and other relics of the great dead, lying on the coffin.

Arriving at Trichinopoly in November, I found embarkation work cut out for me to such an extent that all hope of jungle forays vanished. New Year's Day of 1857 saw me still by the "sad sea wave," and not till the 17th of May did I again see the feathery cocoa groves, and the high, temple-crowned grey rock of Trichinopoly. Owing to the petty war with Persia, then going on, there were great delays and disappointments in regard to the steamers and transports expected to arrive at Tuticorin, and afterwards at Autancurray, for the two native corps which I had to embark, and these regiments were encamped, waiting for transport, for weeks together, at various times and places, and I spent the time partly at Tuticorin—where, however, no embarkation took place—and partly at Autancurray, a small village, with a large rest-house for pilgrims, half-way between Ramnad and the sacred Hindoo shrines at Ramisseram. Here the whole of the embarkations, also debarkations of troops from Burmah, were carried out. A young civilian was ordered to assist in caring for the troops, and we lived on the margin of the sea at Autancurray, in huts built of Palmyra beams, walled and thatched with leaves from Palmyra palms also.

Autancurray is a remarkable place. The sea there is usually "as smooth as a mill-pond"; there is no surf, and the natives say that a storm never blows home at Autancurray. The country is perfectly flat, and very sandy, but with good turf over the sand. It is well wooded, partly with large trees of the usual

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Indian species, tamarind, peepul, &c., partly with cocoa and palmyra palms. There are many shallow tanks, and a good deal of rice cultivation fed by their swiftly shrinking waters; rock-pigeon and partridge are numerous in the low scrub jungle, and snipe are not scarce.

The village of Autancurray and the "chuttrum" (rest-house for native travellers) are built with blocks of coarse white coral. The rest-house is a very large one, and is usually full of pilgrims from all parts of India. Here are seen natives of Bengal and of Oude in saffron-coloured cloths, carrying red earthen pots of sacred water from the Ganges, balanced on split bamboo yokes across their shoulders. This water is sold by them in spoonfuls to the superstitious Hindoos on their route, who consider a sip of the holy river water to be a sure passport to Paradise, or whatever future state does duty for Paradise in their heathen minds. Many, however, of the water-carrying pilgrims take their burdens intact to Ramisseram, and present the holy water as the most acceptable offering to the idols at the great temples, whose images are supposed to be washed with no inferior liquid.

The water of the "Teertum" (holy spring) at Ramisseram is, strange to say, exceedingly valued by the North of India Hindoos, notwithstanding their possession of the sacred Ganges, and the pilgrims make a good thing of it by carrying the water of this spring back to Bengal. There are several other famous teertums, as, for instance, that at Paupanassum (which, by interpretation, is the "washer away of sins"), and all these springs are believed by the credulous pagans to possess similar detersive qualities!

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Hither also flock Mahratta pilgrims, in sad-coloured robes, very dirty and travel-stained, the lower part of their faces tied up with kerchiefs tightly bound over their small turbans, and driving before them their miserable ponies laden with way-worn women and children. At certain seasons of the year, when high festival is held at Ramisseram, these pilgrims absolutely swarm on the roads leading to the shrines, and great is the revenue derived from them by the temple and its attendant Brahmins.

At Autancurray, sweet fresh water lies near to the surface of the ground, and, extraordinary to say, it is found at a depth of one or two feet only on the very margin of the salt sea. To get a pool of bright, clear, fresh water, it is only necessary to turn the green sod aside, and to scoop out a foot or so of grey sand from beneath it; the pure water wells up immediately in the shallow pit.

The anchorage at this place is good. The steamer "Coromandel," a vessel of about a thousand tons, anchored within much less than a mile of the shore. True, she stirred up the mud a little; but the captain knew what he was about, and the depth of water was quite sufficient for his large vessel; the sailing transports, of course, kept much farther out. The port of Autancurray, with its calm and surfless sea and fair depth of water close in shore, deserves much more attention than has hitherto been given to it. It may be said to be the only port, safe for landing at all times, between the Hooghly and Ceylon. Now that Madras has a "harbour," it may, perhaps, be called a *fair weather* harbour as well as a roadstead; but Heaven help the unlucky ship caught in a cyclone, or other very heavy storm, within its protecting(?) arms.

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It would be smashed into "matchwood," as the saying goes, though, as most vessels are now built of iron, it seems desirable to invent some new expression for such occasions.

In the intervals between the embarkations, &c., I paid one or two visits to Palamcottah, a station about seventy miles south of Autancurray. On the road is very good small-game shooting, rock-pigeon and partridge chiefly. About half-way is the site of the old Poligar fort of Punjalumcoorchy, where, at the close of the last century, a rebel (why not *patriot* ?), by name Catabomiah Naik, and his dumb brother, made a stout resistance against the Honourable Company's troops; so much so that at last quite a large army, including two or three British regiments, was required to reduce the mud-walled fortress, defended with spears and matchlocks only. The earthen walls are now levelled to the ground, and nothing remains to mark the scene of such hard fighting but some mortar battery mounds, and several tombs, of both English and native officers, standing, still in fair preservation, on the bare and desolate plain.

On the 19th of May I returned to Trichinopoly, to hear and wonder at the grave news, of the mutiny of the Bengal Native Army, then convulsing all India. Beyond an uneasy feeling which, of course, pervaded all classes and colours, nothing to create actual alarm occurred in the Madras territories, or in the Madras army. The fact is, for one thing, that the conditions of service of the Madras army are very different from those of the Bengal native soldiery. In the Bengal army each regiment is, as it were, a great bachelors' club; there are no wives or children with the men; all these "hostages to fortune" are snugly located

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in their own villages, among their husband's and father's relations and friends.

In Madras all this, by the customs of the service, is entirely different. The married men have their wives and children with them in "the lines." Even the bulk of the bachelor sepoys, who number, perhaps, less than one fourth of the regiment, have relatives quartered upon them. Uncles, aunts, cousins, even grandfathers and grandmothers, abound in the lines, which are usually filled with a more or less "sorning" population of between two and three thousand souls. This is a great nuisance in some ways: for instance, rows and quarrels, all to be inquired into and adjusted by the officers, are very common: the men are kept poor, in many cases half-starved, by reason of the numerous craving mouths dependent upon their scanty pay. In using this last expression, I do not wish it to be understood that the pay is scanty for a single man, or even for a man with a moderate family. Government has been very liberal, especially of late years, to the sepoy, and has given several additions, both to his pay and to his incidental allowances; but the numerous hangers-on keep the men poor.

Another and great disadvantage is the having to carry this enormous *tail* about the country when regiments change stations. A marching regiment in Madras carries with it from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bullock-carts, and of these more than three-fourths are occupied by the families of the native ranks. Here, again, Government has shown its liberality by giving to the men the difference between the former low and the present very enhanced rates of cart-hire. This is given to the extent of a

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quarter, half, or whole cart, native officers included, according to rank, and is a great boon. But, with all this, the carrying such trains about is an unmitigated nuisance, and is very conducive to sickness on the march, cholera especially.

On the other hand, the presence of their families tends very much to keep the men straight in their duty to Government. If a man is inclined to run down the hill of mutiny, his old grandmother, or his mother, or his wife, at once put on the drag! I was talking, one day in this year, to my shikarry, who was in the habit of discussing with me other subjects as well as shikar. I said to him, "Venketsawmy, how about the sepoys of our regiments—will they mutiny?" "Well," he said, "they *might*, perhaps; but then, what about the families in the lines? What would the white soldiers do to *them* if the regiment mutinied?" "Ah," I replied, "what, indeed!" The shikarry nodded his head violently for some seconds, and said, "They won't mutiny; they can't, if they would; how *can* they?" I don't doubt that what this man said to me was a faithful reflex of the opinions which were prevalent in the lines. There must have been a certain number of unquiet or ill-disposed men in so large a body; but the overwhelming majority, especially the "family men," had no desire whatever to disturb the quiet of the coast army. In this way it may be said that the presence of the families in the lines is of great benefit.

Anyhow, no mutiny took place in the Madras army. One cavalry regiment came to grief entirely from mismanagement, in that, after having been incited by their officers to volunteer against the mutineers in Bengal, they were shabbily treated in pay matters;

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and, on the eve of their embarkation for Calcutta, they stood out for certain advantages which they believed they were entitled to, and refused to embark. This was, of course, highly criminal, and the peccant regiment was disbanded; but it was well known that, beyond the desire to make the best bargain they could for themselves, the men had no mutinous spirit as against the British Power.

Another thing which tends to keep the Madras army free from the taint of mutiny on political or religious grounds, is the great mixture of "castes" and races, even languages also, in its ranks. There is no cohesion, so to speak, among the men, except as regards their own rights and privileges as soldiers, of which they are abundantly jealous.

Soon after my return to Trichinopoly, I was ordered to proceed to the Western coast for the purpose of surveying a small bit of land near the railway terminus at Beypore, and a very uncomfortable journey I had. I rode and walked all the way, about two hundred and thirty miles. When I got to Paulghaut, that great gap between the Neilgherry and the Animullay mountains, through which, as through a funnel, the whole force of the south-west monsoon is driven eastward, I was wet through a dozen times each morning, and, owing to the close and steamy atmosphere which accompanied the rain, I could not bear my macintosh coat; so I addressed myself on foot to the remaining seven marches, getting wet and half-dry again many times during each morning's trudge. It was a wonderful thing to hear the rain come on, as it did, in rushes, as each leaden cloud mounted up after its fellows. At intervals of a few minutes a gradually increasing roar, like a charge of

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cavalry, brattled up, and for a minute or two the rain came down in torrents, to pass on, and be succeeded by other storm-clouds of the like kind.

On my return journey from Beypore, I took a different route after passing Paulghaut, and travelled *viâ* the Walliaur jungle and Coimbatore. The Walliaur jungle is a famous one, and was once one of the best for game in Southern India. Now, the railway has been driven right through it, and its glories as a sure find for elephant, bison, &c. have departed. In the year of my visit to it, there were ominous embankments and miserable clearings of jungle going on; but as yet there were many animals in the depths of the lonely forest. The elephant and bison had departed, retiring shyly from before the clang and crash of the odious axe; but bears, hog, and spotted deer still remained.

Some years before I saw this jungle, a very serious accident happened to a party of sportsmen who were sitting up at night for game in the forest. Three of them had built a platform up in a tree, and, while they were sitting on it, a furious storm came on. The platform was blown to pieces by a fierce gust of wind, and the whole party, guns and all, came with a crash to the ground: one of them, afterwards a most distinguished officer in the Punjaub Field Force, was desperately wounded by the discharge of one of the falling guns. The story is that *all* the guns exploded in falling: certain it is that this sportsman was shot through the upper part of his arm, and that half the thickness of the arm-bone was smashed. The surgeons declared for extraction at the shoulder joint as the only chance of saving his life; but he stood out against their dictum, and prevailed. He made a won-

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derful recovery; and when I saw him, many years afterwards, he had a fairly serviceable arm (I think it was the right arm), though there was a scar of great size, and an absence of muscle on the upper part of the limb.

We halted here for two days, in the little bungalow pleasantly situated on the verge of the jungle. On the first morning I lost a bear through carelessness; that is, I lost a good chance of shooting him. We were sitting on a bare rock in the jungle; and I was examining with my binocular some caves on a hill close by. My people, *i.e.* the Paddy Bird and two or three "Mulchas" (Unclean), as the Hindoos have considerately named the aboriginal tribe which inhabits this district, were, of course, staring at me and my glasses instead of keeping a proper look-out. Imagine my surprise when, on turning my binocular in order to inspect another clump of rocks very near our own position, I saw a bear where no bear should be! He quietly walked into the field of the binocular and stood!

To throw down the glasses and seize a rifle was the work of half a second, but Bruin was even more prompt; and, although I fired as he was disappearing down-hill, the bullet glanced idly from a boulder just under his retreating tail. We then tried to turn a tiger out of a cave, at the mouth of which his fresh footmarks indented the brown sand; but we entirely failed: come out he would not, though all means, rockets, pistol-shots, and blazing bonfires at each crevice of the rocks, were used.

On our way back I wounded a large hog, and it was wonderfully well tracked by the Mulchas for about two miles: the "unclean" men were far too much

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for the unclean beast! and took me up to the bush in which, at last, he had lain down. It was done in excellent style. They took me pretty close to the bush, and then, with a wave of the hand as much as to say "We have done our part, now do yours," they retired behind me, and then heaved a great stone at the bush. Out rushed the hog, with deprecatory yet angry grunts: the next moment he rolled lifeless on the ground. The following morning we saw nothing, and resumed our journey, the last sixty miles of which were in basket-boats down the river Cauvery.

Having been appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Nagpore Force, I left Trichinopoly for Kamptee, *viâ* Madras, on the 15th December 1857. As I had become a Benedict soon after my return from Beypore, we had to journey in a style very different from that to which I, as a bachelor, had been accustomed. We travelled to Madras with bullock relays *roped* to our own carriage; thence we embarked, with servants, horse, and also a palanquin and set of bearers, in a steamer for Masulipatam, from which port we made our land journey of about five hundred and thirty miles to Kamptee. The voyage was pleasant, and over what proved, though in December, a summer sea. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the voyage was that the steamer was infested by an army of bugs! They swarmed in every berth, and their scaly remains, as also the living horrors themselves, were visible in every crack and crevice.

Our journey from Masulipatam to Secunderabad was without incident. I rode, morning after morning, alongside the palanquin, and we generally reached the bungalow, at the end of a stage of from twelve

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to twenty miles, at about 8 A.M. At Secunderabad we halted two days: the Nizam's country, never absolutely safe at the best of times, was now still less so, owing to the mutinies which were still smouldering in Upper India: so I obtained from the British Resident an escort of irregular (*very* irregular) horsemen to see us safely through His Highness's dominions. We were a march or two in rear of a troop of horse artillery, which was pressing on to Central India to aid in coercing the turbulent tribes of Bundlecund and Rewah.

At a stage, by name Pericait, the Quartermaster of the troop, arriving very early in the morning to lay out the camp, found seven bears in quiet occupation of the ground! When, two days afterwards, we arrived at Pericait, I noticed the very *bearish* look of the country. The hills are mere heaps of basaltic rocks, standing on a wide plain filled with broad patches of jungle amid cultivation, and with thick date groves fringing the stony water-courses. Here, and near this, it is that a renowned Madras sportsman, the late Colonel Nightingale, speared, from one favourite horse, nearly twenty bears soon after the time of which I am writing. We heard nothing of these bears: we did not arrive till the sun was high in the heavens, after a journey of about eighteen miles; and I made no inquiries for large game. Near Pericait is a large town and fort, by name Awmroor; and I was much amused, though not edified, when we passed within sight of it, to hear the rough troopers chuckling and calling to mind the incidents of a raid upon the town which they were present at some years before. Why this raid was ordered by the Nizam I do not know; but my escort were relating,

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with great glee, the "loot" they had made and the enormities they had committed on the occasion! and licked their lips at the reminiscence. Soon after this we crossed the Godavery river, and I rode across it in a foot deep, or little more, of water.

At the northern point of the Nizam's territories we dismissed our escort. As it was necessary to give each man a present, and also very necessary not to offend their gentlemanly feelings—for the ruffians, being cavalry-men, and owners of the miserable "screws" on which they were mounted, considered themselves to be perfect gentlemen—I had to request each of them to visit me in my tent, one after the other, without any witnesses; and there, in a low voice, I lamented that, being in the jungles, I could obtain no articles of dress worthy of the Gentleman sitting with me to enable him to keep me in remembrance; but (suiting the action to the word, and insinuating five rupees into his not unwilling hand) "*would* he accept this, and, on arrival at a decent bazaar, buy a kerchief, or something of the kind, for my sake"—and so we had a most friendly parting. My shikarry was outside, and perfectly cognizant of what was going on; and, after the last of the four warriors had departed, I asked him whether they seemed pleased. "Pleased!" said he. "Yes; they will all be drunk to-night!" The Paddy Bird is, I am sorry to say, a great hand himself at drinking, as all shikarries are, and his tone was somewhat tinged with envy.

From this point we had a prosperous journey to Kamptee, our home for the next six years, mine for a year longer. Kamptee is a fine cantonment; and, though we had heard very bad accounts of it, I grew

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very fond of the place. There was great scope for improvements in sanitary and conservancy matters; and as all these were under my charge, I made a kind of hobby of them, and rode it hard! too hard, indeed, for the entire appreciation of some of those who resided there, and who liked things to run in old grooves.

The climate of Kamptee deals in extremes. January is a really cold month, causing blue noses and cramped fingers to those who indulge in early morning rides, and also causing it to be pleasant to sit out in the sun, after the ride, until 8, or even 9 o'clock. February is cool only. In March the mornings and evenings are cool, with a strong suspicion of coming hot weather in the middle of the day. In April this suspicion becomes a certainty: the hot winds blow as if from the mouth of a furnace, and there is little alleviation from the fierce heat either by day or night. The strong hot wind, however, is a boon to those who can stay within doors, for it is perfectly cooled in its passage through thick and well-watered tatties (woven screens) made of sweet-scented cuscus grass, and keeps the temperature in the house down to something reasonable, say 86° to 88°, that of the outer verandah ranging from perhaps 100° to 112°. In May the heat continues; and that part of June which immediately precedes the rains is all but intolerable, suggesting thoughts of "heat apoplexy," and, alas! often more than thoughts; for one of these fearful nights, when the wind has altogether failed, and the atmosphere is that of an oven, frequently causes from eight to ten cases of heat apoplexy in the barracks, some of them, usually, fatal. Men who drink hard are the most liable to

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this terrible seizure, which strikes down a strong man like a lightning stroke: those who are temperate commonly, but not always, escape. But, in India, it cannot be too strongly stated, an intemperate man gives himself no chance whatever: he may possibly live for years; but drink will, sooner or later, bring him to his end.

In most years, about the second week in June, the rains bless the station, and cause instant relief. Sometimes they come on quite in the beginning of the month; but this is rare. More frequently they hold off till near the end of June; but they ought to make their appearance by the 10th or 15th. From their advent, and through the rainy months of July, August, and perhaps September, the temperature is moderately cool and, to my feelings, pleasant; but many people dislike "the rains," and find those months close and steamy. By the middle of September the S.W. monsoon has died out; and from that time till the middle of October, when the N.E. monsoon rushes up, heralded commonly by a heavy storm, the climate is "muggy" and objectionable.

When the N.E. monsoon has set in, and for the remainder of the year, the climate is, as described for January, delightful; and it is possible to enjoy outdoor pursuits all day, not only without danger from the sun, but with a positive comfortable appreciation of its beams. Once in every few years the terrible hot weather which I have described is broken by a succession of violent storms with hail and lightning. In such a year the hot weather is not a thing of terror: nobody growls except the ardent sportsman, who finds his long-desired hot weather excursion after tigers entirely spoiled. In such a season, the tiger

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finds water for his wants in every hollow, and needs not to hold to the banks of rivers and to perennially green swamps, but roams about at his sweet will, and is "here to-day, and gone to-morrow." After every such hot-weather storm the thermometer falls from ten to twenty degrees; and though it creeps up again fast enough, yet it affords a welcome respite to the fevered frame of man, woman, and child; and the heat, pulled down every few days by such storms, loses its force and venom.

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CHAPTER IX.

Kamptee.—To Poonah.—With 91st Regiment to Kamptee.—A Strange Panic.—A Man lanced to Death.—On Leave to Seldoo.—Shoot a Neilghye and a Bear.—Festival at Mahadeo, and Cholera.—Shoot a Bear and a Sambur.—To Moothoor.—Signs of Cholera along the Road.—A Tiger at Night. — Chindwarra. — Ascent of Mountains. — Shoot a Barking Deer and a Bear. — Return to Kamptee. — Shoot a Bear and a Spotted Deer. — To Ajungaum. — Shoot a Sambur.—A Bad Shot at a Tiger.—Tigress and Cubs.—To Chankee Kopra.—Tiger and Leopards.—Fierce Leopard.—To Moothoor with Sir R. Temple. — Strange Effect of a Shot on a Sambur.—Jilmillee.—Four Tigers shot and two Men killed.

KAMPTEE is a pretty and highly military cantonment. It is laid out in straight parallel streets and roads, each "bungalow" standing in its own well-planted grounds. Fine trees, many of them bearing bright flowers at one or other season of the year, shade every road. Thus Kamptee is full of verdure, and may challenge comparison, in this respect, with any station in India. With very few exceptions, the houses are not tiled, but are thatched with long "rumnah" grass, and are surrounded by verandahs, also thatched and affording a cool shade to the inner rooms. The great fault of these houses is, in almost every case, that their floors are raised a

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few inches only from the ground: a false economy, when the cantonment was first laid out, has caused this, and renders them liable to much damp in the monsoon. Vegetation is most luxuriant, and every year it is necessary to enforce a free lopping and pruning and thinning-out of trees and hedges all over the station. The grass, when not eaten down by cattle, grows to the height of four or five feet during the monsoon, after which it is cut and dried for forage. The station is well provided with barracks and other public buildings; and its overgrown bazaars form two large towns with an aggregate population of about thirty thousand people, not counting the military and their immediate followers, probably ten thousand more.

In September of the year of my arrival I was directed to proceed to Poonah, to join the camp of the 91st Foot, and to return to Kamptee "in charge of camp arrangements." This regiment had just landed from Corfu, and was entirely void of Indian experience. My journey to Poonah was not an agreeable one: the distance is about four hundred and sixty miles, and I had to be at Poonah by the middle of October, having left Kamptee on the 23rd September—a tough piece of work for monsoon weather. I travelled very light, and rode the whole distance. I had with me a very small tent, and as little baggage as possible—all carried on three undersized tattoos (ponies). I joined, at Poonah, at the appointed time; but we did not march till the 2nd of November. On the day previous to our march I attended the "Proclamation Parade," which formally sounded the knell of good "John Company's" Government and inaugurated the "Empire of India." The parade was

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an imposing spectacle. Of British troops, two batteries of horse artillery, a dragoon regiment, three light field batteries, three or four companies of sappers, and three infantry regiments. Of native troops, two cavalry and three infantry regiments. The march from Poonah to Kamptee was a most satisfactory one. The weather was perfect; there was no sickness, and no crime. I cannot call to mind more than two cases of drunkenness having come to notice during the whole march, from 2nd November to 10th December, on which day we entered Kamptee. Some few things occurred on the march which are, I think, worth relating.

The first was a strange sort of panic which seized the regiment one dark morning, just as it was marching out of camp by the light of torches carried in front of the column. Quite suddenly a buzz of voices arose, and then swelled into a great clamour, with shouts of "Look out!" "Stand fast!" &c., and then a cry, in parts of the regiment, "Fix bayonets!" though by whom raised was not ascertained; but the column doubled up in a shouting mass, and order was not restored for some little time. No one could give any reason for the commotion. It was conjectured that it had been caused by the "stampede" of some baggage animals; but this was not proved.

Another and more serious incident was the tragic death of a cart-driver. I should have mentioned that there was with the regiment a rather large party of dismounted men of the 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers, proceeding to join their regiments in Central India. The lances, perhaps thirty in number, were packed in a cart, in a sheaf, with the lance-heads projecting a foot or more over the cart-tail. One morning, the

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baggage carts, crawling in a long train one after the other, as is the custom with "country carts," came to a rather steep declivity ending in a sandy nullah. Indian drivers and Indian bullocks love to rush down such places at speed with their carts; so, coming to the declivity, each driver, either sitting in front of his cart, or standing between the bullocks' heads with his arms over their necks, drove on at a round trot until they reached the nullah, in the sand of which they immediately reduced their speed to the slowest of walks, and so crawled up the opposite bank. Many of the carts had done this, and had, naturally, closed up at the nullah, until the noses of the bullocks were well jammed into the tails of the carts next before them. The cart with the lances performed this manœuvre; and the driver of that which next followed, seeing that he was being *rushed* up to the lance-heads, got between his bullocks, and endeavoured to bring them to a standstill before they should reach the threatening blades, but to no purpose: the obstinate brutes, boring their way down-hill, would not, possibly could not, pull up; and the unfortunate driver was impelled forcibly against the sheaf of lances, most of which entered his stomach and chest and passed out at his back. He was pulled off, of course stark dead, and was put down on the road-side, to be disposed of by the native police, &c., who accompanied the regiment. He did not seem to belong to anybody in particular, and we heard no more about him.

Soon after this, an officer got leave to shoot his way from one camp to the next, instead of marching with the regiment; but as the day wore on, and he did not come into camp, we got rather anxious about

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him, for he was quite alone, having taken no native with him, and not knowing a word of any native language: he was on pony-back, and had a halter with him coiled round the pony's neck with which to tether it when he dismounted for the purpose of shooting.

Night fell, and he did not appear: natives were sent on the back track, and we supposed they would easily find him. The next day the regiment did not march: reports came in that he had been seen wandering in the partly-cultivated plain, about ten miles from camp, near some villages. As night again drew on, the commanding officer got seriously alarmed, and accepted my offer to go out and look for him. Accordingly, I started at about 8 P.M., on horseback, and with a dhooly (a light palanquin used for carriage of the sick) and bearers; also with his soldier-servant mounted on a pony.

We went on the back road a few miles, and then turned off to a village, where we heard he had been seen. On questioning the villagers, we were told that he had been in some fields belonging to another village, so we went thither. To cut a long story short, we traced him all night from village to village, often almost in a circle, and, at day-light, reached a mud fort, the inhabitants of which said that he had been there, and had made signs to them, just before nightfall, but that they had shut the gates against him, "being afraid"! Some respectable-looking Mahomedans told me this, and I gave them a good piece of my mind, reminding them that the Korān enjoined hospitality, and that they had shown themselves to be "bey-imān" (men without religion), at which they were much hurt and scandalised! However, they had watched him as he tethered his pony

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for the night, not far from the village, and we hastened to the spot, and found him in a rather exhausted condition, as may be imagined. He had completely lost himself, and had had nothing to eat for two days except some grains of half-ripe millet, which he had rubbed out between his hands. He told me that the churlish villagers had not only shut their gates in his face, but had manned their walls with matchlocks and spears against him. So much for dislike and dread combined! I had, of course, ample materials in the dhooly for a good breakfast, and he was carried in that conveyance about twenty miles to the new camp; for the regiment had in the meantime made a twelve-mile march. We reached the camp at mid-day, having in our search covered nearly forty miles since the previous evening.

After this march, nothing worth mentioning occurred until April 1859, when I obtained ten days' leave, and made my first excursion into the jungles of the Nagpore country. Having been granted permission to take a Government elephant with me, I drove and rode, about thirty-two miles, to Takulghaut, a village on the high road from Nagpore to Madras. There was a famous tiger cover on the banks of the Bore river, between Takulghaut and Boree, but which, I regret to say, has been since entirely cut down and destroyed. I did not beat it; I only looked at it, and saw some pea-fowl. It was the perfection of a tiger cover—a dense tangle of large trees festooned with creepers and dark evergreen undergrowth, extending nearly two miles along the high banks of the river, which, broken up into several interlacing channels, and with numerous creeks and ravines running into it, held at this dry season of the

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year only a shallow thread of running water. The creeks ran down from the undulating grass-land on both sides of the main stream, and they also were fringed with narrow belts of thick jungle. For about a mile on each side of the river's course was an expanse of tall rumnah grass mixed with "bear" thorn bushes and other scrub-jungle, among which the scarlet flowers of the palass tree were the most conspicuous. This grass cover, usually in Nagpore termed a "bheer," held also innumerable painted partridge and great herds of hog. The tigers and the gorgeous plumaged pea-fowl kept to the heavy jungle along the river's bed. A day or two before I was at Takulghaut, a tiger had rushed upon some plough bullocks, and struck down four of them, one after the other, before the eyes of their horrified owners!

I had no means of beating this enormous cover, and rode ten miles next day to Seldoo, the place which my exploring shikarry had fixed upon as a likely spot. The country round the grove of mango trees in which I pitched my tent was flat, with a great deal of stony and grassy waste land among the wheat-fields. A circling range of hills, covered with tall yellow grass, much of which had been burned off in patches, formed a background to the westward at a distance of from one to two miles from my camp: an amphitheatre of these hills and their advancing spurs enclosed an extensive jungle, which had several watercourses, all but dry at this season, running through it.

The Nagpore country is famous for mowah trees (*Bassia latifolia*). The mowah is a large, handsome, round-topped tree, with spreading branches, and broad bright green leaves which acquire this hue at

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their maturity, the young leaves being of an equally bright copper colour. In the hot season the mowah bears a fleshy yellow drupe in great profusion. It is called the flower, but is more like a fruity covering to the seed: when the seed, or nut, has formed fully at the base of this fleshy morsel, the drupe, or flower, falls off, and the ground beneath the tree becomes yellow with it; and the patter of the falling flowers on the leaf-strewn ground is like that of a light shower of rain. A rather rancid oil is expressed from the seeds when ripe. The mowah trees are scattered all over the plains, and are mostly in twos and threes; but in ravines and corners of the hills they form large groves.

At the mowah season women and children, with large baskets, sally out into the fields and jungles, to collect the flowers, from which a very ill-smelling strong spirit is distilled. The smell of the fresh flower is also very nasty—a kind of sickly, musty odour, which is exceedingly disagreeable. Nor is its taste more pleasant; but, to the animal creation, the mowah season is one of revelry and enjoyment. All jungle animals—bear, sambur, spotted deer, neilghye, hog, and pea-fowl, and jungle fowl also—eat the mowah. Domestic cattle and poultry stray far into the fields to find it; in fact, all fruit-eating and grain-eating animals and birds delight in the mowah.

In the evening we went out on the elephant, and traversed a portion of the jungle at the foot of the hills; and I shot a neilghye, one of a party of three which we came across. We also saw about twenty hog, and a great number of pea-fowl.

Next day, having failed in the morning to get a shot at anything, though we saw both neilghye and

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hog, I went out on the elephant in the afternoon along the skirts of the hills, looking out for anything which might come down to feed on the mowah. Just as it began to get dusk, which, in India, means a very short time before it is quite dark, we saw a bear coming from the hills across the open plain, and making for a large mowah tree which stood by itself in the fields. We immediately pushed the elephant along, and got to within a hundred and fifty yards of the bear before it saw us, as it was busily feeding under the tree. It appeared greatly horrified and astonished at sight of the elephant, and shrank behind the tree, gradually drawing itself behind the trunk, and peering at us as we advanced. When we were within a hundred yards it made off at a full canter, keeping the trunk of the tree between it and the elephant. The mahout was immediately ordered to give chase; and when we had gone on a couple of hundred yards the bear stopped to look at us, and I got a long shot at it. I thought I hit it, for it seemed to go lame after this; and it now made a circuit to gain the hills. We then had a grand chase for near a mile, the elephant going at best pace. At last we gained sensibly upon poor Bruin, who began to very much relax his speed. I got another shot at him, which drew a great roar; one more, and he tumbled over, legs in air, a dead Bruin! After this day we had no more success, though we saw a good deal of large game—sambur, neilghye, &c.—and a panther killed a calf not far from the village; but, though we had a careful beat, we could not find it.

In July of this year I went out in the rains, but had no luck at all. To perambulate jungles in rainy weather is of little use. The only noteworthy entry

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in my journal on this occasion is that I saw a well-dressed woman roll herself through the streets of a village, with the usual festive accompaniments of tom-toms and other native music(?). I was informed that she did this in accomplishment of a vow which she had made, to be fulfilled in the event of her being blessed with offspring!

The early part of the year 1860 was a busy time at Kamptee. The last embers of the great mutiny having been quenched and swept up, the troops, which had gone from Madras northward, returned to their own Presidency; and the greater part of them marched through Kamptee and Nagpore. It happened very unfortunately at this time that the great "Maila" (pilgrim assembly) at the Mahadeo (Great God) cave, in the Satpoora mountains, took place, and the usual multitudinous gathering of Hindoos attended at the place of pilgrimage. The common consequence—a violent epidemic of cholera—followed; and the terrified and stricken concourse rushed from the sacred valley, and spread, with the fell disease in their train, over the whole of the Central Provinces. The roads by which these wretched pilgrims travelled were thickly strewn with their corpses; and every village and town on their homeward track was infected with the pestilence. Nor did the troops, then marching through these districts, escape; and many a brave soldier, who had gone unscathed through all the hardships and dangers of the Mutiny campaigns, fell a victim to the epidemic which raged along his route. It was my duty to arrange for the passage of these troops through the Nagpore province; and several corps escaped the disease by marching by jungly and unfrequented tracks, far removed from

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great lines of communication. All this was over by the end of March, and the cholera died out in the country after having slain its thousands.

After this I went out for a fortnight's shooting; but was not successful. I saw several bears, a panther, at which I did not get a shot, and many sambur and neilghye; but I shot very badly, and returned home with a bag of only one bear and a sambur. On this trip I explored all the hills in the vicinity of Seldoo, and changed camp several times: too often, I have since thought, for successful sport.

I had been back barely a fortnight in cantonments when I was ordered to proceed with a committee to examine a proposed site for a sanitarium at Moothoor, a small table-land on the top of the Sathpoora mountains, one hundred and ten miles north of Kamptee. We proceeded separately, according to our own pleasure, to Chindwarra, a civil station seventy-five miles from Kamptee; and thence we marched together the remainder of the way to Moothoor.

All along the road were evidences of the violence of the cholera which had lately prevailed, in small cairns of loose stones, which had been drawn together by means of long poles, to not bury but cover the corpses of the victims to the pestilence. From many of these piles of stones leg and arm bones and skulls were protruding in naked ghastliness, exposed, either by the imperfect manner in which the noisome task of covering them had been executed, or by the efforts of hyænas and jackals to drag them away. In places where these cairns were very numerous—for example, on the banks of watercourses, where the wretched pilgrims, tormented by intense thirst, had stopped to

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drink, and die—the smell was, even now, very offensive, and we were glad to hurry by.

At one village, before we ascended the mountains, the inhabitants, terror-stricken at the ravages of cholera in their midst, had fled away; and remains of bodies, half eaten by vultures and jackals, were lying all around. Long tangled hair, swept on by the strong hot wind, was lying under the trees in the grove where I pitched my tent; and I was glad indeed to get away from this ghastly camp.

Sitting outside my tent that moonlight night, an animal, disturbed by people who came chattering along the high road, cantered past; and, as far as I could judge in the moonlight, it was a tiger. It came to within about a hundred and fifty yards of my tent, stopped, stared, and cantered on. I afterwards found that the mahout of one of the elephants had seen a tiger in the river-bed that afternoon, when he was taking his elephant to water; but, with true native apathy, or, perhaps, because he feared that he might be told to "show it," he said nothing about it till I mentioned, the next morning, what I had seen in the moonlight. Villagers, also, are very averse to give information regarding wild animals which they have seen: their fear is the same—that they may be laid hold of and told to "show," and perhaps be thrashed if they fail in the quest.

Chindwarra is a pretty place, well wooded, and with a beautiful stream running past it, the bed of which is one mass of great rocks and water-worn boulders, and which, together with the luxuriant tamarisk and jamun bushes which spring from every cranny of the rocks, form a perfect cover for the tigers and panthers which still haunt this river,

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though year by year in fast lessening numbers. Chindwarra stands about a thousand feet higher than Kamptee, an elevation which gives it a great advantage in point of climate. Hot winds are not known in the intensity with which they sweep over the glowing plains of the low-country; and the nights, even in the hot season, are comparatively cool and pleasant.

From Chindwarra we rode to Moothoor, mostly over a rugged and jungly country. At the foot of the mountain we encamped at the burnt and ruined village of Jamboye, where, a year or two before, the famous and clever rebel Tantia Topee made a raid, and hanged up all the considerable people of the village to their own roof-trees.

At Jamboye commenced the ascent of the Moothoor mountain, the height of which above the sea is about 3,400 feet. As Kamptee is about 1,100 feet, and Chindwarra about 1,000 feet, perhaps, higher than Kamptee, the climb from Jamboye to the Moothoor plateau cannot be more at most than 1,400 feet. There is also a small rise, probably, from Chindwarra to Jamboye.

On the ascent we heard on all sides the familiar voice of the cuckoo; but there was no other special indication that we were gaining a cooler climate. The trees and flowers were the same with those of the plains. There was, however, one remarkable addition to the insects usually met with in the low-country, *i.e.* a curious kind of aphis, which infests the shrubs in great quantities. It is about half an inch in length, in colour snow white, is covered with a white powder or pollen-like substance, and has a most absurd tail of white filaments, mostly forked at the top, and

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spread out like a turkey-cock's train! It hung in clusters on the upright stems, and covered the lower branches with a saccharine excretion which exactly resembled white wax. On *looking it out* afterwards I discovered it under the fine name *Flata limbata*.

The ascent of the mountain was at first very steep, but afterwards the road went both up and down. We covered about five miles before we reached the village of Moothoor. From this village we proceeded about two miles along the table-land before we reached the narrow valley which had been proposed for a sanatarium. The view from Moothoor northward is very fine. The north side of the mountain being precipitous, the eye is at once carried over a valley about eight miles in width and nearly two thousand feet deep, and covered with forest, to the great Mahadeo range which faces Moothoor. The Mahadeo, otherwise known as the Puchmurree mountains, are about the same height as Moothoor. On their south side they present one almost unbroken line of sandstone cliff, apparently over 1,000 feet in perpendicular height, based on a shelving mass of *débris* piled up against the cliffs. Toilsome and painful access to the park-like plateau is gained by one or two narrow gorges, which at wide intervals break the uniform line of cliff. The forms of the peaks which stand out here and there from the flat-topped mass of mountain are exceedingly rugged. High above the rest tower the twin crowns of the Mahadeo clump. Massive, and rounded at top, they are extraordinarily similar one to the other in size and shape. The Mahadeo cave, which is the object of pilgrimage, is high up on the face of the sandstone cliff. The pilgrims encamp below, on the banks

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of the small river Dainwah, which winds through the wild valley.

While at Moothoor we made an excursion to this spot. The descent is very steep, and probably nearly two miles in length. The valley is filled with tree-jungle, much of it teak and bamboo. We camped on the left bank of the Dainwah under the shade of some large trees. By the aneroid we found this valley to be 1,600 feet above the sea, *i.e.* something lower than Chindwarra. The track we passed over was disagreeably marked by the numerous remains of pilgrims who had perished, three months before, in the cholera epidemic. We passed great numbers of skulls and bones lying about, and bodies slightly covered with heaps of stones. There were also men's cloths and women's cloths strewn along the paths in great numbers: the smell in some places was horrible. While we were in this camp a "dust storm" came on, with thunder and lightning, followed by hail and sleet: in half an hour it reduced the temperature from 100° to 73°; but this delightful coolness did not last long. After having stayed here two days, we returned to Moothoor, where we remained nearly a month.

There were many bears here, and a good many sambur and barking-deer. We often went out, skirting the north edge of the mountain. This side was scarped in terraces, one under the other, and with occasional breaks and ravines giving access to those below. We could thus see anything which moved on the terrace next below that on which we stood—a great advantage in shikar explorations. One day, a barking-deer jumped out of a bush, and stood within five yards of me, uttering its hoarse cry of alarm,

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which is more like the shriek of an angry bear than anything else. I blew it up! and it was much appreciated at our dinner that evening.

On the 26th May I went out at daybreak and watched for a bear. In about a quarter of an hour I heard something moving on the carpet of dry leaves with which at this season the jungle is thickly strewn; and presently the Paddy Bird, who was perched on a tree just over my head, whispered hoarsely that a bear was coming! I soon saw it, and fired: it roared and fell over for a moment, and then made off down the hill. The shikarry had seen a quarter-grown cub following it through the bushes; but I had not seen this cub. We tracked by the blood, which was so plentiful that we came to no check on the trail for over a mile. At last we came to the bear, moving very slowly and feebly. The cub was with her. I opened fire, and the old one died at the first shot; and the cub was then severely hit, but it got into a den under some rocks, and we had much trouble with it, and all in vain. We could stir it up with a flexible bamboo, and this made it snap and growl; but we could not get it out. The entrance to its den was only just wide enough to admit it, and was round a corner of the solid rock; so the cub would not move for anything we could do. I returned by a different route, along the left bank of the Pench river, and saw a good deal of game here and there—wounding one large bear and bagging another and a spotted deer—and arrived at Kamptee after a pleasant excursion which lasted about six weeks. Before quitting the subject, I may note that the Moothoor plateau is strewn with shattered fragments of chalcedony, quartz crystals (both amethystine and pure white), and with

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beautifully marked agates. I picked up a large collection of these stones.

There is not much to record for the year 1861. Requiring a change of air for my family, we all went out for a fortnight in January, and roamed about the Seldoo plain, changing camp every few days. At Ajungaum I went out to look for sambur, which are numerous there. Just as day was breaking, and when we had gone about a quarter of a mile from the tents, we heard something moving over the loose stones between us and the hills, and, directly afterwards, we saw two bears waddling along; but they were immediately lost to our view in the high grass and bushes. At the same time, a large herd of hog went off, snorting, and clattering over the stones in front of us. Soon afterwards we entered a long valley between two spurs of the hills, and immediately became aware that animals were moving in the tall grass. We remained quite still at the foot of a tree into which the village shikarry climbed; and he immediately made signs that animals were in sight. Presently I saw a sambur cross a watercourse in front of me: it was half hidden in the long grass, and I went quietly towards it. Soon this sambur, and two others which were in the nullah, took the alarm, and all three scrambled up a bank, and stood at about sixty yards' distance. One was a stag. I fired at it; but all three disappeared in the cover. Presently the two does appeared on the side of the hill; but the stag was nowhere to be seen. While we were looking at them we heard a scrambling noise nearer to us, as if an animal were trying to keep its feet; but we did not then go up to it, as we saw, just at that moment, an immense *black* stag, with very big horns, and a large full ruff of

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hair round his thick neck, standing at attention, on another spur of the hill. After a minute or two, he turned and ran up the hill, the stones rattling and clicking behind him. We then went to the place where we had heard the noise, and, after some search, found *my* stag lying dead against the trunk of a small tree. We returned to the tent, and sent a cart for the deer. The sambur is very much larger than the red deer of England. It is from thirteen to fourteen hands high, as large and heavy, in fact, as a big pony.

Nothing more worth noting occurred for several days, during which many sambur, hog, and neilghye, were seen, but none shot. One morning we came across a sow's *nest*. It was formed of long grass, which the sow had plucked and heaped up, and arranged very nicely, and had, in fact, woven it together. There was a complete thatch of grass over it, and an aperture for entrance and exit in the middle of one side of the nest. It was empty, and appeared not to have been used.

We then changed camp to a village, Warragaum, about three miles from Seldoo, and here I saw several bear and sambur; but got none, partly from bad luck, and partly from bad shooting. Thence we moved about ten miles to Tarsee, and in the afternoon I went out and saw the fresh pugs of a tiger on the muddy border of a tank near my tent. Next day we went to explore the jungle, and, on the bank of a thickly-wooded nullah, found the remains of a neilghye which had been killed in the morning, and half eaten, by a tiger. We were beating this nullah with about twenty beaters, and, after going on about half a mile, we heard a grunting noise, a sort of

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double-knock grunt, in a thick clump of grass and thorn-bushes near my elephant, and the next moment a tremendous big tiger bounded out. He made two springs over a small open space, and was immediately lost to view in another thicket. I fired two very rapid snap shots at him, but without effect. Continuing the beat along the nullah, he was put up again by the people, who scattered right and left as he roared and ramped in the bushes. Very unluckily, I was in a thick place just then, and could not see the tiger, and he broke back, and, in spite of all our efforts, we could not find him again. The country was covered with dense thorny jungle and long grass, and he escaped. Nothing else occurred during the remainder of our outing.

The year 1862 began badly with me in a sporting sense. Having heard of a tigress, with cubs, which had been killing bullocks at a great rate at Furreedgaum, a village about twenty-four miles south-east of Kamptee; I went out and encamped at Masoolgoontah, about two miles short of Furreedgaum. Nothing happened on that or on the next day, but late in the afternoon of the 25th it was reported that two bullocks had been killed the preceding night in a large nullah close to Furreedgaum. I had two elephants with me, not good ones, but I had to make the best of them. Their names were "Woosnoo" and "Munnoo," and they were inseparable friends, so much so, that one was never taken anywhere without the other. By the time the elephants were ready it was 5 o'clock, and we did not reach the nullah until close on sunset. My shikarry and the beaters went into the cover, and presently I saw, indistinctly, three animals moving in the bushes on the farther

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bank of the watercourse. Before I could get a shot at them they had disappeared, and shortly afterwards the beaters came up. A grunting roar, and general dispersion of the people, showed that the tigress was quite alive to what was going on. She had with her two great cubs as large as panthers. The next moment, the beaters, now up in trees, shouted that the tigers had left the nullah, and we crossed it, and went after them. We had only just crossed over, when one of the cubs came into a piece of open grass land, and squatted. We were just going up to it, when the tigress burst out of a clump of bushes, and charged the elephant, which immediately wheeled round and prepared to bolt. The tigress then galloped off, and I sent a bullet after her, ineffectually, as may be supposed, for my beast of an elephant was spinning round like a top. It was now nearly dark; we tried to find the tigers again, but could not, so returned, discomfited, to camp. The villagers knew of the kill early in the morning, but did not take the trouble to let us know, and the news got to us indirectly, some passers by having told it to my shikarry. But for the apathy, or worse, of the villagers, we should have had time to follow up, and probably kill, the tigress and cubs. Next morning, a messenger came to call me back at once to Kamptee, as a movement of troops to occupy the Saugor and Nerbadda stations, hitherto garrisoned by Bengal regiments, had been received, and I returned to cantonments in order to arrange for supply warnings, camp equipage, &c. for the movement.

About this time I had a great deal to do in the way of improvements in the station, as I was Executive Officer of the Kamptee Municipal Commission, which

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was becoming a great institution, and which had a yearly income of about a lakh of rupees (£10,000), derived from Octroi duties. Mr., now Sir Richard, Temple was Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, and gave me his support in my duties in every way. I felt that, with him to rely upon, everything would go well. I therefore prepared and submitted several large projects for improvements, and carried them out during the next three years. The chief among them were the "Temple Gardens," the "Band-stand and Garden," "Bunselal's Tank," near the cavalry race-course, so named because that native millionaire contributed 5,000 rupees towards the 30,000 rupees which it cost. A very large "Serai" (rest-house) for native travellers, close to the market-place, besides many smaller works—tanks, bridges, roads, tree plantations, &c. All these, and the necessity of keeping a strict watch over conservancy matters, fully occupied my mornings, and I seldom had less than from three to four hours' employment in these ways, riding over, perhaps, one half of the station each morning; but it was a labour of love, and I much enjoyed seeing these large works grow under my hands to completion.

On the 23rd March I went out on another hot-weather shooting excursion, and had some success. At Sindeheeree I shot a neilghye and a barking-deer, and saw several neilghye and some sambur. Thence I went on about ten miles to a wild and lonely jungle, with a small village, Dongergaum (the village of the rocky hill), about a mile from my camp. There were two little water-springs in this jungle, not far from my tent. The morning after we arrived at Dongergaum, I went out on an elephant, and circled round

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some hills which stood in the jungle near the camp. After going about a mile, we saw a blue bull (male of the neilghye); but he went off, as did also a herd of seven or eight females which joined him. A startling thing now happened: sitting in the howdah, I was parting aside the branches of a tree, when I saw that I had grasped a bough on which a small snake was coiled. I was rather prompt than otherwise in quitting my grasp, and the snake, no less discomposed, fell with a flop, and was lost to sight in the dry leaves which strewed the ground. I do not think it was a poisonous snake. Whether or not, such adventures are not pleasant. We now saw four sambur on the hill-side, and I got off the elephant, and went after them. The top of the hill was a long narrow ridge, like a hog's back. When we had got to the summit, the sambur had moved, and were standing much lower down. I got a shot at a doe (there were no stags), for we wanted meat in camp badly, and wounded it; but it hobbled off, and we did not bag it for some time. Just after we got the sambur, a bear walked out of a small ravine, and went along the hill-side. We soon got above him, and he stood looking at us. I fired, and he rolled down, and stopped in a small thicket, where I finished him. We tied him behind the howdah, and returned to camp, seeing another herd of neilghye on the way back.

Nothing more worth noting occurred until we reached Chankee Copra, a double village on both banks of a small river, which divides Chankee on the left bank from Copra on the right. The tent was pitched in a mango-grove, close to the river on the Copra side; and, hearing that a tigress and two cubs

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were in the bheer on the opposite bank, a bullock and two buffaloes were picketed in the river-bed, among rocks and tamarisk bushes. Early next morning the people came and told me that the bullock had been killed, and dragged into a creek on the river-side. After breakfast we set out with two elephants, one with a howdah, on which I rode, and one with a pad only, and about thirty beaters; several of the beaters were posted on trees overlooking the river-bank and grass jungle, and we went up the stream to the very end of the bheer, and commenced to beat the heavy fringe of jungle which clung along the river-side. Vultures were sitting on the trees, and we soon came to the half-eaten carcase, and passed on. As the vultures had not ventured down, we well knew that the carcase was watched by something which the foul birds did not care to come near; and, after going on a little way, a leopard ran out of the tall grass and made for the river. I fired, and he rolled over, gasping, and throwing his tail in the air. He was mortally hit in the shoulder. I gave him another ball to "make sicker," and went on again. Scarcely had we commenced to move on, when the people in the trees said that another leopard was on foot; and, immediately afterwards, a great shout arose that the tiger had broken ground; the people on the trees signalled the course that the tiger was taking, and both elephants were put to their best pace. We could not see puss, but she (for it was a tigress) doubled backwards and forwards ahead of us; and, at last, the look-outs pointed to a strip of rather high grass in the middle of the bheer, where she had squatted. I made the mahout drive his elephant up close, not very much to his liking, and presently we saw what

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looked like a patch of dead leaves among the yellow grass, which, though high, was not thick. This patch-like object was the head of the tigress, and its variegated colouring was exactly like that of the dry herbage of the jungle. She was crouched, facing us, with her head between her fore-paws, and I expected every moment that she would charge. I did not give her much time to make up her mind; for, the moment I made her out, I gave the word "dutt" (stop!) to the mahout, and fired. The tigress barely moved. I was not certain at first, and in the smoke, what had become of her; but then I saw the tail twirl, and knew by that that she was in extremity. Moving the elephant a little forward, I was delighted to see the *stripes* lying at full length on the trampled grass. It was a very large and handsome tigress, and did not utter a sound; the bullet had gone in from above, between the neck and shoulder, killing her stone dead. She evidently had no cubs. No doubt the villagers had seen the pugs of the leopard mingled with those of the tigress, and, not being careful observers, had come to the conclusion that they were the footprints of tiger cubs.

We now kept on with the beat, in hopes of getting the other leopard; but the beast, though glimpses of him were occasionally obtained by people up in trees, kept in the very thickest cover, through which the elephants could scarcely force their way. At one part of the beat, I was, on the elephant, close to the river, and the leopard was in a mass of thorny creepers within three yards of me. One of the beaters stooped down to look under the creepers: this the leopard regarded as an unpardonable insult; and, in a moment, with an angry double grunt,

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rushed out, and upset the old man, leaving the marks of its claws on his chest and shoulders. The leopard bolted back into the cover before I could even raise my gun. We drove him thus from bush to bush; but I could never see him, as he kept along the river-bank, which was densely overgrown with luxuriant jungle and herbage. At last we traced him, by his footmarks, into a den, hollowed in the bank, which appeared to be that of a hyæna, and which was burrowed, with half-a-dozen entrances, on the shelving ground. Here we had to give it up, and we returned to the place where the tigress was lying. We placed her on the little pad elephant, and then the leopard, which I had first shot, was picked up. It was a small male, and two men carried it on a pole, and we got back quite early in the afternoon, well satisfied with the day's sport.

From Chankee Copra we went to Seldoo, and I shot a barking-deer there, on a hill; and from that hill saw a congregation of vultures in the low jungle, evidently engaged upon interesting business. On going to the spot, we found the remains of a doe sambur, which had been killed by a tiger; and we saw the tiger's footmarks up and down a sandy nullah close by. We beat a portion of the thick jungle, but without seeing anything. I shot nothing more during this excursion, except another barking deer, a neilghye, and some pea-fowl; also a hare, which I shot, by moonlight, from my tent-door. On returning to Kamptee, I had the tiger and leopard skins tanned; but Indian tanners usually spoil skins given over to them, and these were no exception to the rule. By far the best way is simply to dry the skins, and rub in wood-ashes, and arsenical soap if

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procurable; and so, to send them to a furrier in England.

The leopard which I shot was a very handsome animal; dark in colour, but beautifully marked. There are two distinct species in India; the large yellow one, which should always be named as a *panther*, and which can, with ease, knock over and kill a bullock, and which is nearly as big as a tigress, though much lighter in build; and the small dark one, or *leopard*, such as I had just shot at Chankee Copra, which, though powerful, and abominably vicious, is not a third, or, at most, a half of the size and weight of the panther, and lives on goats, and village dogs when it can get them, and also upon the small game animals of the jungle.

My shikarry told me a story which shows the fierceness of these spotted cats. A native shikarry sat up, one moonlight night, in a small thick tree close to a tank. A leopard came to drink, and the man fired at it with a percussion gun and missed, and the leopard disappeared. The next night the shikarry sat up again; but, "his fortune being good" (as my man observed), he did not sit in that tree, but chose one which was a few yards away from it. The leopard came again, and the man essayed to shoot it; but the cap "snicked," and the gun did not go off. Immediately upon hearing the *crack* of the cap, the leopard made a bound, climbed up into the tree whence the shikarry had fired the night before, and tore the smaller branches in pieces, roaring furiously all the time, and evidently searching for the enemy who had so unwarrantably upset his nerves the night before. Clearly, the beast connected the noise of the snicking cap with the former gun-shot; and the shikarry was

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fortunate not to have sat up in the same tree two nights running.

About this time there was a tame panther, nearly full grown, at Kamptee, belonging to an officer who kept it usually chained up. Sometimes, however, being an amiable and good-dispositioned pet to all appearance, it was indulged with a run; but one day, when thus let out, it was seen carefully stalking a small child which was playing at its master's stable, and which, if not seen in time, it would certainly have made a prey of. After this it was never purposely let loose; but it did once get away, chain and all, and promptly sprang upon a calf which came in its way, and strangled it. After this it was ordered out of cantonments.

To these remarks upon "panthers" and "leopards," I need scarcely add that the third large spotted animal of prey in India, known as the "cheetah," "hunting cheetah," or "hunting leopard," is not a true cat at all, having no retractile claws, but paws with toes and claws like those of a dog. The best way of distinguishing it from the true spotted cats is to appropriate the name "cheetah" to its sole and exclusive use.

I was not allowed to remain quiet at Kamptee after this expedition, for, on the 12th May, I started for Moothoor, having been ordered to meet Mr. Temple, the Chief Commissioner, there. The party, comprising five or six civil officers and myself, started from Chindwarra with relays of posted horses, and arrived at Moothoor in about four hours, allowing a halt, for tea, half-way. Mr. Temple was a stark rider, of iron constitution and endurance; and some of the older and less active members of the Central

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Provinces Commission found it a hard matter to keep up with him on his frequent journeys through the length and breadth of his Satrapy. It was not uncommon for a Deputy Commissioner, having in his charge a tract of country measuring from fifty to sixty miles from one end to the other, and as large as three or four English counties put together, to receive one day a missive ordering him to meet the Chief Commissioner at daylight the next morning at one end of his district, and to ride with him, with posted police horses, to its other extremity. The unhappy deputy, therefore, had to hurry off, at an hour's notice, to keep the appointment at a place probably thirty miles from his head-quarters, with the sure prospect of a tremendous gallop the next day. These rides were always done at speed, with halts for inspections, and heavy fire of interrogatories upon all conceivable subjects, at every town and noteworthy place met with during the scamper. It may be imagined that the gentlemen filling the higher posts in the Commission, and who were used to an easy way of carrying on duty, and to solemn progresses of short marches and long halts at the very best and coolest time of the year, did not admire these fierce rides and rushes, which were very often at seasons usually devoted to sitting behind well-watered "tatties." The consequence was a feeling against the Chief Commissioner, and his method of driving the Government coach, and of flicking up his as yet unbroken team; and, moreover, as many of these high officials were exceedingly jolly and popular fellows, considerable abuse of "the Chief" pervaded the provinces. One thing, however, is very certain which is that the country at large benefited immensely

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by the impulse given by one of the most energetic and zealous officers who ever served in India. The Central provinces awoke, it may be said, into new life, and the name of Temple will long be remembered with wonder and admiration by the Mahrattas and Gonds of Central India.

This flying visit to Moothoor resulted in immediate trial being made of its capabilities as a sanitarium; but the project was starved by the stinginess of the Supreme Government, who allowed only a most insufficient sum for the construction of temporary barracks, &c. The consequence was that the convalescents sent up were washed out of these wretched buildings on, I think, the second year of occupation; and the place was abandoned in favour of the better watered and wooded Puchmurree plateau on the opposite, or Mahadeo, range of mountains. From Moothoor the Chief Commissioner went westward to other places among the mountains, and I returned to Kamptee.

Between Jamboye and Chindwarra is a wonderful collection of rocks, by name Boodwarra, heaped together in a very extensive jungle, where game was known to be very plentiful. I halted here, and, the same evening, wounded a blue bull, but lost him in the fast-closing darkness. The next morning we went to the rocky hills, and, after exploring their recesses for some time, we came upon a very large sambur standing in a pass between two vast masses of rock. My bullet told loudly on his lusty side, and he rushed off with his tail high in the air. We ran up, and found blood, little at first, but afterwards in increasing quantity. We found the sambur lying stone dead under a rock: a very fine stag, fat, and of im-

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mense weight, but with his horns "in the velvet." He was shot through the lungs, and (a thing I had never before seen) "emphysema" had ensued, and he was enormously blown up under the skin over his whole body, and the air crackled under his hide wherever touched with the finger. A cart was obtained from a neighbouring hamlet, and the sambur was sent to the tent; and we continued our explorations, but saw no more game, though tracks, including the broad footprints of a tiger, were numerous. This was probably the tiger which, a fortnight before, had killed a man in this neighbourhood. The wild animals of the Chindwarra district seemed to do much mischief. This is the second death by tiger which I heard of in a few days, besides a woman frightfully torn by a bear.

From Boodwarra we went to another great rocky tract on the Kolbeira river, where we turned out, but lost, an immense large bear. The name of these rocks is "Burra Bundoolee," *i.e.* "the great rocks." Hence we went, *viâ* Chindwarra, to Jilmillee, a village about eighteen miles east of Chindwarra, on the right bank of the Pench. At this place there is a long island, well wooded, and with tall grass and reeds also, in the bed of the river. It is in appearance a perfect retreat for tigers; and, about a year before I saw it, a sporting police officer disposed, in one morning's work, of three tigers and a tigress, which had assembled there on their own private affairs, but had made themselves very obnoxious to the Jilmillee villagers by their nightly roarings and pervagations.

This police officer described the beat as having been very exciting. From good vantage-ground on the high river-bank he succeeded in killing the tigress

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and the two smaller of the three tigers, but one tremendous Tom remained untouched, or but slightly wounded; and this big fellow, unfortunately, killed two men before he was disposed of. A herd of buffaloes had been driven into the island (a common expedient in tiger-hunting), to assist in getting him to break cover, which he did with a vengeance, actually rushing over the backs of the closely-packed herd to get at the herdsman and another man who was with him, both of whom he killed. His repeated charges from one end of the island to the other, showing his lithe length in high bounds as he cleared obstructing rocks and bushes, were described as something magnificent, accompanied, as they were, with terrible roaring and grunting. But he had to succumb at last to a heavy fire of rifles, and died, not, as has been seen, without taking his revenge upon his assailants.

But I had no fortune here. The island was duly beaten two days in succession, as were many other covers along the river-bank, but all in vain; and I did nothing but wound a bear on a hill-side, which I lost by the cowardice of my elephant. My wretched "mount" ran straight away at the shots I fired, and the consequent horrid row made by the bear; and though I got off as soon as possible, and tracked Bruin for some distance over the rolling, jungle-covered hills, I did not see him again. The reason that I had to mount this unreliable elephant was that the other, which was a very steady one, fell sick at Jilmillee, a misfortune which occasioned me great anxiety, as Government are apt to demand payment of the value of an elephant which dies when under charge of an officer who has borrowed it for sporting

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purposes. The sportsman always, of course, pays for the keep, attendant's wages, &c. This elephant afterwards got well again, and returned, by easy stages, to Kamptee. Near Jilmillee is the famous deep and long pool, in the Pench, by name Machagoorra, which swarms with mahseer and rohoo fish of all sizes, up to 20 lbs. and 30 lbs. weight. A very fine old gentleman, Durriah Singh, lived near Machagoorra; and, if written to in good time, used to have the pool ground-baited for the fisherman. Durriah Singh paid me a visit at Jilmillee, and would have had the pool baited for me; but I had no time to spare for fishing, and returned through the Pench jungles to Kamptee.

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CHAPTER X.

The "Paddy Bird's" Wild-fowling.—Timid Elephant.—Shoot a Sambur and Panther and Blue Bull.—Borekaira.—Shoot a Bear.—Four Bears in one Lair.—Shoot two of them.—"The Sow! the Village Sow!"—Narrow Escape of Chief Commissioner.—To Bombay and back.—Cholera in my Camp.—Bear shot.—Death of a Panther.—Last look at Nagpore Jungles.—Ramteerut and River Wurdah.—Shoot a Tiger and Tigress.—A Family of Tigers.—Shoot a half-grown Cub.—A fierce Tigress.—Again to England.

In January 1863 I went to Soorgaum, a village on the borders of a range of grass-covered hills, fourteen miles east of Kamptee. This was a very favourite place. There is a large tank, close under the flat-topped hills ; at one end of this tank, at the water's edge, and not too near the village, my tent was pitched, under a row of mango trees; a very shady place, and convenient for both shooting and fishing. There were a great many fish, though of no great size, in the tank ; it was also frequented by duck and snipe in the cold weather. Before breakfast on the morning of my arrival, I shot the only two snipe which were on the swampy edge of the tank, and the Paddy Bird stalked, and shot, a couple of duck,

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in his most approved manner. He is a first-rate wild-fowler. On seeing duck or teal in a tank, he would start off, and on getting within three or four hundred yards of them, divest himself of every stitch of clothing except the scantiest possible strip of cloth round his loins, and, taking his gun in his hand, with a small bundle of "solah" reeds passed with a loop round the head of the ramrod, to keep the gun-muzzle afloat before him, he would creep and crawl, like a great brown lizard, towards the duck, taking advantage of every tuft of grass and strip of rushes. On reaching the water he slid in, with his buoyed-up gun before him, and managed most skilfully to get within good shooting range of his prey. I have often watched him at these manœuvres, and even from the embankment it was not easy to keep him in sight. Wherever there was the slightest cover he would disappear, and come in view again at an entirely unexpected spot, very likely fifty or a hundred yards nearer to the unsuspecting duck. At last the exciting moment came; the small black-brown spot, which marked my poacher's position in a thin fringe of reeds, became stationary; a puff of white smoke, and terrified scatter into the air of the *residue* of the duck; and then the gaunt form of the shikarry would rise, hip deep, or waist deep, in the water, and, with great spangs and plunges, would retrieve his dead and wounded game.

After breakfast we went out with two elephants, and ascended the low hill behind the tent, and explored a number of thickly overgrown ravines and corries, which run at short intervals from these hills to the plains below. As a rule, the flat tops of the trap-hills are very barren and stony, the loose

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boulders and pebbles lying hid in the thin white grass, which in some places, however, grows strong and high, fully capable of hiding a pig or a panther; and the corries and corners of the hills are full of twining creepers, thorn-bushes, and also large and handsome forest trees, mowah, wild mango, tamarind, &c. To beat out one of these corries is the work, ordinarily, of a quarter of an hour, or little more, so that it is possible to go over a good stretch of hill in the course of a day's work; and few ravines were beaten absolutely blank; though from the rugged nature of the ground, and the habit which all animals have of sneaking out at the side of a beat, and so getting, along the hill, into the next corrie, it more often than not happened that the only knowledge of game being on foot was the sudden excited shout of the beaters, and the clattering of hoofs over the stones, or, perhaps, the glimpse of a brown or black hide, for a moment, on the grassy slopes.

This morning I put up a large herd of hog, which, in this part of the country, are strictly "tabooed" to gun or rifle, as the hog can be ridden in the plains, and there is an old-established "Tent Club," *i.e.* Hog-hunting Club, at Kamptee, with tents, furniture, shikarries, butler, &c., and always with an old, experienced sportman as Captain. When the hog broke, the elephant which I was on, and which had once been charged and bitten by a tiger, spun round, and carried me, and my shikarry, who was on the seat behind me, into the branches of a large tree; the branches caught the howdah, smashed the iron gun-rail which supports the muzzles in front, and one large bough broke short off, and entered the howdah, narrowly missing me, and sticking in the

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back of the seat. I escaped with a bruise near my eye; but my shikarry did not come off so well, and got a terrible smash across the nose. This was conclusive against shooting from this unsteady elephant, and we went straight on to another village, farther among the hills. My tent had been brought, in the meantime, from Soorgaum, and pitched at Chandpa.

Next day we had a beat, but with the howdah on the other elephant, the timid monster being used as a beater, and we took eight or ten villagers also with us. After beating for some time, without any luck, a young stag sambur came out of a thicket, and stood for a moment at about a hundred and fifty yards from us. I made a capital shot, and he fell dead, with a ball through his eye. After putting him on the pad elephant, we went on to the next ravine, which was filled with high rank grass. In the middle of this tall grass, we suddenly saw a large pair of horns rise up, and I fired at the spot where the head that owned them ought to be, but missed my mark, for the next moment another and very large stag sambur burst out, and startled my elephant so much, that she moved, and spoiled my second shot at him, and he got clean away. We then put out a hog which disappeared in a very tigerish-looking nullah. We then went up by the hill-side, on our way back towards the tent; and, while going up a small ravine, the pad elephant, to her great dismay, came upon a panther. The beast sneaked about among the bushes, but we soon put it out, and I fired a BB cartridge at the waving of the long grass. This brought it into clear ground, and, just as it was entering a small thicket, I put a ball through its loins; it rolled about,

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and I put another bullet through its body, and it died, roaring fiercely. We put her (it was a female) on the elephant, and returned to the tent. The distance to Kamptee being only sixteen miles, I sent the panther into the station, on a bamboo carried by two coolies, after having lightened it by removal of its inside. There were three little cubs in her, which would have been born in a few days.

The next day we beat several ravines, and turned out a good many sambur, one of which I shot, and some barking-deer and hog. Passing over the bare, pebble-strewn top of a hill, we saw a large blue bull standing and gazing at us. I always think that these blue bulls are very like the animals we see in a "Noah's Ark," they are so exceedingly ungainly and wooden-legged. I fired, and wounded it; but it limped off into thick jungle, and we had to give it up till the following day, when, on our way back to Kamptee, we found it again, in company with three hinds. The hinds went off at score; but the bull, stiff and weary, remained still for us to come close up, and I shot him. I heard this day, from my shikarry, a story regarding a fine but unused well, on the side of the road from Soorgaum to Kamptee, which had been built not very long ago, and was nearly new. It appears that the well was dug, and built up with cut stone, all in good style, by the head-man of the village which peeps out from a small grove of trees hard by. There was, in the same village, a well-to-do woman, widow of a former head-man. This woman had a furious quarrel with the owner of the new well, and, as a fitting measure of vengeance, she, after confiding her intention to her friends, went to her enemy's well, and drowned herself in its hitherto

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pure water, with the view of rendering it unclean, and so putting it out of use for ever; a result over which it is supposed that her gratified ghost is still gloating, as she has often been seen, by belated travellers, walking, with imprecatory gestures, round the polluted well.

On 22nd May I again went out shooting, and after visiting Soorgaum and two or three other villages, and shooting a bustard and a jungle-sheep, some painted partridge, &c., I came to a little village, "Boree Mejra," and encamped under a fine tamarind tree in thick jungle. In the evening I went out, and with me my shikarry, and the mahout who has charge of the best elephant, and who is also an excellent shikarry. We went up a great nullah which runs through the forest, and sat behind a screen of bushes, which we cut and stuck in the banks of the nullah. After the sun had set, and just as we were thinking of leaving our ambush, a large hog came in view, and, as there was no riding ground within many miles, I had not the fear of the Tent Club before my eyes, and fired and wounded it as it climbed up the bank of the nullah. We went up after it, and had not gone more than twenty paces in the fast-closing dusk of the evening, when we heard something move, and saw the hog lying under a bush hard by. I fired, and instantly, with a loud "Guff, Guff!" it was upon us. Strange to say, it did not set upon me, though I was in front, and had just attacked it; but it went for the mahout, and upset him in the twinkling of an eye. The man got up and struck the hog on the back with a sheathed knife which he was carrying, but it closed again, and seemed to be worrying him like a savage dog. For a second or two I could

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not fire, for fear of hitting the man; but the hog now paused, and I knocked it over; it rose again, and my shikarry, who was carrying my spare gun, fired, and hit it again. It being now nearly dark, and our guns empty, we helped the mahout out of the jungle, got him on a path which led to the village, and examined his hurts. I was much relieved to find that he was cut only on the right forearm, and on his shins; his thighs had escaped injury. We tied up the cuts, that on his arm being a large one, and got him back to the tent. Next morning we found the hog lying dead, and partly eaten by, we supposed, a hyæna. It was where we had left it the evening before.

Next day we beat the great nullah, and the heavy jungle which encloses its course for many miles. We put out a tiger, which roared violently at the beaters; but we could not see him or move him again; the jungle was very dense, and though we saw the tiger's fresh marks several times, we were obliged to relinquish the hope of seeing himself.

I shot a neilghye and a spotted deer between Boree Mejra and Chankee Copra, and encamped at the latter place on 28th May. There was no tiger in the bheer. When I stood on the right bank of the stream, near my tent, and looked across, I saw the black backs of a numerous herd of hog calmly disporting themselves in the tall herbage, a sign of which I well knew the unfortunate significance, *i.e.* that there could be no tiger within range of their keen organs of smell. Tiger and pig do not exactly agree in the same cover; the pig, being animals of great discretion, always quit the field where they smell or suspect that puss has arrived. I beat the bheer for

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leopards, which are always there, and soon put one out. After the first uproarious shout, the people beat steadily enough; presently the grass waved, and we saw the spotted cat stealing along. I missed with the first barrel, but knocked it over with the second —shot it right through the eye. Very soon another leopard was seen by the beaters, and I twice sighted it, but did not get a shot, and it kept ahead of us, and escaped into a porcupine's or hyæna's den, dug out on the river-bank, just as another did last year, in the very same place.

Next day I moved my camp, but before leaving had one more beat in the cover, and shot a large blue bull. I had no further success till the 4th of June, when at a village, by name Borkaira, we had a grand day after bears. The first place we beat was the "Beesun" ravine, about two miles from my tent. We put an elephant, with two village shikarries, to beat the ravine, while I, with the Paddy Bird and another elephant, skirted it. When we had beaten about half-way down, a bear broke out, but not on my side, and I did not get a shot. We then went down into the ravine, and an old bear, with a cub, walked out before us. I fired and wounded the old one, but the pair climbed the steep side of the gorge, and made off across the grass plain to another corrie. We followed, and, on dipping down into the valley, saw the young one, alone, standing on its hind legs, evidently looking for its mother; the old bear had pulled up in difficulties, and, descending into the ravine, we found her standing still, and in a bad way altogether. As we came near, she moved off slowly, and we chased her until she got into a small dug-out den on the border of the ravine. When we shouted at her, she

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came out and charged a few paces, and then got back again; and repeated this several times, jumping up like a "Jack-in-the-box" whenever we heaved a big stone at her. She required two more shots to settle her; the half-grown cub escaped. We also saw a blue bull, and a small herd of spotted deer, on our way back to the tent.

After breakfast, which was a very late one, a villager came, and said that he had seen four bears asleep under a mowah tree, about a mile only from our camp; so we started for the place, and got there at 3 P.M.; but the bears had gone, and no wonder, for there was barely any cover or decent shade even, under the tree. Their marks were quite fresh, and we tracked then into a great corrie, called "Rooee Khoond." I sent one elephant into the corrie, and myself, with the other, went along the top, which was thickly overgrown with high grass and bushes. After some time, we saw a heap of black fur under the projecting roots of a shady tree, which was on the opposite side of the ravine. Getting opposite to it, I fired at the black patch. Such a row took place! One bear tumbled out, wounded, and three more followed, and made off down the ravine, all roaring at the top of their lungs! We moved to cut them off, as they scaled my side of the gorge; three came up, and I wounded two, which commenced to fight each other, and eventually disappeared over the brow of the hill; the fourth bear also picked itself up, and was moving slowly down into the hollow valley at the foot of the Rooee Khoond. I put up the 300-yard sight of my rifle, and was lucky enough to hit it again at that long distance; but the bear got up again, and we followed it. To cut the story short, I followed

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this bear, and, afterwards, another of the wounded ones, till quite evening, and killed them both.

These were the hardest to kill of any bears I have ever met with. In one of them there were eight bullet-holes, and nine in the other. Certainly rather coarse shooting on my part! That night the hyænas mustered in great force to the banquet; the bears had been skinned, and their carcases left in a nullah not a hundred yards from my tent, and the row was prodigious. Quarrelling, snapping, snarling, and *laughing* went on all night; and, whenever I was awake, which, owing to the great heat, was very often, I heard the revel still in progress. The next day I moved my camp a march nearer to Kamptee. A burst of the monsoon came on, and the weather became not only endurable, but even agreeable. On my way back I shot a sambur in the Seldoo jungles, and arrived at Kamptee on the 11th of June.

In December I went for three days to Soorgaum, and saw a good deal of game, including a panther, but got nothing except a young neilghye, a "round" of which I sent into Kamptee to be made into corned "beef," and which was a fair success; but, as is the case with all Indian game, was dry, and wanting in fat. The Commander-in-Chief having come on a visit to Kamptee, and thence to Chindwarra and Moothoor, this round of neilghye beef had the honour of forming part of a noble basket of provisions, which was sent with him and his party for their onward journey.

Two young friends of mine having met with an untoward adventure at pig-sticking, I recorded it in the following verses, a parody of the well-known (in India) hunting-song of "The Boar, the Mighty Boar!" which, as they were entered in the book of the Tent

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Club annals, may be considered worthy of preservation in these pages also :—

The sow, the village sow 's my theme,
Whate'er the Hunt may say.
Young O——'s hope, brave E——'s dream,
Their thoughts throughout the day.
A nose of proof, and stomach strong,
Must those brave souls endow,
Who madly urge their steeds along,
To slay the village sow !

CHORUS.

Then to the sow, the village sow,
Raise high the laugh with me ;
And when the next is slain, I trow,
May I be there to see !

We envy not this noble deed,
This village porker's murder ;
We 'll clap our "Latchfords" to our steed,
And wish the stinker further.
We envy not the blushing shame,
Each gallant wight must feel,
When loud and shrill the nasty game
Exalts its dying squeal.

Then to the sow, &c.

When soothing time has healed each sore,
And dropped its friendly purdah,*
Of village sows we 'll hear no more,
Nor village piggy's murder :
And with those brave, but erring dogs,
Who now have graced our story,
We 'll hustle the real jungle hogs,
And show 'em the way to glory !

Then to the sow, &c.

One of the heroes of this adventure, who was much liked, and generally known as "the little man," was,

* *Purdah* is Hindustani for "curtain."

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some years afterwards, drowned in a storm-swollen nullah at Saugor, one dark and rainy night, when driving across a ford which he, unhappily, missed; he was carried down, and his body was not found till the next morning, some miles down the swirling stream.

While I was at Kamptee an accident similar in its results happened, near Nagpore, to a greatly respected Scotch missionary, Mr. Hislop. He had been out riding over the country with the Chief Commissioner, who was at the time in tents somewhere near Boree, and they had separated in the course of the ride. Mr. Hislop did not return, and alarm was excited by the coming back of his pony, riderless, to camp. A heavy storm had occurred that day, and the streams and nullahs were much swollen. Mr. Hislop was found dead in a small nullah, his lifeless hand clutching the herbage on its brink; there was only just water enough to drown him, and it was supposed that he had been struck, or kept down, by the struggling pony. He was a very scientific man, a good geologist, and very much regretted by those who knew his eminent qualities, both as a missionary and as a man of science.

The year 1864 began badly for Kamptee. An epidemic of cholera spread over the country, and the high road from Nagpore to Berar, through which the railway from Bhosawal to Nagpore, driven on by the persistence and determined will of the Chief Commissioner, was then advancing, was terribly visited by the pestilence.

In connection with this railway, I may mention a strange accident, which had very nearly cut short Sir Richard Temple's career in India. The Chief Com-

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missioner was laying the foundation-stone of the Nagpore terminus. The great upper stone, which was to be lowered into the cavity in which coins, newspapers, &c., were deposited, was suspended from a hook by a new and strong-looking rope of Manilla hemp, of full two inches diameter. The Chief Commissioner had performed the ceremony of plastering the lower stone with the aid of the conventional silver trowel, preparatory to the usual short speech of good omen for the coming railway, and had drawn back his head to survey his work, when the rope suddenly snapped in twain, and the ponderous block of stone crashed down upon the foundation which had been prepared for it, raising a shower of wet plaster, which spattered all over Mr. Temple's face and clothes. Had the treacherous rope given way one second sooner, the Chief Commissioner's head would have been smashed to atoms. *His* face was calm enough, but the sensation in the assembled crowd was very great, and the ejaculations, in both Western and Eastern tongues, loud and fervent.

To return to the state of the country at commencement of this year. The fearful scourge counted its victims by the thousand, and two or three members of Kamptee society, travelling early in the year, were seized with the disease, and were buried on the roadside near lonely bungalows, between Nagpore and Bhosawul. Early in the month of March, and while the pestilence was casting its deepest shadow over the Central Provinces, and also over Berar, it became necessary for me to take my family to Bombay, for embarkation for England, and we started on the 7th March. Altogether avoiding the main road, we struck through the jungles, and entered Berar close to the ancient

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city of Oomrawuttee. There were many signs of cholera along the road. In the vicinity of villages, which were few and small on this jungle track, were newly-covered graves, with the foul clothes and bedding of the dead lying by them, a horrible and disgusting custom, which makes one feel the very presence of the pestilence in its most hideous form. From some of these shallow graves the corpses had been dragged by jackals and half-wild village dogs, and bones, and skulls yet covered with long matted hair, were lying about.

But in these remote places the disease had less prevailed than on the high road, and we arrived without accident at Oomrawuttee, and pursued our journey to Akola, and thence, twenty miles on, to Nagjirree, the then terminus of the Nagpore railway. Here we encamped for two days, waiting for the "contractor's train," which ran twice a week to this point with materials for the advancing line. The camp was in a very nasty place, just below a very large viaduct which was being built over a wide stream, almost a river; and we were surrounded by innumerable native huts and bazaars, built for the work-people, and for the wandering Wuddahs, or hereditary stone-cutters, whose squalid presence is never wanting when great masonry works are in progress. In the midst of this crowd cholera was still rife, and deaths were daily and hourly occurring. But we escaped the infection—if infection it be—and most thankfully took the train for Bombay on the second day after our arrival.

Bombay was then in a state of great excitement and temporary great prosperity, owing to the demand for Indian cotton consequent upon the Civil War in

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America. The whole population seemed to be "off their heads" in the heat of speculation: men who one day were barely worth the clothes they stood in, were, the next, wealthy beyond their wildest hopes; time bargaining and every kind of commercial gambling was rampant, and shares of companies, possible and impossible, were at enormous premiums. The very ryots in cotton-producing districts were puffed up with prosperity, and it was currently reported that one wealthy farmer in Berar had provided the wheels of his special travelling cart with silver tires, and, as an inevitable concomitant, the hoofs of his trotting bullocks with silver shoes! Whether these glories were loosely fastened on, so as to repeat history, and come off in the public streets, is not on record; but the story as given above was implicitly believed in by the natives of Berar. However this may or may not enlist our credence, the most casual observer could see in Bombay evidences of extraordinary wealth among the native mercantile population. Fine equipages, with handsome horses, and filled with obese Konkanee and Parsee merchants, and with gorgeously-attired Parsee ladies and children, crowded the streets; noisy throngs of out-door speculators assembled, and shouted and yelled, in close imitation of Western stock-brokers, at the corners of the streets and roads; and all was money-getting (and losing) and excitement.

My business in Bombay was of brief duration. After enduring the separation, that curse of Indian life, I returned alone to Nagjirree, where my camp had been left standing four days before. The cholera had not disappeared in the interim; indeed, it had increased along the railway line, and one of my

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servants was down with it, and died just after I got back to my camp. I left Nagjirree the same afternoon, and encamped half-way between it and Akolah. The next morning we passed through Akolah. Cholera was now raging in this densely-peopled town, and the wailing of bereaved women rose wildly on the chill morning air, and death-lights glimmered in the midst of many a huddled, white-clothed group in courtyards, as we passed, silent and gloomy, through the ill-kept streets.

And good reason we had to be gloomy and silent; for, ere we had gone far from the town, one of my servants, a horsekeeper, or native groom, was taken ill, died in a few hours on the roadside, and was there buried in the afternoon. We went hurrying on, march after march, through the Berar valley, seeing the dying and dead lying along the road: at night no accustomed sound of laugh and chatter was to be heard among my followers; the evening meal, usually the great time of gossip and of enjoyment, passed in dead silence: all were terror-stricken and brooding on possible events which the next day might bring forth. Nor were my own reflections a whit more cheerful. I had lost two people out of about a dozen who were with me, and we had yet, after quitting Berar, somewhere about seventy miles to cover, in a wild jungly country, far from any aid, before we could reach Kamptee. But no further misfortune overtook us, and this anxious journey terminated on the 15th of April.

The only sport I got on this return journey was at a jungle village, by name Kerula. Hearing that there were bears in the neighbourhood, I went out early and walked along the tops of some small hills,

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carefully looking into each gorge and hollow as we passed along. At about 7 o'clock we saw a fine large bear walking up a ravine, and I ran and got to the head of the ravine just as he emerged. He looked much astonished, and endeavoured to decline the interview; but I fired a shot at him, and he went slowly off, badly hit. I hit him again, and he stood up against a small tree and hugged and bit it fiercely. On the same day, after breakfast, I was sitting in my tent-door, when two neilghye galloped down a small hill, and made for the river which ran close by. I went after them at once, but could not sight them again.

I came across a great many sepulchres of the most ancient inhabitants of India. These graves are met with over the whole country, from north to south. I had seen them at Cape Comorin, and now met with them close to Nagpore, and I believe that they exist also hundreds of miles further north. Their character is the same in all places: a ring, of about twenty feet in diameter, of rough unhewn stones, arranged round four thin, roughly-shaped slabs, forming a square or an oblong sepulchre in the middle of the circle. These square stones are embedded in the earth; but, whether from the washing away of soil by the rains of centuries, or by their not having been sunk quite to their full depth originally, the ends of the slabs commonly stand out a little above the surface. The rough stones or boulders which form the circle round the grave are about two to three feet in measurement each way, being, in fact, masses of rock, weighing each many hundredweight. Many of the tombs in various places have been opened; in all of them coarsely-made vessels of black pottery are found in fragments,

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and among these fragments are wood ashes and bits of calcined bones; in some graves iron knives and sword-blades, eaten through and through with rust, have been (though rarely) found; usually there is nothing to repay the labour of the search. The ancient Scythian (?) race, whose tombs are thus spread all over India on every dry, stony piece of ground, all of the same rude plan and design, were clearly not a wealthy people, and have left nothing worth the antiquary's attention in their old-world graves.

In May I again went out for large game, but was disappointed, for the season turned out to be a most remarkable one, such as to upset my hopes of sport. One storm followed another during the whole of what should have been the "hot season." The temperature was pleasant enough, but water filled every nullah bed, and every depression and hollow rock was filled with fresh rain-water. The great cats, and other animals also, felt no need to keep near perennial springs and jungle-fringed rivers, but roamed at pleasure over the whole country, as they do in the rainy and cool seasons of the year, and my hopes of sport were dashed to the ground. On arriving at Chankee Copra, I was told that a tiger had been in the bheer in the beginning of the month, but had not been seen since this rainy and stormy weather had set in. We, however, beat the bheer, and at first put nothing out but a number of hog—a bad sign, as I have before observed. When the beat was nearly over, a large panther came out and made off to a small watercourse and thin low jungle which skirts the cover. We chased it down this watercourse for more than half a mile, and got two snap-shots, but

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did not hit it. But the panther was done up with the heat of the sun, and, leaving the pebbly bed of the nullah, took to the open plain, trotting slowly and awkwardly, with his legs wide apart and his tongue out, stopping under every shady bush, until my inevitable approach on the "earth-shaking" elephant turned him out again. At last he stopped in a large bush, apparently dead-beat, and we saw him in it, sitting up like a great dog, and I shot him through the body. He came on with a savage roar and charged the elephant; but his heart failed him, as well it might, and he turned, and I shot him again through one fore-arm. He now rolled about, biting his side, and I finished him with a shot in the back. He was a very large male, a regular bullock-killer, very bright yellow with intensely black rose spots, and he measured ten spans, *i.e.* about seven feet six inches. He had very much spoiled his skin, having, poor beast, bitten a hole in it at the body wound as large as a man's hand.

All the mango trees here were stripped of their leaves in a violent hail-storm of two days before. The hail had also killed many fish in the river; they were lying on the surface of the still pools and on the banks, and the natives said that the hail had killed them. This river is full of otters, but they are very cunning, and I did not get a shot at them; they make a curious twittering noise as they swim about, with only their bullet heads above water, diving at the smallest alarm. In this expedition I shot nothing more except a ravine deer and two neilghye. At the end of this year my tour on the Staff expired, but as my successor was detained upon special duty at Calcutta, I remained in office about three months longer.

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THE LEOPARD CAME ON WITH A SAVAGE ROAR

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Early in 1865, a party of four or five officers, including the Brigadier commanding the force, went up to Moothoor. As my relief was so shortly to take place, I was not detailed for this duty, and, just before the party went out, the officer who succeeded me arrived, and I obtained a month's leave, preparatory to furlough to England, and devoted this same leave to a "last look at the Nagpore jungles." Such it is entitled in my journal, and a very pleasant time I had of it.

On the second day of my leave I shot a barking deer, and soon after I arrived at Chankee Copra. Dismounting at my usual camp, I strolled to the bank of the river, and distinctly heard what I supposed to be the grunt of a tiger; but, from what afterwards occurred, it was probably a panther—indeed, there must have been two, as one by itself would have had no occasion to grunt at all. The villagers, however, said that there were two tigers in the bheer, and this raised my hopes wonderfully; but I rather think that the people were mistaken. There was a hideous noise the next night with some religious ceremony in the village, and this may possibly have driven away the tigers, if there; but certain it is that no tiger appeared when we had a most careful beat the next day; nor did we turn anything out except the ever-present (when no tigers) hog and a hyæna.

The next day we had another beat, and put out two panthers, but, owing partly to bad luck and partly to bad management, I got only one shot, and missed that—at least I suppose so, for, though the panther grumbled, there was no blood, and he got into a hyæna's den, from which we could not move him. From Chankee I went to Ramteerut, on the

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right bank of the Wurdah river, the Wurdah noted in an Indian sporting journal as "famous for tigers." I encamped under a pleasant shade of mango trees, and interviewed the village shikarry, a hard-featured, imperturbable kind of man, who said quietly that there were tigers in his jungle. We therefore had some bullocks picketed for their benefit.

The next morning the bullocks were found alive, untouched by pussy, so we went out with a few beaters and my two elephants. My own howdah, or riding elephant, was a very fine one, by name "Moteeprasad," and was a large male, but without tusks, very steady; had been once mauled by a tiger, but without the result of making him funky. Motee had lost no nerve by the clawing he had got, and behaved admirably before any tiger, however fierce and uproarious, and cared nothing for its ravings and rampings. We beat a heavy grass jungle along the river-bank, and saw nothing but spotted deer, which I did not fire at; but, on turning into the bush jungle, we saw fresh marks of a tiger. There were some wood-cutters chopping at jungle trees close by, and it was the opinion of the grave village shikarry that the tiger had just been disturbed by them. In this my shikarry, Venketsawny, stammeringly concurred, and, going on the tracks about two hundred yards, I heard sticks crack in a thicket, and immediately afterwards saw a tigress lobbing along at a slow canter. We followed, and the little pad elephant, a very fast one, named "Bijlee" (Lightning), kept the tigress well in view for about half a mile, after which we were at fault and lost her for a time. Soon, however, we saw cattle in a rather open glade of the jungle ahead of us. Suddenly they

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put up their heads, and then their tails, stared wildly at something which we could not see, and bolted as one bullock!

This was quite enough, and we went on with confidence, and soon found marks in a sandy nullah. Just beyond the place where the herd had stampeded, the tigress crept out of a thicket, very much done up, for she had walked and trotted nearly two miles in the fierce April sun, a necessity most distasteful of all things to the shade-loving tiger. Just as I pulled trigger she slipped down into a small watercourse, and I missed. She came in sight again, and I hit her hard in the side. She stopped almost directly, and I broke her hip with another bullet. She was now helpless, and lay grinning, and clawing the bushes, but did not bark or roar. Another shot finished her —a good-sized tigress, and very fat. A young tiger, about as big as a new-born ordinary puppy, was taken from her. It is not usual to find one only; more commonly there are two or three cubs, and I have seen a tigress with four cubs; three is a very common number.

Next day we beat up the grass jungle again by the river, but saw nothing but spotted deer. We then turned, and beat up a long strip of thick bush jungle along a nullah which ran into the river. My elephant was standing on a steep bank which commanded a view of the nullah, and I was well on the look-out, standing up as usual in the howdah. Presently the beaters, who had come down the nullah to within sixty or eighty yards of me, cried out that there was a tiger afoot, and in a few seconds we saw it coming towards us, walking quietly down the nullah-bed; bushes intervened, so I waited. The tiger saw me

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as I stood in the howdah, and he left the nullah and trotted across a piece of open ground about thirty yards from me. I took good aim, and hit him in the point of the shoulder. He was an immense and very handsome beast, and, with his big brindled head, and fine white ruff standing out round it, and every tooth and fang shown in a furious snarl, his appearance was most imposing.

Directly he felt the bullet he came straight at the elephant. I fired again, and when in the nullah, about five yards from me, he turned under the steep bank, and came up again on our side, close to us, looking very evilly-inclined. The second ball had hit him in the hip. I now fired again and broke his right shoulder, and the next bullet pierced his massive neck, and he fell over dead. After throwing some stones, which sounded hollow upon his motionless carcase (an insult which brings to notice the least spark of life should such remain), we put him on the small elephant. This was a troublesome business, for the weight of the tiger was enormous, and the little elephant was restive.

On our way back to camp I shot a neilghye, but had to fire two or three shots before it was bagged. After the last shot it sat down in some thick bushes, and the Mahomedan mahout of the pad elephant was sent for in great haste, to perform the operation of throat-cutting, without which and its accompanying invocation of "the most merciful and compassionate God" (a strange jumble of sentiment and slaughter), no flesh can be fit to be eaten by a Mussulman. Also this throat-cutting must be performed before the vital spark has fled, and the jeering Hindoos are very apt to make fun of a disappointed Moslem who arrives too

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late to effect his object, and will say, "Brother, it is all right; don't you see his tail shake?" at the same time slily taking the beast's caudal appendage between their toes and giving it a good twiddle!

On this occasion there was no such doubt, for, when the eager mahout burst, knife in hand, through the bushes, he was confronted by the blue bull, sitting on its haunches, with head erect, and short but sharp horns inclined menacingly towards him. He executed an immediate retreat, and another bullet was needed before the religious rite could be carried out.

To-day's tiger measured ten feet eight inches: the tigress of yesterday nine feet two inches. All the village, men, women and children, turned out to see the tiger, and many reverences were paid to him as he lay stretched upon the ground. When he was skinned, a small bullet of hammered iron was found under the skin of one shoulder. This must have been fired years ago from the matchlock of a shikarry, no doubt from a safe high tree.

After this we changed camp twice, but got nothing but another neilghye and a spotted deer. On April the 9th, however, fortune again befriended me at Peepree Kote, near which I had encamped the day before. We went out to a jungle near the camp, close to another village named Burrooda. There were fresh marks of a large tiger in a nullah which runs down from the hills; but, to avoid beating towards the strong ground of the hills, we made a detour so as to get to the head of the valley. In crossing a smaller watercourse we saw marks of a tigress and cubs in the sand, so we began to beat this place. In a short time, and in a thick shady part of the cover, there was quite a rush of animals, and presently a

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half-grown tiger cub came out on my side. I hit it hard; and then out came a second. I fired another shot at the first cub, and both of them retreated into the nullah. The one I had fired at made a terrible row, grunting and roaring just like a grown-up tiger. Then out came a third cub, and lay down in some bushes in front of me, but sneaked off before I could get a shot at it. All this time the tigress kept carefully in the background, as I have often observed them to do when the cubs are large, and we did not see her; but the mahout of the pad elephant saw her making off down the nullah. We gave chase, but could not find her again.

Leaving the wounded cub, we commenced a strict search for the others, but without success. The ground was a network of heavily-jungled watercourses, and there were numbers of evergreen bushes along their margins. In the main stream were pools of beautifully clear water, and the prints of tigers' paws were to be seen in all directions in the soft moist sand. But we did not follow the stream far towards the hills; the wounded cub required attention, and we turned back and found it crouching under some bushes in the main nullah, and I shot it dead with one more bullet. The two first shots had hit it, one in the shoulder, the other, a mere graze, on the thigh; it was a half-grown, heavy male cub, and as much as four men could carry easily to the elephant.

We now went to look for the large tiger, of which early in the day we had seen the footmarks; but he had been alarmed by the firing, and we ascertained, by very fresh marks higher up, that he had got out of the nullah and made his way to the spurs of the

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adjacent hills. On the next morning we tried again for the tigers ; but they were not to be found, and had doubtless moved off to distant jungles, for there were no fresh marks in the nullahs. We started a panther, which I wounded, and we had a long chase after him, but lost him, which was provoking, for the cover was not specially thick, and we ought not to have let him escape.

We retraced our steps through the jungle to Ramteerut, and thence to Khanolee, a village on the left bank of the Wurdah, as we had heard of a tiger which had been killing cattle, ponies, &c., in its vicinity. On the way I shot a spotted deer. At Khanolee we encamped on the river-bank, under a very old banian tree, where the little owls found a fitting shelter, and chattered merrily, not only all night, but at intervals in the day also.

The next day we beat some covers on the bank of the river, but saw nothing. In the evening my shikarry took his bullock out, and got thirteen flamingoes at one shot ; he said that he got all their heads in a line (there were about fifty in the flock), and let drive a handful of big shot at them. When he came back, with his little bullock walking before him, I could not conceive, till he came close up, what the mass of rose colour and white which covered its neck and shoulders could be.

This bullock was a clever little beast, and understood just as well as its master how to get up to game. The long-legged Paddy Bird would stalk along, gun in hand, and painfully back-bent, under cover of the bullock, and the cunning animal would, without guidance, walk towards the antelope or duck, or whatever might be in view, and would approach

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them, feeding here and there the while, not in a straight direction, but circuitously, ever nearing the game, but not alarming it. On a sign from the shikarry, who was on the off-side, it would stop at once and allow him to lay his gun over its back, or as circumstances might require. I have seen him make some wonderfully clever stalks with the aid of this sagacious little brute, and his great regret was that it was not a hand or so higher, for, as he said, a long stalk with it almost broke him in two! I do not think the bullock could have been over forty inches high, and the shikarry was near six feet.

Having heard nothing of the tiger, I sent off my baggage and the pad elephant to Raleigaum, a village a short way beyond Ramteerut, and arranged to take my howdah elephant through the jungle as far as Ramteerut, and thence to ride my horse to Raleigaum. It was very fortunate that I did this. We went through the jungle to the place where I had shot a tigress on the 2nd, and, on the chance of the cattle-lifting tiger being here, went very carefully over it. The village shikarry, Barreah, and the grass-cutter or forage-man of the elephant, were the only two people on foot, my shikarry being on the back seat of my howdah.

While poking about the cover, close to the place where I shot the tigress on the 2nd, the village shikarry whistled, and said in a low, quiet voice, "Tiger in the bushes!" The elephant was made to move on gently, and, on rounding a thick bush, we saw the tigress crouching in a beautiful attitude, and looking me straight in the face. Such a snarl, and such a laying back of the spotted ears! The next moment she whirled round with a grating roar and began to

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move off. I fired and hit her through the shoulder; she roared tremendously, and I hit her again.

By this time Barreah and the grass-cutter were up a tall tree, and pointed to a thicket to which the tigress had retreated. We went up, and she charged with fury, her face and broad white chest flecked with blood. I fired two more shots, and hit her on the mouth, and she retired again into the bushes. Moteeprasad now got excited, and, in his turn, charged with a loud shrill trumpet; but the mahout scolded and pacified him. We went up again to the tigress, and she again charged fiercely, and Moteeprasad was much inclined to return the charge after I had fired and hit her again; but the mahout kept him quiet. The tigress was now nearly done for, and lay in the bushes, growling and barking. We got up close; she could charge no more, and another bullet finished her—a very pretty tigress, but small. I sent the grass-cutter to recall my baggage, and to get my tent pitched at Ramteerut instead of going on to Raleigaum, and to bring back the pad elephant to carry the tigress to camp. The people were at Ramteerut, and pitched my tent in the old place.

In the evening, just as I had (luckily for me) finished my dinner, a most furious thunderstorm, with wind and rain, came on; and, no trench having been dug, the tent was flooded. I had to turn out and help to hold it down. I expected every moment that it would be blown away, and how it escaped being *uprooted* I cannot imagine. My arms ached with holding in the soaked canvas, and everything was wet through. It was a miserable evening for both master and men. In about an hour the storm

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passed away. I turned my mattress, got dry clothes out of a box, and slept pretty well till morning.

We next encamped at Injala, where tigers were reported to be; but this was a mistake. There was no regular jungle, but an immensely thick cover of date trees, about a mile long by half a mile wide, and in this was a family of panthers. In this cover the natives would not, or could not, beat, and, though I got the elephants into it, they could scarcely move along. The panthers were there, and I saw for a moment one pass close to my elephant's feet, but I had no time to fire; its spotted coat showed bright among the dark green date leaves for half a second, and was gone. At this place I heard a number of "mainas" (the Indian starling) making a great noise in a tree, and, going up to it, saw a snake creeping into a hole in one of the branches. I shot his tail off, and he drew in what remained of himself with a jerk. I do not suppose that he ever agitated the mainas any more! After this I shot nothing more, except a neilghye and an antelope on my way back to Kamptee, where I arrived on the 2nd of May, only to pack up for Bombay and England.

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CHAPTER XI.

The Man-eater of the Pench Villages.—Ambush of Shikarries and Death of Man-eater.—Seeonee Man-eater.—Gun-bearer killed.—Man-eater's Death.—Khyraghur Tiger kills a Dog-boy, and is shot.—Doings of the Dhawa Leopard.—The Natchingaum Panther.—An Idiot killed.—Panther trapped.—Woman seized by a Hyæna.—Boy eaten by Pariah Dogs.—Boy killed by a Python.—Statistics of Wild Animals in Central Provinces.—Deaths by Snake-bite.—A Pack of Panthers.

DURING the time I was at Kamptee I became acquainted with many interesting facts and stories regarding man-eating tigers and panthers. One tiger infested a jungle about fifteen miles from Kamptee, up the river Pench, and destroyed half the population of some small villages. The scared remnants of the unhappy villagers at last deserted their homes, and sent for shikarries to destroy the dreadful beast. The story went that this tiger would walk up to a village in broad daylight, enter house after house where doors were open, and, if the houses were deserted and he found no *game*, would break all the earthen cooking-pots, and return, grumbling fiercely, to the jungles. The band of shikarries, three or four in number, perched themselves, well buried in the thatch, on the roofs of some of the highest houses in one of the deserted villages, and for several weary

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days watched in vain for the arrival of the man-eater.

At last their perseverance was rewarded. One evening, just as the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam on the neglected fields and gardens of the silent village, the tiger made his appearance, thin and mangy as a man-eater should be. On he came, looking hungrily around, and staring suspiciously at any bush or cover which might hide a man. One hut after another did he enter, and the smashing within of earthen pots and pans betokened his disappointment. At last he came opposite the taller house of the head man of the village. A sharp report, and yet another and another, from the hiding-places in the roof, and the outwitted man-eater fell over and gasped his last in fury as he saw the exulting shikarries emerge from the loosened thatch. The usual reward for destruction of a man-eater, viz. one hundred rupees, was paid to the successful shikarries; and very royally did they and their friends celebrate the occasion in a grand drinking bout when they touched the tiger's blood-money!

A friend of mine, a first-rate sportsman and tiger-slayer, was so fortunate as to kill two infamous man-eating tigers while he was stationed in the Central Provinces. One of these had for a long time infested a jungly tract near Seeonee. My friend was shooting in the neighbourhood, and had, of course, heard of the presence of the destructive brute. One morning, as he was out in the jungle, with his gun-bearer with spare gun behind him, and was walking quietly down the bank of a very *tigerish* nullah, a sudden rush, and a despairing cry from the native, startled him, and he turned round, only to see the tiger leap into the deep

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nullah, with the gun-bearer in his jaws. He fired instantly and wounded the tiger, which thereupon left the unfortunate man and retreated into the depth of the jungle. The victim's chest was crushed in, and he lay a corpse in the nullah. The sportsman returned to camp for his elephant, and followed up and killed the tiger.

The other adventure was as follows :—

He, with a companion, was returning to Kamptee from a successful shooting excursion into the heavy jungles north-east of Nagpore, and, somewhere near Khyraghur, passed through a tract of country where a tiger was known to have become a confirmed man-eater, and to have killed a great many people ; they therefore marched in a body, with their followers and their one elephant, which was a timid and unreliable animal, and they arrived, quite late in the morning, at a nullah which was crossed by the road they were travelling on. The sportsmen, on ponyback, descended into the nullah, and with their syces (native grooms) mounted the opposite bank ; their other followers, among whom was a dog-boy, passed down into the nullah after them.

Just as they had mounted the bank, and several of their men were in the nullah, a terrified shout of the natives caused them to turn round, and they saw a tiger in the midst of the party, with the dog-boy in his jaws, with whom he sprang, like a streak of yellow light, into the high grass which fringed the nullah. One of the men who was carrying a loaded gun fired it off, and in a few seconds the dog-boy staggered back, vainly trying to speak, for the tiger had torn his throat open, and he fell and died in a few minutes.

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The elephant, which was only a short distance behind, laden with their tent and other baggage, now came up; the load was quickly lifted off, and they mounted on the pad, having no howdah. The tiger was traced into a thick patch of grass and bushes, and they put the elephant into the cover. They found the tiger and wounded it directly it moved; but at its consequent roar and rush the cowardly elephant turned tail, and was with great difficulty brought up again to where the tiger lay growling. The tiger charged out, and their demoralised elephant again bolted, with a fine scratch on her hind leg to hasten her movements. This attack and retreat was repeated several times, with sometimes a hit, but more often a miss. The elephant grew more and more unruly, and more difficult each time to bring up to the *scratch*. At last a more fortunate bullet—from which of their two guns was doubtful—laid the enemy low, and the dog-boy's murder, and those of some scores of harmless villagers and travellers, were avenged.

Nor were man-eating panthers and leopards less numerous and destructive in the Nagpore Province. One leopard, described as being but a small beast of its kind, infested a tract of country about forty miles south of the city of Nagpore for more than two years, and was known to have destroyed over a hundred women and children. The villages in general are situated close to watercourses, which are fringed with bushes and high grass; very often, also, patches of thick jungle extend close up to a village; or the village itself may be built on the skirt of a rocky, jungly hill, for the sake of a dry and well-raised site. In either case there is good cover for maraud-

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ing beasts of prey, whether their object be human or quadruped life. This leopard roamed over the ground occupied by eight or ten villages, with a circle of, roughly, about ten miles diameter, and was one day at one village, and another day, perhaps, some miles away at another place; he never remained two days together in one patch of jungle.

The village children would be at play in the village gardens, or a group of girls and women would be drawing water from the well sunk in the watercourse, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the spotted fiend would be in their midst, holding on with blood-thirsty grip to the throat of a helpless victim. A burst of screams and frantic rush of women and children to the village would instantly follow; but, by the time that the men who happened to be at home could catch up clubs and spears and sally out, nothing but a torn and blood-stained corpse, or, should the victim have been a small child, nothing but a little spilt blood would remain to show the tragedy which had just taken place.

Many noted native shikarries, and not a few English sportsmen, searched far and wide, and undertook fruitless night vigils over picketed dogs and goats for this leopard. Had it been permissible to have picketed a young child on a village outskirt they might have had success! The ravages of this woman and child-eater continued, and, probably from the people having become more cautious and frequenting the watercourses and gardens at mid-day, and in large parties only, the beast began to enter villages boldly at nightfall, and even to invade the courtyards of houses and carry off children from the very doorsteps.

This reign of terror continued for some time. At

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last a police constable from the village of Dawa, which had been especially haunted by the murderous brute, sat up several successive nights on a terraced roof, and in the moonlight saw the dark form of a leopard creeping through the street. The policeman fired ; the leopard rolled over with a grating roar, but rose again and disappeared in the dark shadows of the village walls. Next morning the constable, with an eager crowd of armed people, went out to track the wounded beast, and found much blood on a trail leading to the neighbouring jungle. But the leopard was not found ; in all probability it died in some retired spot ; and it almost certainly was the man-eater, for the plague ceased, and no more women or children were thenceforth carried off. It was hard upon the policeman, for he had to remain satisfied with the barren honour of his achievement, as he had no skin to show, and, without it, could not establish his claim to the Government reward.

Another fearful man-eater, in this instance a large panther, committed terrible ravages on the left bank of the Wurdah river, near the village of Natchingaum, on the high road from Nagpore to the Berar country. This animal, besides lying in wait for people straying into the jungles and on lonely paths between the little hamlets near Natchingaum, was in the habit of pulling down watchmen who, seated on high stages, were protecting the ripening grain from the depredations of deer, hog, and other denizens of the jungle. These stages are raised in the middle of the fields on poles from twelve to fifteen feet high, and are ascended by means of notched sticks, which serve as ladders. On the top of these poles a few cross sticks, tied across and furnished with a piece of strong matting, form a

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stage, on which the watchman squats the live-long night, hooting and shouting whenever he hears, or fancies that he hears, some animal munching the grain which is his care. At the bottom of the stage is usually a smouldering fire, over which, when morning breaks and his weary vigil is ended, he cowers to warm himself, and to smoke his well-earned tobacco screwed in a twisted "palass" leaf. Sometimes the watchman, overcome with sleep and the chilly night air, dozes on his stage, and at such times it is supposed this man-eater made his noiseless approach, swarmed up the poles, and pulled the careless sleeper from his perch.

Many men were thus killed by this panther, which became the terror of the cultivators. Another victim was an unfortunate idiot, who was in the habit of sleeping at night out in the open air. He was frequently warned not to be so rash when the man-eater's name had become a word of terror in the district; but the idiot's feeble intellect could not comprehend the danger, and he continued to lie out, curled up like a dog, in the purlieus of the village. One night a frightful yell awakened the slumbering people. The man-eater had seized the poor idiot, and mangled him so that he died almost before he could be lifted from the ground. The end of this panther was ignominious. One of the civil officers of the district set a box-trap, baited with a goat, on the outskirts of a village, and the panther, not having been able to get more dainty food, was tempted by the presence of the goat, and was found in the morning, grinning through the bars of the trap, and was immediately shot to death by the villagers.

There are many other stories of Nagpore man-

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eaters; but those which I have now related suffice to show what a fearful scourge an animal of the kind will become.

About this time, also, there was one of quite another description, which committed many murders in the wild country north of Sumbulpore. This was a large male elephant, which, if in Ceylon, would have been called a "rogue." He continually lay in wait for travellers by the road side, and made himself a nuisance to all the jungle hamlets for many miles round. My friend, the slayer of the man-eaters already mentioned, went for this elephant, but, unluckily, with a companion who was well known to be a very jealous sportsman.

They searched the jungles for some days, under guidance of an intelligent and civil native "head of police," and one morning came on the elephant's tracks. After some questing, my friend came upon the elephant in so favourable a position that an advance under cover for about thirty yards would place him close to the monster, and give him an almost surely fatal shot; but, just as he was creeping up, the jealous sportsman came in view of what was going on, and, though he perfectly understood the situation, and was himself much too far (seventy or eighty yards) from the quarry, his jealous feeling overcame him, and, rather than let his companion get the good chance which offered, he fired from that long distance, and, of course, did no harm whatever to the elephant, which turned and rushed away through the forest.

The mischief caused by the jealous man did not end here. A fine lad, about fourteen years of age, son of the head of police, was following the sportsmen

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in hopes of seeing the fun, and the incensed elephant, smarting with the slight wound which he had just received, rushed upon the boy and literally smashed him to pieces. This elephant was, some time afterwards, killed by a native, who sat for him in a tree, and potted him between the bumps as he passed underneath.

Elephants are tolerably numerous in the Singhboom and Palamow forests ; but except one small herd in the extensive jungles on the right bank of the Godavery, near the Percall lake, no more are to be met with in Central or in Southern India until the heavy forests of the Western Ghauts are reached. The small herd on the bank of the Godavery is said to have consisted (in 1847) of about a dozen very harmless animals, and the natives say that these are the descendants of some tame ones which broke loose in the wars which prevailed in the Hyderabad country over 200 years ago. This herd does not seem to increase much in numbers, for in 1866, when again in that part of the country, I was credibly informed that the herd, which had never been molested by anyone, did not consist of more than fourteen or fifteen animals.

Before quitting the subject of dangerous individual wild beasts, I may mention one or two instances where death has resulted from unusual attacks. In one case, a woman at the Shervaroy hills was fetching water from a stream near her village, when a hyæna rushed out of the jungle and seized her by the arm, and endeavoured to drag her away. The woman dropped her water-vessel ; but the hyæna would not let her go, and she in her turn seized the beast by its long ears and tried to drag it towards the village.

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The villagers, attracted by her frantic cries, rushed up, and found her on the ground struggling with the hyæna. They attacked it with clubs, but it would not quit its hold until they had slashed it about its head with knives; even then it released one arm only to grip the other; but they at last overpowered and killed it. The woman died. The hyæna was a female, and most likely had cubs not far off, which might account for the unusual ferocity of this ordinarily cowardly animal.

The still more cowardly and despised pariah dog of India has also been known sometimes to break out in this way. Some years ago, at Jullunder, a native boy was killed and devoured by dogs. He had thrown a stone at one, and the dog flew at him; other dogs joined in the attack, and, having got him down and tasted his blood, they devoured him like a pack of wolves. The villagers, who ran to the rescue, were too late to do anything but kill some of the dogs.

A yet more extraordinary affair occurred in Oude, on the Rampore Ghaut, near Golah. Two boys were roaming the jungle, and suddenly came upon an immense python, half hidden in the herbage. They did not know what it was, and one of them went up close to look at it, and the serpent sprang and seized him. The other boy gave the alarm, and the people of a neighbouring village came to the spot. When they first saw the yellow, heaving mass among the leaves and grass, they thought that it was a panther; but, on going up closer, they found that the boy was lying in the folds of an enormous snake. On receiving several blows of bill-hooks the snake began to uncoil itself, and the villagers dragged the boy away and finished the killing of the python, which was

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over sixteen feet long. The boy was quite dead. All his ribs and other bones were more or less broken, and his stomach was burst open by the violence of the snake's embrace. The serpent which I shot in 1853 at Nursingpooram was, it will be remembered, even larger than this Oude python.

In a chapter devoted, as this is, so exclusively to wild beasts, I cannot do better than give the published "Half-Yearly Statement" of wild animals killed in the Central Provinces in the first half of the year 1864, with the rewards paid.

Nagpore Division.

84 tigers (including 2 man-eaters), Rs. 3,940.
116 panthers, leopards, and cubs, Rs. 1,035.
67 bears and cubs, Rs. 311.
6 wolves and cubs, Rs. 30.
67 hyænas and cubs, Rs. 129.

Jubbulpore Division.

84 tigers (including 3 man-eaters at Seeonee), Rs. 4,000.
221 panthers, leopards, and cubs, Rs. 2,165.
109 bears and cubs, Rs. 516, 8 ans.
25 wolves and cubs, Rs. 122.
118 hyænas and cubs, Rs. 233.

Nerbudda Division.

79 tigers, Rs. 3,710.
169 panthers, leopards, and cubs, Rs. 1,615.
79 bears and cubs, Rs. 353, 8 ans.
17 wolves and cubs, Rs. 69.
98 hyænas and cubs, Rs. 193.

Chutteesghur Division.

94 tigers, Rs. 4,430.
41 panthers, leopards, and cubs, Rs. 400.
7 bears and cubs, Rs. 35.
14 wolves and cubs, Rs. 55.
17 hyænas and cubs, Rs. 34.

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8 tigers, Rs. 400.
11 panthers and leopards, Rs. 110.
7 bears and cubs, Rs. 35.
4 wolves and cubs, Rs. 10.

Grand total—349 tigers.
558 panthers, leopards, and cubs.
310 bears.
53 wolves.
298 hyænas.

The total number of rewards paid being the large sum of Rs. 24,064½.

To these statistics of 1864 for the Central Provinces, I will add some of much later date for all India. In the year 1881, 2,757 persons were reported to have been killed by wild animals, and in 1882 the number reported was 2,606. In the same two years, the number of cattle destroyed by wild beasts was 41,644 and 44,540 respectively. The money loss upon the cattle would be about 9 lakhs of rupees= £90,000.

The ravages of wild beasts, and the destruction of human life occasioned by them, are trifling in comparison with the terrible mortality which returns, for the same two years, show to be due to snake-bites. I am not in possession of the returns for 1881; but in 1882 the number of persons who died of snake-bite in all India is set down as 19,519! It is stated that this is considerably in excess of the number in 1881, the greatest increase having been in the North-West Provinces and in Oude, where, in 1882, 5,680 persons were killed, as compared with 5,010 in 1881. In 1881, 43,669 cattle died of snake-bite; in 1882, 46,707 were thus destroyed.

Now, as to the snakes themselves. Rewards for

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their destruction were paid in some, perhaps most, parts of India. No rewards were paid in Madras. In 1881, 254,968 snakes were killed and paid for; in 1882, a great increase of destruction took place, and the snakes killed and paid for stand at 322,421: probably three times the number were also destroyed "free, gratis, for nothing." But there are many things which throw considerable doubt upon the accuracy of the returns of "deaths by snake-bites," and which induce the belief that an enormous amount of secret crime, poisoning by other means than snake's venom especially, is hidden in these returns, and that murders of women in particular, for family reasons, are of horribly frequent occurrence, and are conveniently put down to "snake-bite"! The fact that the "snake-bite" mortality of human beings is not very far short of one-half that of the cattle is in itself most suggestive. There can be little doubt that in these, and in deaths by drowning in India, a frightful amount of crime lies hidden.

Immediately after this last expedition to the tiger-haunted banks of the river Wurdah, I bade farewell, for a long time, to the pleasant hunting-grounds of the Central Provinces, and made my way, with horse and tent, to Budnaira, a place near Oomrawuttee, in the Berar valley, to which the Nagpore branch of the "Great Indian Peninsular Railway" had then advanced. At Oomrawuttee, an Engineer officer told me that a short time before, while travelling in his district, he came across a *pack* of panthers, six in number, composedly walking across a glade in the jungle. To use his expression, they were going along, close together, just like a pack of hounds. At Budnaira I took the rail to Bombay, [illegible]amaram,

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embark for Suez and England. Nothing worth recording happened on this voyage, or on that from Alexandria to Southampton, or the overland journey through Egypt, all of which have already been so often described by other writers. I remained eight months only in England; and, in February 1866, finding that I should get the command of a regiment, I again embarked for "the Land of the East."

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CHAPTER XII.

To Secunderabad.—Buy an Elephant.—Rawrapett.—Family of Tigers.—Kill three Cubs.—Procession of the "Lungur."—Sir Richard Temple as Resident.—The Reformed Troops.—African Body Guard.—Murder of a Native Woman.—Executions.—Entertainments at Hyderabad.—Nawaub Sir Salar Jung.—His Palace.—Amazons.—Two Months in the Jungles.—Yelmulla.—Bear-shooting.—A good Day's Sport.—Impracticable Tigers.—"Pawn" Gardens.—A Panther Fight.—The Kaissera Tiger.—Panther and Hare.

ON arrival at Madras, I found myself posted to the command of a regiment at Secunderabad, and I journeyed thither by three successive modes of travel: by rail to Beypore; on a little, slow coasting steamer, the "Tilly," to Bombay; and partly by rail, partly by "bullock transit" from Bombay to Secunderabad. On arriving at Cokutlapillay, about four miles from Secunderabad, the last relay of bullocks gave in, there having been no relief for them at the proper stage; and I walked into Secunderabad. Just before I entered the cantonment, the "Paddy Bird," whom I had summoned from his native village, met me; and great was the delight which he exhibited at the meeting.

Soon after, I bought a very steady and docile female elephant in the city of Hyderabad, and went with her on a shooting excursion to the country lying north and east of the station, but had no luck whatever. My former haunts, Kaissera and Ramaram,

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were visited by me; but I saw no large game. Everything near Secunderabad had been shot off, and, except a few wandering tigers, which I had not the luck to meet with, and a very few bears of which I saw the marks and diggings only, the jungles were empty. I shot a young hyæna, which bolted from beneath as I was clambering along the side of a hill, and that was the only large animal I got.

In October I had a little better luck. My shikarry heard of a tigress with cubs at Rawrapett, about twenty miles north-east from Secunderabad; and I had a young bullock picketed close to the jungly hills which this tigress was known to frequent. I encamped near the tiger's haunt, and, the next morning, a report was received that the buffalo had been killed and dragged into the jungle under the hills. On proceeding to the spot, we found that it had been carried clean away: the strong rope with which it had been tied up was broken into three pieces, showing the enormous power with which a tiger can *tug*; and a trail was seen, leading over the embankment of a small tank into the thick cover at the foot of the hills. As the village beaters were confident that they knew where the tigress would break, I sent one elephant round to the west flank of the hill, and went myself on the howdah-bearing elephant to the eastward. This elephant belonged to Sir Salar Jung, who, with his usual kindness, had lent it to me.

Almost directly after the beat began a cry arose that the tigress and cubs were on foot. Unfortunately the tigress herself came out just where the shikarries said she would *not*, and she went away close to my pad elephant, and I lost the chance. The howdah elephant was driven up as fast as possible, but to no

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purpose : she had escaped to the thickly-wooded hills which lay beyond those which I was beating. The cubs were still in the cover, having been deserted by their cowardly mother ; and a clump of bushes was pointed out as the retreat of one of them. This clump was accordingly well beaten, and the cub rushed out close to the elephant's fore-feet. The elephant bolted, and I fired a useless shot. By this time my own elephant, Luchmee by name, came up, and we beat the cub out again ; but again the howdah-elephant ran away, and I mounted on Luchmee's pad.

In a little time news came that the cub was lying in the cover from whence the family had been first turned out ; so I went up, still on the pad, and began to beat. It was a very thick jheel (swampy cover), full of grass and bushes, lying between the little tank and the rocks.

Very soon a cub rushed out, roaring like a full-grown tiger, and scattered the beaters. I shot it through the body, and it lay, growling, in the bushes under a tree. After a little while, another cub was moved from a neighbouring bush, and I shot it. When the people went to pick it up out of the bushes, a third cub went at them, and I had to get off the elephant and climb up the rocks after it, and very soon shot it also. By this time it was fast getting dark, and, as the wounded cub under the tree was in a dense thicket, still growling, but unable to quit the spot, and as the people would not go near it, we left it till the next day.

The next morning we found this cub lying dead where we had left it ; and we beat for the tigress, but she was probably many miles away. The cubs were

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about the size of small panthers, as large (that is, allowing for the difference in build) as a good mastiff. Their skins were very prettily marked: the colour a a fine deep orange tawny and black. A *pale* skin is always a sign of age in a tiger; and I have seen some immense skins of male tigers which are of quite a light buff colour, and the stripes of which are by no means of the intense black with which the younger animals are so well adorned, but are of a dull greyish black only.

Soon after my return from Rawrapett the procession of the "Lungur" took place in the city of Hyderabad. This procession is on one of the last days of the Mahorum festival, which is observed as such by the "Soonnee" Mahomedans, who are the most numerous sect of that religion in India: the "Sheeah" sect, chiefly Persians, observe the Mahorum as a time of mourning and not of festivity. The Turks and Affghans are strict Soonnees. Sir Richard Temple had just come as British Resident; and I went with him to see the procession pass Salar Jung's palace, from a balcony of which we saw it wind its lengthy way through the wide street below. It was a wonderful sight: all the great officers of state and the city nobles, with their retinues, and also about twenty thousand troops, regular and irregular, horse, foot, and artillery, streamed on for about three hours. Most of the nobles and great Arab and Rohilla jemadars were mounted on richly-caparisoned elephants, and were accompanied by swarms of retainers and of mercenary soldiers, fierce and wild in their demeanour; and the streets were lined with armed ruffians, in soiled and tattered garments, the very scum and offscourings of the great city: to use

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Sir Richard Temple's vigorous descriptive words—"a seething, surging, mass of devilry"!

On came the procession, an animated, many-coloured river. Each chief, gorgeously attired in kincaub and satin garments, and girded with ancestral arms of rare value, reclined in his richly-ornamented howdah; his servants, also armed to the teeth, in the khawas behind him, holding a gold or silver fringed umbrella over their master's head. Some few haughty nobles took no notice, and made no obeisance, as they passed the balcony in which the Minister was seated; but most of them rose slightly in their howdahs and acknowledged Sir Salar Jung in a manner more or less emphatic. In front of each great man's elephant strode a throng of white-clad mercenaries, armed with sword and shield and long matchlocks wound round with fillets of silvered metal, all marching to the sound of drums and hoarsely-braying horns. Then, immediately in front of the caparisoned elephant, a party of men bearing tall spears crowned with plumes and tufts of black ostrich feathers. Behind each elephant pressed on troops of mounted warriors, some in bright chain mail, with steel caps flashing in the sun, and high steel gauntlets on their strong right arms, their horses caparisoned with many-coloured housings, and bridles encrusted with cowry shells and jingling silver coins, and with heavy martingales adorned with great hanging silken tassels. Some of the horsemen, instead of coats of mail, were clad in thickly-wadded vests with high wings, or collars, rising above their necks and shoulders; and, on their heads, tall wadded caps coming over their ears, and proof against a sabre-cut however stoutly delivered.

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Some chiefs were attended by "Shuter sowars" (camel soldiers), veritable dragoons in appearance, despite their ungainly "mounts." They wore high jack-boots and breeches, and green or red "alkhaliks" (long military tunics), and were armed with bell-mouthed blunderbusses of formidable calibre. Their camels were covered with red and yellow trappings, ornamented with a profusion of cowry shells stitched upon their housings, and with high plumes of feathers standing upright between their ears.

Then came the main body of retainers, dressed more or less after the manner of regular sepoys, but of fashions long since exploded in our armies: every kind of shako and turban was there, round-topped and flat-topped; some encircled with pipe-clayed cords and tassels, some with wide tapes and puffed-out rosettes sewn over a blue-cloth-covered frame. These men were armed with antiquated flint and steel muskets, and were accoutred with equally ancient belts and pouches of obsolete pattern; and only served as a foil to set off the otherwise thoroughly Oriental character of the display. Thus did noble after noble and chief after chief pass on in quick succession: the followings of each one varying in number from fifty to five hundred or more, according to the wealth and power of their masters.

After many thousands had thus passed by, a clang of military music announced the advance of the "Reformed Troops," a force of some five thousand men raised by the Minister to serve as the regular army of the state. These troops were then commanded chiefly by English officers, who had, for one reason or another, quitted the British army or the Indian army and had taken service under the Nizam.

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It was said in those days, and with much truth, that, as regarded those officers, the "Reformed Troops" were a "cave of Adullam"; but now (1883) this element has been very much eliminated; and, though still under an English "commander-in-chief," the dwindling body of English officers is being gradually replaced by natives, who are styled majors and captains, &c. To return to this day's procession. At their head rode their commander and his staff, with a good band playing English music, the native bandsmen being mostly men who had had experience in our service. Two lancer regiments passed first, their bamboo-shafted spears bearing gay flickering pennons; the riders in green uniform closely imitating that of the Hyderabad Contingent Cavalry. Then came two batteries of artillery, not over-good in appearance, and with old-pattern light field-pieces in their train. Three or four infantry regiments next followed, dressed in red, and armed with percussion muskets; under their woven blue and black caps were to be recognised the familiar types of face usually met with in our own well-disciplined native infantry: in fact, there is no doubt that many of them, like their English officers already adverted to, were waifs and strays from the ranks of our army. After this perhaps (politically speaking) too efficient force came the "African Body Guard," a splendidly armed and equipped and well-horsed squadron of negroes. Hideous in face, with white-circled rolling eyes and blubber lips, these cavaliers still commanded admiration for their stalwart proportions, encased in full dragoon uniform—helmets, braided tunics, white breeches, and high boots complete. Their discipline under arms seemed excellent, and their bearing most

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soldier-like. The "Pagah," or special body of irregular infantry, under the immediate orders of the Minister, brought up the rear; and by the time that the last files had passed, and the Minister courteously indicated to the Resident that the show was over, we had seen quite enough of it and were right glad to return to the quiet of the Residency.

I saw a very curious thing this year at Secunderabad. For two days an innumerable flight of white, yellow-spotted butterflies passed, flying near the ground, from north to south, in such multitudes as to give the appearance of a fall of parti-coloured snow, only that their flight was horizontal, and few, if any, fell to the ground.

A cruel murder of a native woman took place this year. The poor creature, who was of indifferent character, was enticed from her house at night by a low-caste man, and, at his instance, put on a quantity of valuable ornaments before she went out with him. Her body, fearfully cut and hacked, and, it is hardly necessary to say, despoiled of all her jewellery, was found on a piece of waste land near the "Sudder" (principal) bazaar. The murderer was apprehended and executed. Natives in general go very quietly to execution: "Nusseeb" comes into play, and the man who will cower and howl, like a beaten dog, if subjected to corporal punishment, or otherwise put to bodily fear or pain, will behave in a most nonchalant fashion at the gallows. But this murderer did not at all like being hanged; he fought and bit, and conducted himself in what the native crowd considered very bad form, and had to be held by several stout constables while the noose was being adjusted and his "turning off" accomplished. I have known of only

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one similar case, also at Secunderabad, when the prisoner made equal objections to allow the sentence of the law to be carried out. This was in 1847, and at that time it was the rule that the field officer of the day should attend any execution which might come off during his tour of duty: a strange rule, and which has long been abolished. On the occasion to which I refer a certain cavalry colonel, well known for his rough temper and terrific swearing, was the field officer; and when the prisoner became obstreperous, he got so excited that he turned to and abused him violently in both English and the vernacular! It has never been my ill-luck to witness an execution; but some subalterns, who had a taste for horrors, attended, and described the revolting scene most graphically that same evening at mess.

While upon the theme of executions, and to show the height of coolness which is often exhibited by natives condemned to death, I may mention an incident which occurred in the Goomsoor campaign, when many rebels, whose crimes were complicated with murders, were hanged in various parts of that district. One of these men was sentenced to be hanged at his own village, which was in the depths of the jungle. He was escorted thither in a dhooly by an officer's party of sepoys; and it so happened that by the defection of the guide appointed to lead them they lost their way, and no one except the prisoner knew the road, which was, indeed, merely a jungle path: so everything was at a deadlock; the dhooly was set down by its bearers, and consultation was held with the native officers of the escort as to what should next be done. The condemned man listened attentively to the discussion, and, respectfully joining his

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hands, said to the officer, "I know the way; let me show it." This cool offer was accepted, and the man, well guarded and pinioned, walked in front of the party, and took them by the nearest path to his village. On arrival the preparations for his execution were made: the low-caste executioner nimbly climbed a tree, of which a stout horizontal branch, about ten feet from the ground, stretched over the entrance to the village, and securely tied the rope to it. The prisoner was requested to mount on the top of his dhooly, which was lifted, with him, by the bearers and carried under the branch. The executioner, squatting on the branch, reached down and adjusted the noose; and, at a signal from the officer, the bearers ran away with the dhooly, leaving the unhappy criminal effectually, if not scientifically, hanged. There he was left, *in terrorem*, at the entrance of the deserted village, and the escort, dhooly, and all, returned to their head-quarters.

I attended several state dinners given by Sir Salar Jung to various high officers: to Sir Richard Temple, and to his successor, Mr. Saunders, and to General McCleverty, Commander-in-chief of the Madras army, &c. One description of these dinners will serve for all. Usually, about one hundred and twenty British officers, civil and military, and perhaps fifty ladies, sat down to dinner; also twenty or thirty noblemen, including several members of the family of the most courteous host.

Nawaub Sir Salar Jung—now, alas! dead—was a most perfect gentleman, and a universal favourite with all English officers who had the honour of his acquaintance: he perfectly understood our manners and customs; and a more high-bred nobleman never

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graced an Indian court. Of his reputation as a statesman there is no need to speak in this place. He it was who kept in order the fierce and fanatical population of the Nizam's territories in the time of the great mutinies, when every "budmash" (*anglice*, "rough") in Hyderabad was lusting for murder and pillage. His loyalty to the British Government was then most fully proved, if indeed it could ever have been doubted. A word from Salar Jung, or even the smallest relaxation of his stern rule, would have been enough: the Deccan would have risen, and the flame of rebellion would have spread over the whole South of India; and it might well have happened that the country would have had to be again conquered at a fearful cost of blood and treasure.

At these state dinners the Minister's extensive palace was illuminated: thousands of oil lamps were ranged on every wall and cornice, and the palace courts and gardens were lighted up in the same style. The company assembled in the spacious terraced garden within the palace precincts, where, to beguile the time until dinner should be announced, English pieces of music were played by very proficient bandsmen; and, also, nautch girls attitudinised to the shrill accompaniments of native musical(?) instruments, and sang, at intervals, in harsh and strident strains, choice pieces from their *repertoire* of Oriental melodies! The dinners were *à la Russe*, and were a mixture of English and of Indian viands. Turkeys, *no* hams, but corned tongues instead, and large joints, French made dishes, and then the most delicious and *recherché* curries which could be met with in all India.

All dinner time, champagne and moselle, to use the

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old saying, "flowed like water." The cost of the entertainment must have been prodigious. After dinner, the whole assembly adjourned to a long gallery, or balcony, which overlooked a very spacious courtyard, and here witnessed a grand display of fireworks. At Hyderabad, besides many native artists in this line, there was a French pyrotechnist, who supplied fireworks to the Minister and to all the great nobles of the city; and the display on state occasions was exceedingly fine. The most elaborate devices and every kind of coloured fire were employed; and nowhere, except at a great fête at the Crystal Palace, have I seen these fireworks equalled. When the exhibition was over, the guest of the evening first made a move, and all others followed so soon as their carriages could be got up for them.

And now a peculiar and graceful custom was observed. Sir Salar Jung took his place just within the door of exit, with attendants at his side bearing trays full of gilt bottles of attar of roses. As each lady or gentleman advanced, the Nawaub shook hands, and presented to each lady four, to each gentleman two, bottles of attar. An odd story, said to be quite true, is related. On one occasion, a lady, after receiving the usual gift from the Nawaub's hands, contrived, in the crowd, and trusting not to be recognised in the flickering torch-light, to slip round and receive a *second* gift of bottles without, as she vainly imagined, being noticed by the quick eye of the Minister. Emboldened by success, and greedy for more, she threw a scarf over her head, and came round yet a third time! But Salar Jung saw all, and administered a most severe but gentlemanly rebuke. Looking her closely in the face, he plunged both hands into the

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tray of attar and took out a double handful of the little bottles, which he gently forced into her astonished hands, and then dismissed her, with his most courteous bow, never again to be invited to a palace entertainment.

Very pleasant, too, were the breakfasts which Sir Salar Jung was fond of giving to small parties of eight or ten guests. At these little parties he did the honours of his palace, showing suite after suite of gorgeously furnished rooms, filled with an astonishing number of costly articles: musical boxes, artificial fountains, magnificently bound books and albums, the finest ware of China and Japan, and other curiosities, of all kinds and of all countries. After breakfast the stables were visited, in which were over a hundred horses, mostly Arabs of the purest breeds; but there were also a number of fine English and Australian horses, employed to draw the Minister's heavy carriages, many of which were driven four-in-hand. There were about twenty carriages of sorts. The barouche, landau, brougham, waggonette, curricle, &c. were all represented in the Nawaub's spacious carriage-houses. In the stables, each horse's name was painted over his stall, generally Persian or Hindustani names, such as "Jignee" (Fire-fly), "Bijlee" (Lightning), &c. The elephants, of which he possessed a great number, being strong-smelling animals, were not kept within the palace precincts.

Another city noble, Vikar-ool-Oomrah, a near relative of the Nizam, gave an occasional party, which was not, however, to be compared with those given by Sir Salar Jung. The only noteworthy feature in Vikar-ool-Oomrah's parties was the Corps of Amazons which he maintained as a palace guard, and

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which, armed with muskets and bayonets, and clad in red jackets and tight trousers, paraded in the courtyard. Being tolerably old and ill-favoured to a woman, there was little, at a cursory glance by lamplight, to distinguish them from a company of stunted sepoys ; but they were quickly betrayed by the want of silence in the ranks ; no discipline or warlike style or training could keep their tongues quiet, and the gabble was terrific !

The commencement of 1867 found me shooting snipe and duck at Sharekumpillay, a village about twenty-four miles north-west of Secunderabad, in a very pretty open country dotted with fine groves of trees and picturesque tanks, under the embankments of which were goodly stretches of rice-fields where snipe abounded. There was also jungle in the vicinity, but, though I had several beats in it, I saw no large game.

In March I set out on an expedition, with two months' leave, to the country north of Secunderabad. Besides my own elephant, I had with me a steady but crusty-tempered animal which was lent to me by Sir Salar Jung. This excursion was not a successful one, but there were some few incidents which I will transcribe from my journal.

On the 14th of March, being then about one hundred miles from Secunderabad, I rode to the village of Mucmudapillay. When dawn was breaking, I saw an animal run from the border of a small tank towards a low hill close by ; it appeared to me to be a panther, and immediately afterwards we heard its grating call on the hill-top. We remained at Mucmudapillay three days, trying, in vain, to get sight of a tiger which had killed a bullock not very far from

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my tent. I shot nothing here but a bear, which met me, face to face, in a jungle path, late one evening. At the next stage, Dermaveram, a panther, with two cubs, had taken up her abode in a cluster of rocks near the village. As her attentions to the villager's goats, &c. were somewhat pressing, the people mobbed her, but were signally defeated with the loss of three men wounded. I went to the rocks, and made a close search, but she was not there, and had evacuated her fortress with certainly all the honours of war.

At Loshur, near the Godavery river, we had a most unlucky day. I sat up, in the early morning, on a hill near the camp, and had hardly taken my post when we heard a bear grunt on the skirts of the hill. When it became light, we saw a female bear, and two big cubs, at the foot of the hill. After a long time, they came up, and we went to meet them. When about eighty yards off, the old bear saw us, and I was obliged to fire at once instead of coming to closer quarters with them. On receiving the shot, all three began to fight and roll about, and then scuttled off, and I fired two more shots, and made as many shameful misses! The bears trundled down the hill, and made for the jungle, and I saw no more of them. When I was at dinner this evening, there arose a great row of men and dogs, yelling and barking; a panther had carried off a calf. This place is evidently full of large game, which is accounted for by there being a good spread of cultivation, and many flocks and herds; also good cover for wild animals in well-wooded hills, and in large belts of heavy scrub jungle and tracts of high feathery grass, interspersed among the fields. It is a great mistake, at all events in

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India, to suppose that deep and trackless forests, far from human life and habitation, are good for the sportsman. Except as regards elephant and bison, wild animals much affect the vicinity of villages and of cultivation.

The reason is plain. In the recesses of great forests, there is but little food for animals; no sweet grain to be pilfered, no roots to be dug up, no garden produce, no fresh-shooting stalks of young corn, or of succulent vetches, to be browsed upon. The animals of the deer tribe, wild hog, antelope, bears, &c., all shun the barren dead-leaf-strewn expanse of the forests, and hang about the more open glades and natural shrubberies which lie within easy distance of the fields. The same rule obtains as regards the felidæ, and other carnivorous animals; they obtain their own proper prey in the vicinity of cultivation, and, in addition, help themselves very largely to the tempting flocks and herds which wander, guarded by careless herd-boys, through every opening of the jungle.

The next day we saw a great many bears. No less than six were on foot at one time, but I only got one of them, and a hog; the ground being quite unrideable for a hundred miles round, there was no reason why I should not shoot the swine, as a feast for my hungry followers.

No tigers appeared in this beautiful country, and I ascertained that they had been destroyed by means of strychnine, which, sad to say, has been much used of late years. One head of a village told me, with a complacent smile, that he had, in the past three years, poisoned fourteen cattle-lifting tigers! But what else can be expected when, in the south of

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India, an officer, calling himself a sportsman, actually laid himself out to be a professional tiger poisoner, and was employed in that capacity by Government. May the execration of all true sportsmen follow him and his abettors for ever!

I next encamped at Yelmulla, a small village in a most lovely jungle, on the left bank of the Godavery, My tent was in a little open space near the village, and was nestled under a small jamun (wild plum) tree, near a tank, in which, morning and evening, I caught, with a fly, numbers of "rookchall," a small silvery fish very like the English bleak; two or three dozen of these little fish, threaded on a sliver of a bamboo, and fried, form a very toothsome adjunct to a jungle breakfast. They take a black or white gnat, dressed on the tiniest of hooks, very readily, at sunrise and sunset; but not at other times of the day, except in rainy weather, when their feeding time appears to extend over all the hours of daylight.

I went out with elephants and beaters, and had a long day's work. We beat a number of low rocky hills embowered in jungle; and, at the first beat, turned out a very old white-faced bear, which I killed after a rather long chase. This old lady was much feared by the villagers, and had, at different times, torn three or four people, of whom one woman had died of her wounds. This old bear's teeth were worn down almost to the gums, and she was very thin and shabby. We then put out another bear, with a cub, which, by mismanagement of the beaters, got off for a time, though with a broken shoulder. Then two bears got away to another hill, and we proceeded to beat for them, but had hardly commenced, when a

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great panther sneaked away; I had a very long shot at him, and missed. Directly after this, the two bears came out again, and I knocked over one of them with my large rifle; but it picked itself up again, and disappeared in the direction of the hill, where I had wounded the she-bear with the cub. We went back, and put up a fresh bear, which I also wounded severely, and then came across the wounded she-bear and her cub, and we had hard work to get her out of a cave into which she had retreated; at last we smoked her and her cub out, and bagged them both. The other wounded bears were not to be found again, though we searched most perseveringly for them; but the hills were one mass of caves, and we had to give it up.

Next day we went out and beat a grand piece of jungle north of my tent; the country very rocky and full of deep ravines, and covered with tree jungle. After searching several clumps of rocks without success, a man, who was stationed on a high tree, pointed and made signs that something was on foot, but for some time nothing came out. At last, a panther ran down the ravine, and crossed within forty yards of my post. I fired and missed, and the beast dashed on; I fired my second barrel, and the panther rolled over like a rabbit, and lay gasping. Another moment, and a big she-bear, cub on back, came out of the rocks close to where the panther was lying. I fired with my second gun, and shot her through the head; we caught the cub, which was a very small one, and tied it up in a bag, and padded the panther and bear on the elephant. After a short time we saw a blue bull, and I had a long shot and wounded it. We chased this neilghye for some time, and I put three

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more bullets into it; at last, the beaters mobbed it, and the Mahomedan mahouts made it "hallal" (lawful food) with great glee, by cutting its throat, and it also was put on the pad, forming, with the two other animals, a very fair elephant-load. We got back early to the tent, well satisfied with the day's sport. The poor little cub died, suffocated in the bag, before we reached the tent.

Next day we went again to the ground where I shot the three bears, and put one out close to where I had shot the very old one; but I made an abominable miss of a fair shot at it. We then went to a great pile of black rocks, and moved a very large she-bear, which took refuge in a great cave, from which, for a long time, we could not get her out; at last I caught sight of her in a hole between the rocks, and shot her. She had a small cub, which the beaters killed.

After this we crossed the Godavery, which my horse had to swim, and I and my people crossed, in successive trips, on the elephants. About thirty yards of the mid-stream were unfordable; my horse was tied to the tail of my elephant, but this ingenious device did not appear to be relished by either horse or elephant. The Hyderabad elephant gave a tremendous kick out at a coolie, who was slipping off him from behind, and sent him into the river; very fortunately, the man was so close to the elephant's leg, that the blow was more of a push than a kick, and the coolie suffered only from fright and a ducking.

We now went to Yerragoontlah, where a tiger inhabited two large hills, almost mountains; the village shikarry said that there was little chance of getting at him, as, "if he kills a bullock, he always goes up the

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hills, and lies up in some enormous caves." The whole hill-side is a chaos of rocks and caverns. This evening a tremendous "hot-weather storm" of hail, rain, and thunder and lightning, came on, and my tent was all but blown over. As usual on such occasions, the temperature fell about 20°, but soon recovered itself, and the next day was nearly as hot as before the storm. The next morning I *ringed* the hills, knowing that, after such rain, we should certainly see the marks of any prowlers of the night; and we soon came on the tracks of a tiger, and traced him into the largest of the two hills. We put beaters on his track, and I posted myself on a large rock between the hills, hoping that the tiger might pass within shot of me. On our way, we saw vultures soaring over what was evidently a *kill*, on the skirts of the hill, and afterwards found that a cow had been killed there just about the time that we were tracking the tiger in the early morning. The beat commenced, and the din of tom-toms, rattles, and shouting, soon came swelling over the hill-top. Presently I saw the tiger stalk out from behind a great mass of rocks, but he turned along the side of the hill, and gradually made his way down into the plain, about four hundred yards from where I was posted. He was a very large and handsomely coloured tiger, and his sinuous body shone like gold in the bright sunlight, as he slowly descended among the grey rocks, staring suspiciously about him at every step. Oh! that I had been near enough for a fair shot; but it would have been useless to fire from such a distance. I now lost sight of him; but people in the fields saw him, and called out that he had gone up the hill again at another point, and into a den. I went

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round, but only in time to see him come out again, and ascend to near the top, where he disappeared among the crags. We went up and had every place well beaten, but he would not come out, and we were obliged, most reluctantly, to give him up. These hills were so evidently impregnable to any assault we could make, that we made no further attempt upon this tiger, but at once went on to another place.

At a very good-looking place, by name Enajeepett, we tied up three buffaloes. I entrusted the business to the village shikarry and my own sepoys and shikarry, and I did wrong, for a buffalo was killed, and when I got near the kill, I found that it was inside a range of hills, and guessed at once that it was a most doubtful affair. On getting close to the place, I gave up all hope. The carcase was lying in a densely-wooded nullah, in thick tree jungle surrounded on all sides by hills and rocks; and, worse than all, there was an immense mass of dens among heaped-up rocks, within one hundred yards of the kill! However, I had the place beaten out, and, as I expected, the tiger was lying on the rocks, and the "cawady" (attendant) of the Nawaub's elephant, who was sitting in a tree, saw the tiger move from one den to another. The beaters made a tremendous row with tom-toms and rattles, but to no purpose. I was very angry at the folly of tying up the buffalo in such a place, at the very den in which, as in a fortress, the tiger lived.

We now passed through a most beautiful country; ranges of low rocky hills covered with jungle, and valleys irrigated from numerous tanks fed by mountain streams, and which bore the finest crops of rice and of sugar-cane which I have ever seen. Here,

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too, were gardens of "pawn," creeping vines of which the aromatic leaves are used to wrap up the "betel" nut, so loved by the natives of India. These gardens are enclosed with mat walls about four feet high, and are roofed also with matting, supported on innumerable short poles, up which the pawn vines climb and have their roots always kept moist and cool by irrigating channels of pure water. In each side, perhaps a hundred yards long or more, are matted doors, to give ingress and egress to the cultivators; and it is not an uncommon occurrence, in the hot season, to find a tiger, or panther, in the garden, to the great discomfiture of the rightful owners; the beasts take refuge in these cool gardens from the fierce heat, and have often been killed in them by both English and Native sportsmen.

On 20th April I arrived at Sircilla, a very peculiar place on the left bank of a broad and sandy river. Opposite the town, and for some miles up and down the stream, the river is over half a mile wide, with very low banks; in the greatest floods it can never be out of a man's depth. At the time I saw it, there was only a runlet of water meandering from one side to another in tortuous course, but it was easy to get to water anywhere by digging a foot or so into the sandy bed. Save and except sparse patches of cultivation, the banks were covered with thick low jungle, and numberless islands, also laden with jungle, dotted the wide expanse. We were surprised to see a great number of slender poles stuck, with what object we could not imagine, into the sand, and on inquiry were told that every pole marked a place where a corpse lay buried. The custom of the people of Sircilla, and a very disgusting custom it is, is to

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bury their dead in shallow graves scraped out in the river-bed, a pole, to mark the spot, being driven deep down into the sand; and, owing to the exceptionally great breadth, and consequent sluggishness, of the stream, even when swollen by the rains, these graves are, in effect, undisturbed for any number of years, and the horrible pollution of the water which must arise from their loathsome custom is not at all regarded by those who drink it! I encamped on the bank of the river, on a fine green sward, in a grove of very tall palmyra trees, and I took good care not to drink the river-water.

In the evening, troops of short-tailed, red-sterned apes collected from their daily forage in the jungles, and, as the sun set, they approached the grove; and with many a malignant glance and angry bark at me, and at my men who were cooking their evening meal under the trees, they climbed, carefully watching their opportunities, into the highest palm-trees, and settled themselves, young and old, into the leafy tops, there finding a secure roosting-place, safe from the prowling panther, and all other enemies of apedom!

We stayed three days at Sircilla, and beat the tangled cover on the islands and river-banks several times for a tiger which always lived there; but with only two elephants it was impossible to get him out. Had there been a dozen or so of elephants in line across the islands, we might have had a chance; as it was, we moved him and made him roar; but he would not show himself, and only sneaked from one dense covert to another, until the day was spent, and we with it. We were now well on our return to Secunderabad, and, at one stage, Encatapoor, heard of a pair of panthers having killed a colt in a ruined fort,

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after which they quarrelled and fought over the spoil to such an extent, that one of them was found dead the next morning.

On the 4th of May we arrived at Kaissera, my last camp before entering Secunderabad; and here I had another really good chance of a tiger, but, as will be seen, it was not profitably used. After arrival at camp, I strolled out with my shikarry along the base of the great naked granite hill on which the Kaissera temples are built, and which is cleft almost in two by a deep and wide ravine, filled with a perfect avalanche of loose rocks, and which is usually tenanted by bears or panthers, or both. Just at the mouth of the ravine we came upon the fresh paunch of a bullock or buffalo, lying on the ground; we recognised the work of a tiger, and another glance showed us the broad trail in the crushed grass, where the carcase had been dragged away into the ravine. We quickly returned to camp, and ordered beaters to be collected; and here I made a great mistake in taking the beaters with me, intending to arrange plans on the spot, instead of posting myself on the top of the ravine, and sending them to surround it from below. This error, no doubt, lost me the tiger.

Scarcely had we arrived, and were consulting as to our operations, when a cry from the beaters drew my attention to the ravine, and I saw an immense tiger walking up it. He had been lying under some rock, or bush, commanding a good view of the plain below, and of the *kill*; and, seeing our assemblage, he thought it not good for his health to remain where he was, and accordingly walked out, and up the hill; he was about three hundred yards from me, and I was tempted to try the long and uncertain shot, but

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refrained. I was afterwards sorry that I did not shoot, for I might possibly have *plugged* him. He made his way up steadily, leaping from rock to rock; one spring, by which he gained the top of a rock eight or nine feet high, was very fine, so smooth and easy was his leap. In this way he went quietly over the brow of the hill, and was lost to view. I sent the beaters round the hill to endeavour to drive him down another gorge, in which I posted myself on some large rocks which commanded a good look-out, but where I was screened by high grass and bushes. In about half an hour we saw the beaters advancing along the top of the hill; and, almost immediately afterwards, the tiger came slowly along in front of them, and sat down between two beetling crags in full view of my post.

The beaters came on slowly also, and with much apparent hesitation, and, instead of coming straight on, they most provokingly edged off from where the tiger was sitting: they had not seen him, but luck was against us, and they acted exactly as if they had seen, and were afraid to beat him out of his position. He was "all there," and when he found them to be bearing away to one side, he crept out, and went down the hill on the other; and this was the last we saw of him. Just before he went off, we saw a panther come out from another gorge, and walk into a clump of bushes, where it remained as long as we could keep our eyes on it; but we could not watch it properly, as our attention was taken up by the tiger, the proper object of our ambush. When all was over, and the beaters had come up, we went after the panther, and bombarded the bush where he had lain with volleys of stones, but nothing moved. A strange

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thing was now seen; some two or three men went into the bushes, and presently came out with a dead hare in their hands: its head and shoulders had been bitten off! The panther must have surprised it, and, after eating this much, heard or perceived the beaters, and sneaked away in the jungle. So this day's labour was all in vain, and I returned tigerless to Secunderabad.

Nothing more worth mentioning happened this year. I made several small excursions from the station, but only for small game, which, by the way, is not over-plentiful in the neighbourhood of Secunderabad; one reason being the number of poaching natives, of a low and rowdy character, who continually sally forth from the cantonment, and shoot any and everything they can get hold of. Thus they make their livelihood, selling all they shoot; and, in the snipe and wild-fowl season, three or four of these rascals will club together; one or two of the number will encamp in some likely locality, and shoot everything down; the remainder will post themselves at intervals along the road, and so run the game, daily, fresh into Secunderabad.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Hornets and Bees.—To Burra Yekaillee and Arnagoontah.—Tiger and Bear killed.—A Tigress and Cubs.—The Changalare Tiger.—Eclipse of the Sun.—Death of Colonel Nightingale.—To Changalare again.—Shoot two Leopards and a Panther.—Shoot a Bear and a Tiger.—Snipe-shooting.—Nizam's Preserves.—Snipe-shooting.—Koramul.—Fishing.—Panther and Leopard Stories.—Leopard in a Wardrobe.—Leopard in General's Garden.—Persian Cat and Leopard.—Panthers seen at Route March.

IN the beginning of 1868 I went out with some others; but we saw nothing but a bear, and a few sambur of which we shot one. One day we were going along a narrow jungle path; I was in front, and three others were behind me. I passed a thick bush without noticing anything particular; but my friend next behind me (who was very short-sighted) said, "Oh, what a curious yellow flower—just like a sun-flower! I must pick it." Directly I heard this I ran on as hard as I could, and the next moment I heard a great outcry, as I expected, and a thrashing sound of heavy bodies tearing their way through the jungle. The "sun-flower" was no other than a fine nest of hornets. The species, a large bright yellow insect with a ferocious sting, constructs its nest, which is large, and of the size and shape of a good big sun-flower, on some strong projecting twig of an

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evergreen bush, and, when the nest is completed, the whole community dispose themselves in regular circles on it, with all their heads to the centre; thus they look like the spokes of a yellow wheel, or, as my unlucky friend said, like a sun-flower. He got pretty well stung, and those in rear of him did not escape scatheless. Fortunately this kind of hornet does not pursue an enemy very far. The truly dangerous insect is the large wild bee, which builds its nest something of the shape and size of a small cart-wheel, on horizontal branches of trees and under shelves of high rocks. These bees are most irascible, and, if disturbed, will fly out on the intruders, whether man or beast, and follow them for miles. I once found my tent pitched under a tree upon which was one of these great nests, and very uneasy did I feel during that day; fortunately no fire had been lighted, or the swarm would infallibly have turned out, and we might have been chased away for miles, leaving the tent and equipage to their pleasure.

Several fatal accidents have happened to sportsmen and others who have been so unfortunate as to disturb these insects. The case of two officers is well known, who, at the "marble rocks" of the Nerbudda river, were attacked and driven into the river, where they were drowned. Many a camp has been attacked, and the horses and bullocks stung to death. Animals, when picketed or tethered, of course fall easy victims. The only way to escape serious injury or death is to wrap one's self up in a blanket, or anything of the kind which may be at hand, or to plunge into water and splash violently to save such part of the head as may remain exposed; failing the possibility of either of these expedients, the only chance is to lie down,

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with face, neck and hands as much covered as possible, and to remain perfectly still; the bees then *may* leave the sufferer, thinking that they have finished him.

Another fatal accident of this kind happened at Puchmurree in 1883, when Surgeon-Major Jackson and a party were out shooting. They were attacked, it is said, by hornets, and without provocation; but I am inclined to believe that the assailants were bees, and that some unintended provocation was given. Even the accidental shaking of a bough over their nest, or the smoke of a cigar wafted across their delicate organs of smell, is a good cause for war! However it may be, Dr. Jackson received over two hundred stings, and died of blood-poisoning within a week. The other members of the party were much stung, but thrashed their way into thick jungle, and were quitted by their tormentors.

On the 2nd of April I went to a place about seventy-five miles west of Secunderabad, where I had good intelligence of tigers. I sent on my baggage, sepoys, elephants, &c., to Burra Yekaillee, a bungalow on the Sholapoor road, whence I rode six miles to my camp at Arnagoontah, a small village in the heart of the jungle. On the 5th, one of the buffaloes which had been tied up in the jungle was killed. The spot was about two miles north of my tent, in a valley between low hills. I had only my own elephant with me; one which Sir Salar Jung had lent to me, by name Sylan Pearee, turned out to be utterly useless, as I had proved the previous day, when she was taken out to beat a tract of jungle, and ran right away directly the beaters began to shout.

On arriving near the kill the village shikarries

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posted me on the top of a small hill overlooking the valley, and the beat had hardly commenced when the tiger walked over the hill, just in front of me. I fired, and, as I afterwards found, hit him in the hip, and he roared and dashed on, receiving two more shots, which, however, did not stop him. He had evidently eaten his fill, for he was enormously distended.

After the people had drunk water, for it was a broiling hot day, we started for another beat, as the shikarries were certain that they knew where he would be found, and I went on about a mile, and was posted on a rising ground overlooking some small but good ravines. The people did not much like the idea of beating up the wounded tiger, and as a preliminary they set fire to some thick grass, and then advanced with the fire. Soon we heard the sound of the rattles and shouting, and then *whistling* also, by which we knew that the tiger was on foot.

Presently he came slowly out of the cover, and I fired and knocked him into a bush; but he got up again and crept into a nullah. Again he appeared, and I hit him again. He could not walk far, and presently lay down, snapping and snarling. My elephant did not much like the look of his infuriated face and the bottled wrath of his green eyes; but she behaved very well altogether, and I was able to fire a steady shot at his face as it grinned at us out of the bush he lay in. On receiving this shot he got up, but staggered back and fell dead. The howdah was now taken off and carried back to the tent by the beaters, and we padded the tiger in its place, and I walked back to my tent.

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There having been no other kill, we beat some jungles in a non-tigerish quarter, and I shot a bear, which gave in after much protest in the way of howling and grunting as usual. On the 10th we put out a fine panther and a bear, but got neither, though I wounded the bear. Just as this beat was finished a messenger came to say that there had been a kill at Pertapoor, two miles the other side of my camp, and we went there; but the tiger broke away through the beaters. Evening came on, and we did not beat again.

Next morning we went to Pertapoor, in the hope of seeing yesterday's tiger, and we beat the large ravine from which it had broken away. Very soon there was a signal that a tiger was afoot, and two large cubs went over the hill. In a few minutes we heard a tiger roar in another direction; it turned out to be a tigress with two cubs.

The tigress, being experienced and crafty, would not be driven, but broke back through the beaters, who scattered right and left from her noisy path, and she went off to the heavy jungle of Muggrumpillay; but the cubs went in a different direction, and I followed them up. I sat in a tree overhanging a deep ravine, and the beat began. Presently a large cub came out of the cover close to me, and I rolled it over; it crawled into the ravine, where I finished it. It was a male, about two years old, and quite fit to leave its mother, for its second big teeth were pushing the first set out.

We now had a beat for the other cub, and it soon came out and rushed away at a hand gallop. I fired two snap shots, but missed it, and the shikarries advised me not to meddle with it again, but to leave

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it till the morrow, as the tigress, having bolted at the very outset of the beat, could not have been much alarmed, and would probably return in the night; so we struck work and returned to the camp.

The next morning news came from Pertapoor that the bereaved tigress had been roaring and calling round the village all night, and that "the hearts of the villagers had been turned into water and their mouths dried up by her noise"; but, though we beat all the likely places, we could not find her. She had, however, done me the favour to kill one of my buffaloes in the night, probably in anticipation of getting her young ones together, and having a feed in their company. We tried in vain to get sight of this tigress during the next three days; and, on the 16th, we moved camp about fourteen miles to Changalare, at which place I had very certain news of a big tiger. We pitched in a grove of young mango trees near a Hindoo temple which stands about a mile north-west of the village. The tiger is supposed to inhabit a green and lovely valley not far off, called the "Boogga," from a stream of never-failing spring-water which rises at the head of the valley, and flows, in a small marshy rill, all the way down its grassy glades.

The following day, there being no kill, we went to an old ruined fort, by name "Deoghurree," or "the fort of the gods," about four miles south of my camp; the road was through jungle all the way, on the flat tops of the laterite hills. About half-way there is a large peepul tree, which is visible for miles round, it being on the very top of the hill: the old fort is built of laterite, the blocks of which were evidently cut out

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of the ditch which encircles it. The laterite is hard enough now, though soft and easily worked when first dug out, which is the character of this stone. Below the fort, in a deep valley, is an extensive grove of mango trees, interspersed with the rugged tamarind and graceful drooping bamboo: this grove was planted by a public-spirited Hindoo, now deceased, who likewise planted many hundreds, it may be thousands, of mango trees in and about Changalare. In this grove are also cocoa and other palms, and smaller fruit trees, especially orange and guava. We beat the sides of the valley, but saw nothing. We turned a large hog out of the weeds and creepers with which the fort ditch is choked, but did not molest him.

Next day I was gratified with the news of a kill in the Boogga valley: we went to the place, which was about a mile and a half north of my tent, and found the kill in a deep-cut ravine which runs into the valley, and has a pool of water at the upper end. That end of the ravine is scarped in the laterite by the rains by which the pool is formed and filled. It is here that a friend of mine looked over the scarp, and saw a tiger lying asleep below and killed it. We approached the ravine at this point, and I took off my shoes and crept up, but no such luck was in store for me. I then mounted the elephant, and had the ravine beaten; but, to our disappointment, no tiger appeared. This looked bad, for it was clear that the tiger had moved; so we determined to beat up that side of the valley which was lined with thick evergreens nourished by the slender thread of water which, even at this dry season, crept through the whole length of the marshy hollow. I went nearly a mile onwards, and posted myself at the head of a small ravine which dropped

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into the valley. After we had waited for a short time the beat began, and I was startled for a moment by a red cow which trotted out from the nullah. At first glimpse of her ruddy coat I thought it was the tiger: she seemed excited, and stared wildly around. In about five more minutes, while I was watching the bushes on the other side, a loud roar burst from the nullah itself, and a fine Tom came out in full charge within ten paces of my elephant. Luchmee swung a little, but behaved very well; and I fired a quick shot and broke the tiger's shoulder. My second barrel missed; but the first shot was enough, and he half rushed, half limped back into the nullah. I pressed on, and presently saw him doubling back to the near bank, and I fired again. The bullet told loudly on his glossy side: I thought he fell over, but could not see much of him in the thick brushwood. Anyhow, he collected himself, and got up the bank on my side, and I caught sight of him as he moved labouringly away. I gave him another bullet, to which he went down, but got up again and staggered on about thirty yards, when I got another good shot at his flank, and he fell lifeless. He was enormously fat and heavy, and I found that, as I supposed, I had hit him four times. The howdah was taken off and the tiger padded, and we reached the tent at about 3 P.M. The exceeding bad smell of a dead tiger is well known, and I had a sufficient taste of it to-day! though he had not been half an hour dead: he was being hoisted up on the elephant by a dozen chattering beaters, and I was, unluckily, standing close by. When he was nearly settled on the pad, some pressure on his stomach caused a rush of gas to escape, from a shot-hole in the same region, full in my face, and turned

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me perfectly sick. I have never smelt anything more horrible! This successful day was my last, for that time, in the jungle, and I returned to Secunderabad.

On 18th of August there was a total eclipse of the sun, and the totality was perfect at Secunderabad. It commenced early in the morning, and became total at about 9 o'clock. We had candles lighted in the house; but the darkness was by no means so complete as we expected, though there was a great want of light when the sun was completely covered. The effect was that of a dark twilight, but of a lurid and weird description: the temperature fell about 3°. At the moment when the last crescent-shaped sliver of the sun disappeared, the "corona" shot forth magnificently; a setting of white light round the dark body of the moon. "Bailey's beads" were also distinctly visible, like minute gems studded round the moon's disc.

The phenomenon of the "rose-coloured protuberances" was very lovely, tongues of bright flame gushing from the invisible sun into the corona. It was a most beautiful spectacle, but it lasted about two minutes only: the moon glided on, and, at the first flash of the restored sun, all these glorious marvels vanished. The natives were in great commotion: as the eclipse advanced, the roar of tom-toms all over the town and bazaars grew louder and louder, mingled with the shouts and chanted prayers of the Hindoo population. An eclipse renders all Hindoos "unclean"; and it is imperative on them to bathe and change their clothes (those who have any to speak of) when it is over. The following lines, supposed to be an *Irish* account of the eclipse, may amuse, and cer-

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tainly give a vivid notion of the effect produced upon the natives of India.

Lines on the Eclipse of the Sun, August 18th, 1868.

Och! what flustration
And botheration
Is on the Indies this blissed day:
The learned Brahmins
Are praching sarmins,
And doing Poojah from sai to sai.

The ancient Tabbies
And little Babbies
Are all a lying at their Idol's fate:
And ivery Hindoo
Sits at his window,
And at his thrishold is knocking his pate.(!)

Becas the sun, Sir,
It is no fun, Sir,
Is goin' to be aten by a sarpint sthrong;
And who can say
That the blissed day
Will iver return us sowls among!
'Tis now the howlin'
And bitther growlin'
Of all the prastes will be mighty loud,
Wid great tom-toming
And murderin' drumming
Of all the chucklers in the sweltherin' crowd!

The great asthrologers,
And famed asthronomers,
Have long detarmined that the sun shall pass
Behint the moon, Sir,
Like a fire balloon, Sir,
When it 's well inflated with laughing gas.

'Tis then the Moodeliars
And Chetties and Pariahs
Wid fright will thrimble in their haythen hearts;
And call on Vishnoo
And Brama and Krishnoo
To batther the sarpint in his hinder parts.

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The divil a sight
Of the blissed light
But Bailey's beads, like a necklace hung,
Will meet the vision,
For the sun 's in prison]
And just slitherin' down the sarpint's tongue !
But afther awhile,
Like an angel's smile,
The sun shall peep from ahint the moon,
And the haythen crowd
Wid praises loud
Shall feel quite jolly ere the sthroke of noon;
And wash their dhotees
And tight langhotees
And ate their curry wid a cheerful smile;
And damn the sarpint
And all other varmint
That was iver kicked out of Ould Erin's isle.
So this eclipse, Sir,
Like a Will-o'-the-Wipse, Sir,
Shall pass for iver from our contimplation,
No more bewildherin'
These haythen childhrin
And throwin' their wimin into consthernation;
And the bowld sun, Sir,
His coorse shall run, Sir,
From east to west in the glittherin' sky;
And the moon shall stay
In her place all day,
And no more poke her horns into Phaybus' eye!

Glossary.

"Poojah," worship.
"Chucklers," leather-dressers, whose vocation it also is to beat tom-toms.
"Moodeliars," a respectable caste of Hindoos.
"Chetties," ditto, ditto.
"Pariahs," low-caste ditto.
"Vishnoo, Brama, Krishnoo," Hindoo deities.
"Dhotees," waist-cloths.
"Langhotees," breech-clouts.

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In October of this year a very sad event happened, by which one of the best sportsmen in the Madras Presidency—it may even be said in all India—met his fate. I refer to the late Colonel Nightingale, who commanded a regiment of irregular cavalry at Bolarum, the "Contingent" station about seven miles north of Secunderabad. A panther had been caught in a box-trap at some rocks near Bolarum, and was brought in as usual, trap and all, for the purpose of the animal being turned out and speared on the Bolarum plain. Several sportsmen accordingly paraded in the afternoon on horseback with hog-spears; the panther was turned out, and the hunt began. Colonel Nightingale, ever foremost, was pressing the panther hard, when the attention of some of those behind him was attracted by his strange seat on his horse: he seemed to be swaying from side to side; his spear dropped, and his horse went whither it would. One of his companions put spurs to his horse, and rushed up just in time to receive him as he was falling from his saddle. He was laid down on the ground, and was carried into the Bolarum Residency close by; but he never spoke again or recovered consciousness. He died in the space of half an hour. His funeral, the next afternoon, was very numerously attended. All the Contingent troops, his own cavalry regiment, of course, included, lined the road from the Residency to the churchyard; and the mournful looks, and, in some cases, unrestrained tears, of his rough troopers, showed the sorrow they felt at the loss of a commandant of whose prowess, both as a soldier and a shikarry, they were proud; and whom, despite the faults of a hot and even fierce temper, they esteemed as a just and impartial officer. It was sad to see the

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charger led behind his dead master; the boar-spear, which is always carried by the grooms of Contingent officers, quivering in the air, never more to be used by the gallant sportsman.

Colonel Nightingale was, as a sportsman, beyond compare. A first-rate horseman, he had speared innumerable hog, and more panthers and bears than perhaps any other man in India. A deadly shot, he had slain over three hundred tigers; and had, indeed, cleared many districts of the Deccan of all dangerous game. He was, no doubt, a jealous shikarry; and, in his self-reliance, commonly affected solitary expeditions, not caring for company of inferior sportsmen on such occasions. His death was occasioned by the bursting of a vessel on the brain: some years previous to his death he had a serious and almost fatal sunstroke, and had been advised never to expose himself unprotected; and, after that time, he always did use a large umbrella in the heat of the day. Only the day before his death I saw him walking about, at the Secunderabad Rifle Matches, with this great umbrella held over him by a native servant. At the time he went out to spear the panther there was no dangerous sun; the excitement of the hunt, inducing pressure upon the already weakened vessel, was sufficient to account for his death. He died, as I may say, "in harness"; and it was well known to his friends that, like the old Berserkars, he had always had a horror of the idea of dying in his bed.

In the beginning of 1869 I went for three days to Kaissera with a friend who was a good sportsman and a fine shot; but we got small game only. One evening we saw a bear in the great ravine; but he stuck so close to the dens among the rocks, sniffling suspi-

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ciously all the while in our direction, that we did not fire, feeling sure that, if only wounded, he would escape into the caves, out of which we could never get him: so we let him alone, hoping for a better chance the next evening; but he did not again appear, and we waited in vain until it became dark. On the 14th March, this same friend (now, poor fellow, long dead) and I went to the Arnagoontah and Changalare jungles for a month's shooting. For several days did we picket buffaloes all round Arnagoontah, Sheikapoor, and Pertapoor, without success. We had several beats in places remote from tiger-haunts, especially in the shrub-strewn bed of the Mulkapoor river, which flows over a basaltic shelf carried, like a barrier, between two weather-worn cliffs; and here we got a bear, a hog, and some small game. While we were beating some ravines near Sheikapoor I had a great stroke of luck. We had beaten one ravine, and were moving off to a second, when the shikarries, who were scouting on each side of us, saw marks of an animal having been dragged into the jungle; and, as a flock of goats had shortly before passed by, it seemed likely that one of them had been carried off by a leopard whose footprints were in a nullah which we were then crossing. My friend Groves stayed in a thickly-wooded part of the nullah, and I went up a branch of it towards the low hills which hemmed in the ravine.

I had not gone far when I saw a leopard glide out of a thick bush; but I saw him for a moment only. We went on, and presently I saw him again, and fired just as he was going up a bank: he rolled over and scrambled into some bushes, and I heard him gasping and struggling. We got the elephant over the nullah,

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a feat which she achieved in the usual irritating, *boggling* way, and found the leopard lying dead, shot through the back from above. Groves' elephant was of no use: the city elephants are seldom good ones, as, although the Minister orders a "shikar elephant" to be sent to an officer, the understrappers take care to keep the steady ones away, and to retain them for the use of the Residency sporting officials, who are well aware of this, and do not interfere in favour of the Cantonment officers, but complacently see the really staunch elephants kept for their own purposes. I have very seldom had a city elephant which was fit for anything but the mere beating of the jungles, and very often they have been too timid and demoralised for even that. The elephant now in question ran away directly it heard the report of my gun; and Groves got off, and occupied the back seat of my howdah.

We rode to Changalare and encamped in the mango grove near the pagoda, and tied up buffaloes as usual for a tiger which was said to be roaming the jungles. A panther killed one of our buffaloes. This we knew by the size of the tooth-marks on the buffalo's neck, and also because the neck was not broken; although the hardness of the ground prevented our being able to see any footprints of the beast of prey. We beat for a long time, but did not see the panther, and turned out nothing but some hog and spotted deer. No other kill took place, and we became convinced that there was no tiger in the neighbourhood; and, next day, we beat the valley of the Boogga for anything we might come across. At the first beat a hog came out near Groves; but he did not get a shot. A sounder then broke close to me, but I missed. We

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then beat another part of the valley, and a large hog came down, and I hit it. We tracked for some time by the blood; but it got into impenetrable thorns, and we lost it. Then we saw three more hog and some spotted deer; this abundance of hog showed plainly that there was no tiger in the vicinity. At our last beat three spotted deer got up and passed close to Groves, and he hit one of them: we were just going on after it when a cry of "Baug!" (Tiger) was raised, and soon a leopard came along the top of the ravine, on the opposite side to where I was standing: I fired and hit it, and it came down, roaring fiercely, and lay up in the ravine. We pressed the elephant on, and found the leopard lying in a thicket. It rushed out at my elephant, and I fired twice; the first shot hit it, and I saw blood running from its nose and mouth.

The leopard then lay up for a long time in another thicket, and Groves got a shot; but his elephant was, as usual, unsteady, and he missed. It would not come out: I was above it on the bank of the ravine, and Groves was below. We stoned it, and fired small shot into the bushes; but to no purpose. Groves' elephant was afraid to go up, and his mahout also was afraid, and would not urge it on; so I came down the bank and took Luchmee up to the bush. The leopard charged out and got under my elephant, and there was a great row! It got back again; and this sort of thing went on for some time, until at last a shot from Groves stopped it, and it lay, apparently dead, in the bushes. I went up, and saw that its sides were heaving, and it charged gallantly out again; but this was the last act, and I shot it dead. I had never before seen such a really fighting leopard; it

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would have charged anything in the world. It was a female. We padded it behind the howdah, for it was small and light, but its teeth showed that it was full grown. We returned to camp rather late in the afternoon, for this scrimmage had lasted a long time.

Next day we went to Akumpett, four miles from Changalare, where is an old fort on a hill overgrown with jungle. There is also a large broken-down embankment of what, if in repair, would be a fine tank: this embankment is covered with very dense bamboo and thorn jungle; it was full of pea-fowl, and we shot two of them. We beat several ravines, and then went to a well to water the beaters and elephants. After this I shot another peacock; and we then went to a deep gorge between the hills. Groves posted himself below, but I went high up on the hill-side. Presently the shout "Baug!" was heard, and, after a few minutes, not a tiger but a very massive panther came up the steep side of the gorge opposite to me, and lay down under a bush. I viewed him with my binocular, and fired at the small part of his spotted hide which was visible, and he bounded up the hill again. I fired again and hit him, and he roared and disappeared. I then went round, and found him in a bush close to where I had just fired: he seemed to go down to my next shot, but sprang up again, and Groves now fired from the bottom of the ravine; but the panther rushed on, and stopped in a heap of thorns and creepers under slabs of overhanging laterite. We went on, and stood over the place, and threw stones, and tried to start him, but nothing moved. Just then a thought occurred to me, and I told my shikarry to put a tuft of dry grass on the end of a long stick, and to light it and thrust it from

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above into the mouth of a kind of cave which was just under my feet, and which was formed by the soft earth having crumbled away from the thin overhanging slabs. No sooner did the blazing grass approach the mouth of the cave than the panther rushed out with a "Woof! woof!" and made for the other side of the ravine. Groves got a shot, and the tough-lived beast fell over, but got up again and went on. On entering the thicket we saw the panther crouching about thirty yards from us: I fired, and it dropped its head between its fore-paws and was still. With some difficulty we got it out of the thorns and found it to be a very large male panther, almost as long as a good-sized tigress, but much lighter in build.

Having moved back from Changalare to Muggrumpillay, a village four miles only from Arnagoontah, I went out in the morning. Groves was not well and stayed in camp. At the first beat a bear walked out in front of me: I knocked it over; but it got up again, and my second shot missed. The bear came round to our right, and, when we met it, charged the elephant, and Luchmee charged vigorously in return, and by this improper conduct spoiled my shot. The bear was badly hit, and the beaters kept it in sight, and marked it down in a thick cover; but they made such a row that the bear got up again before we arrived at the place, and we had some difficulty in tracking it to another jungly hill. I know few things more annoying than the slow, *pottering* way in which an elephant makes its progress over rough and stony ground, when a wounded, or unwounded, beast is in front and gaining on the impatient sportsman at every step. The best-tempered man in the world will, under such circumstances, not only fret and fume, but will

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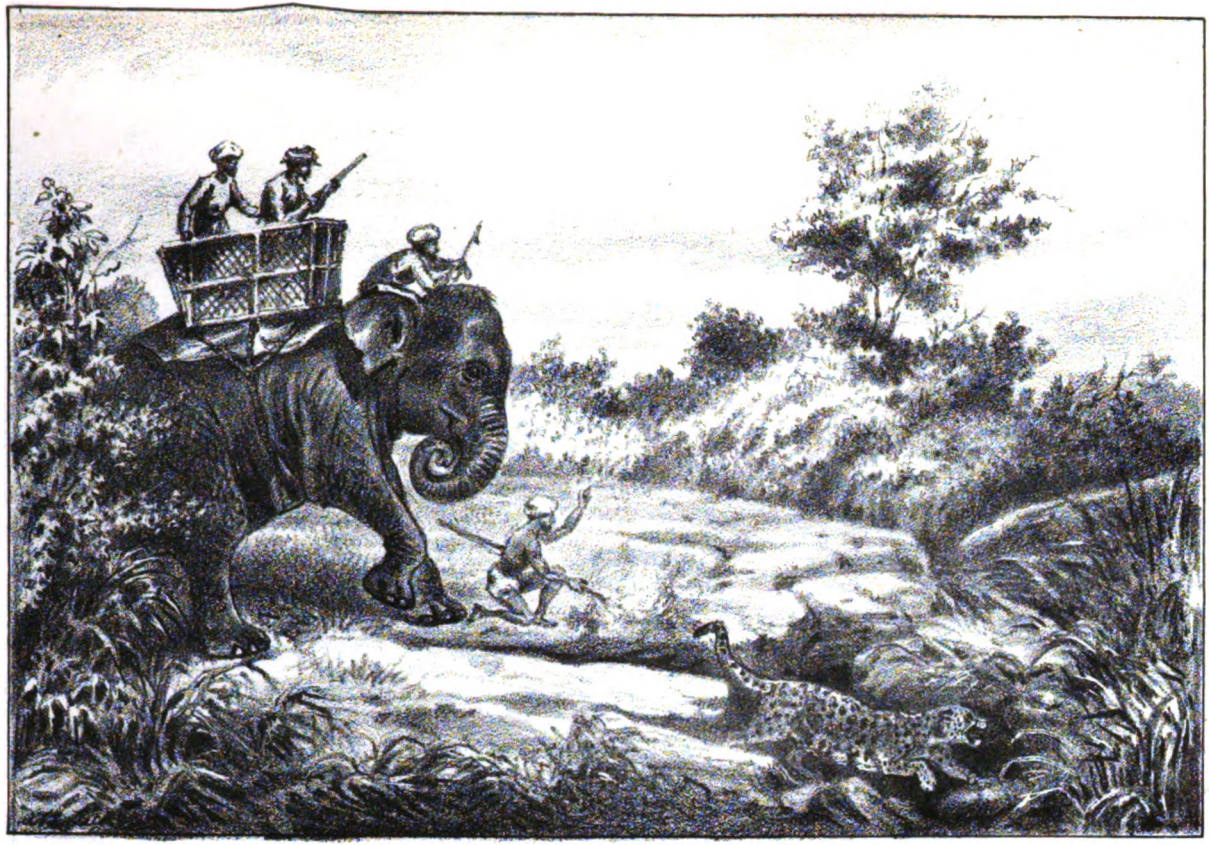

NO SOONER DID THE BLAZING GRASS APPROACH THE CAVE THAN THE PANTHER RUSHED OUT

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swear lustily also. At last we got to the top of the hill and found the bear under a tree, and one more shot finished it.

On the 4th of April we went to the Muggrumpillay hill, where a kill, not by a tiger, but by a panther, was reported. We found the people and elephants waiting for us where I had killed the bear two days previously. While we were getting ready for the beat, a stag sambur rose from his lair on the side of the hill, and Groves had a long and doubtful shot, and missed. We then commenced beating for the panther, and presently loud yells from the beaters announced that it was on foot. It came down the hill close to me, but, unluckily, was not visible until it was just dropping into a nullah: I fired, though I knew that I could not possibly hit it, but could not stop my finger in time. The panther went into broken ground on the plain, and we had another beat for it. First of all, out came four spotted deer, which we, of course, did not fire at; then a jungle-sheep stood within ten yards of me, but I took no notice of it, and it recovered from its astonishment at the sight of the elephant and bounded on. And now the panther trotted up: it saw me, and stood within thirty yards of the elephant. I fired, and made a most wretched miss! The bullet seemed to strike right over the animal, which jumped forward and disappeared in the thick cover. We thought it was certainly hit; but presently it broke to our right and raced off at full speed. We then put out a bear, at which Groves fired two shots: he thought he hit it, but there was no blood. We then went to another hill, from which a fine stag sambur broke away. Groves had a shot at a "chikarra" (ravine antelope); but there was to

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be no luck to-day, and he missed. We then watered the people and elephants at the tank. Thus ended a most unlucky day—both bad luck and bad shooting! We had seen more game this day than any other and got nothing at all, though Groves was as good a shot with ball as I have ever known. I also had several chances which I ought to have made good use of; but, as my long-legged shikarry very positively averred, "our fate was down upon us this day"!

Next morning news was brought that a tiger had been eating the dead buffalo which the panther had killed two days before. This was a curious circumstance, as, generally speaking, tigers do not touch carrion, or anything which they have not themselves killed. We went out; the village shikarries undertook to track the tiger, and came back to us joyful, saying that he was safely ensconced on a small isolated hill close by. His footmarks were traced up to the hill, and, on making a complete circuit of it, in fact "ringing" him, there were no marks of his having again left it. We arranged the beat, and took our positions on either side of the hill, so that Tom should meet an enemy in whichever direction he might essay to escape. I had only just got to my post when the beat began, and the tiger immediately moved out of a small thicket, and went slowly along the side of the hill. I got a good view of him as he passed at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, and he made for the direction where Groves was posted. I would not fire, as the distance was great, and I was sure that Groves would get a nearer shot. I now went round, and heard that it had lain down in a small bush on the hill-side near Groves; and, after a little while, Groves saw it in the bush and fired.

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The tiger roared and came out; but, after moving a short distance, lay down again, evidently severely hit. Groves fired two more shots, and the tiger roared, but did not come out.

I got out my binocular, and just as I was getting it ready to have a good look at the bush, the tiger broke out, and charged some way down the hill, but soon turned, and went over to where I had before been posted. I remained quiet, and Groves went round the hill. Presently he fired two shots, and I heard from one of my sepoys that the tiger was lying, back-broken, near Groves. I went round, and found that the beast was lying in a thicket about thirty yards up the hill. The beaters had, long before, wisely taken refuge on the tops of the small trees which studded the low bush jungle. We fired several times at a venture, but the tiger did not move. Soon afterwards he came out, and staggered a few yards, and lay down again. We each of us fired another shot, and he half raised himself and fell dead. We had him rolled down the hill and padded on an elephant. He was a small male, but full grown and even old. This tiger had lately killed a porcupine, for on skinning him we found several quills in his chest, under the skin; and one fore-paw was full of small quills, and had festered, and he was doubtless much pained and crippled in it; hence, also, he had been reduced to eat the stale carcase of the buffalo, finding himself not well able to hunt and kill animals for himself.

We had no further success worth noting; we saw tracks of another tiger, and spent some days in trying in vain to get sight of it; the natives said that it belonged to a "Peer" (a Mahomedan saint), and

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that, therefore, it led a charmed life, and that no one would ever be able to kill it! This was my only expedition after large game this year; but I had a great deal of snipe-shooting, though in a small way, for the birds are not very numerous within a morning's ride of Secunderabad.

A friend of mine and I used to go out twice or three times a week on my elephant. We rode on the pad, and my shikarry, Venketasawmy, whose long thin legs were becoming somewhat feeble from advancing age, constant malarious fevers, and undue use of strong waters, went on in advance, at his leisure, to the snipe ground, and waited there for us. It was a very pleasant ride. Immediately after leaving the station, we passed several craggy hills, on which, as will be seen farther on, panthers are sometimes found; all round these hills are stretches of luxuriant rice-fields, fed by several tanks, over the embankments of which the road winds. Then we crossed the main road, from Hyderabad to Mowlally, and entered upon a long sweep of undulating grass-land, in which are numerous thorny bushes, eaten close down by the village goats. Then we came to a narrow water-course, which is brought down from an "anicut" (dam for irrigation purposes), built across the bed of the river Moosy. This channel we crossed, and alighted from the elephant at the border of the snipe ground. Snipe were not, ordinarily, very plentiful; we seldom got more than six or seven couple between us, though our range extended some three miles along the left bank of the Moosy. The right bank of the river was strictly "tabooed" to all sportsmen, as along it lay the "rumnah," or Nizam's antelope preserve, where no gun is allowed to be fired, and

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where noble black buck lie lazily, brushing off the flies with impatient tossing horns, as one rides by within half gun-shot.

Every now and then a rash and misguided sportsman, generally of the genus "Griffin," will make a hurried raid into the sacred territory, shoot a black buck and be off again, with a hue and cry from the watchman of the rumnah after him. If caught, unless he has the wherewithal to bribe his captors heavily, he is taken forthwith into the city, and to the presence of the Minister, who, in the politest manner, orders his immediate release, but requests the favour of his name for information of the British Resident; an uncomfortable demand, which ensures a tremendous wigging to the poacher upon the preserve, and also stoppage of all leave to him for an indefinite period.

The ground we shot over was very nice—swampy grass-land and fallow rice-fields, covered with an abundant growth of wild flowers, weeds, and rushes—not much mud or heavy walking in most parts; and cool shady plots here and there, where baubul thorn, acacia, and other trees were planted round the "bowries" (wells, or rather water-holes), at one of which we usually had our breakfast, or our lunch, as the case might be. These wells were full of fish of various species, but of no great size; the voracious striped murrell, the tiger of the well; the hideous black scorpion fish, turning up its livid belly in sport at the surface of the water; the handsome, wide-gaping shakera, almost as voracious, in his small way, as the murrell; the coturna, with its steel-grey body and poisonous spines, requiring wary handling by its captor. All these, and a hundred more, swarmed in these wells, and we sometimes beguiled an hour, with

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worm-baited hook, for these ready fish. Sometimes we rode out on horseback, instead of taking out the elephant, first sending out our grooms with my shikarry. There was one part of the plain, covered with stunted, goat-eaten shrubs, which was the special haunt of cobras; sometimes, as we galloped by, *withering* the lowly sensitive plants within vibration reach of our horses' hoof strokes, we would disturb one of these horrors, causing it to swirl along with raised head and dilated hood, ready for battle and poison-dealing defence, as it made its way to its root-guarded stronghold. On this ground were also numbers of rock-pigeon and of scaly-legged plover, a few shots at which often varied the monotony of our snipe-shooting, and caused our snipe-sticks to glow with bunches of variegated plumage.

On one of these expeditions I shot a very huge cobra. I had just climbed a bank commanding a view of some green rice-fields, when, in the field nearest to me, I saw a curious, top-heavy object, yellow, brown, and white, rushing along above the young rice. It swayed violently from side to side, and, for a moment or two, I did not know what to make of it; but now it got clear of the rice-field, and began to climb a bare bank which bordered an old well on one side of the field; and I made out that it was an immense cobra, and fired just as its terrible hooded head was plunging into the water. At the shot it jerked forward, and disappeared in the deep well. We went up, I and the Paddy-bird, and peered into the disturbed water, and very soon we saw the belly of the snake turn up, long and yellow, in the depths below. Clearly it was dead, but it did not float, nor had we any means of getting it out; doubt-

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less in a day or two it would come up, bloated and corrupt, to be a prey to some hovering kite or buzzard.

There is another very pleasant spot, by name Koramul, about eleven miles east of Secunderabad. We often went there, and encamped under the shade of a grove of mango trees, where smooth verdant turf formed a delightful flooring to our tents. The Moosy was only about a mile east of our camp, so that we combined fishing with shooting, and, there being an anicut across the stream, there were good fish, both in the deep reach above the dam, and also in the rocky pools formed by the ever splashing and falling water over the anicut. Duck were numerous in a pretty tank close to the tent, and snipe frequented its reedy shores and the rice-fields fed by its pent-up waters.

Many other good places for snipe were here. In one swampy grass-field I made the best shooting, and almost the best bag which came to my lot while at Secunderabad. I fired twenty-three shots in this field, and killed twenty snipe! But this was very far above the general average of my snipe-shooting. On good days I might lay my account with bagging one in three, or, at most, one in two, never picking shots at small game; in bad days, possibly not more than one in four. Much depends upon the way in which one begins a day's shooting: if the first few shots are well aimed and successful, the whole day will usually be so; if, however, the opening of the campaign is bungled, it more often than not happens that the day's shooting is spoiled, and that shot after shot will be missed.

At Koramul there was also a fine expanse of dry

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jungle, mostly custard apple, delightfully refreshing, in its ripe season, in a hot day's shooting. In it were great numbers of rock-pigeon; also partridge, quail, and hares, so that there was good variety in the shooting. Occasionally a panther would prowl along the jungle paths; more than once, at night, did we hear its grating call, and often did we see the impression of its broad pads in the sandy roads and drains.

Panthers and leopards are exceedingly numerous all over the Hyderabad country. The ground is peculiarly well suited to their retired skulking habits. Every hill has its craggy, piled-up rocks, and all these have their dens and caves, retreats eminently fit for the hiding-places of beasts of prey. Very exciting incidents in connection with these great cats have happened during the time that I have known Secunderabad. One, which took place, to the best of my recollection, about the year 1865, is as follows:—

Some British soldiers, suffering from that very common complaint of Tommy Atkins, "nothing to do," were poking about in a disused burial-ground near the old infantry barracks, when, among the high grass and rank bushes clinging round the old grave-stones, up sprang a leopard, and made its way across the adjacent rough ground. A grand chase took place, and more Tommies, armed with guns, clubs, &c., joined in. The leopard bolted from one cover to another, sometimes in a garden, sometimes in somebody's court-yard, to the excessive horror and consternation of somebody's women and children! So the chase went on, till, at length, the bewildered pard galloped into the house of the Protestant chaplain, a very mild man, without the least sporting proclivities,

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and who evacuated the premises by the back door as the leopard scurried in at the front. So far so good, the leopard was housed; but the question was, in what hiding-place in the house? Room after room was peeped into, with guns menacingly advanced at full cock; but the leopard was not found until, in a bedroom which had already been hurriedly scrutinised, one of the searchers looked into a partly open wardrobe, and saw the abashed intruder lying, brilliant with all his spots, on one of the shelves! The poor beast was completely cowed; and, when some two or three shots had been fired into him through the half-open doors, he succumbed to his fate, and was dragged out, riddled with bullets.

Another curious adventure with a leopard, shortly after that which I have just related, occurred to no less a person than the General Commanding the Force. The General's house is at exactly the opposite end of the station to where the church and barracks are situated, and is on the shore of the Hoossain Saugor, towards which its gardens extend. Very early one morning the native gardener came, in great perturbation, to the house, and said that there was a "baug" in the garden! The General pooh-poohed the idea considerably; but the man was so earnest and positive that, at length, he donned his dressing-gown, loaded his gun with ball, and sallied forth into his garden. The gardener stole, on tip-toe, to within a respectful distance of a fine crop of climbing beans which were trained on an arched trellis; and there, sure enough, was visible the rich yellow and black coat of a handsome leopard. The General fired, and was so fortunate as to put the leopard *hors de combat* with his first bullet.

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At Bolarum, also, a leopard was killed under strange circumstances. A large Persian cat, belonging to an officer of the Contingent, was observed to be walking backwards and forwards, doing sentry, as it were, in front of a thick myrtle hedge. Puss was pacing in a most stately manner, with back arched, and tail swollen out into the proper bottle-brush dimensions. His master, curious to know the cause of the phenomenon, went up to the hedge, and there, to his astonishment, were the well-known rose spots on yellow ground, shining in the interstices of the foliage. It is scarcely necessary to say that the unlucky skulker was "polished off" as soon as a couple of guns or rifles could be loaded and brought to bear on him.

The most famous places near Secunderabad for these felines are "Cheetah rock," about four miles on the road to Oopul, the "Mowlally rock," already mentioned, the "Ball-practice," and "Trimulgherry" rocks, and the "Gun rock," so called from a large rock, exactly resembling a huge cannon without trunnions, which lies across some smaller slabs on the summit of a great granite hill. One day, in 1869, the whole force was out on "route march," and the route lay along one side of the Gun rock. Just as we were winding along past the hill, two panthers came out from behind some of the broken rocks which are profusely scattered upon the sides of the hill, and walked quietly along till they reached some well-known dens, in which, after having taken a good stare at the crawling column beneath, they slowly disappeared. The subdued roar of excitement in the column of over three thousand men was very striking, as the animals made their progress among the rocks.

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Several sportsmen, including many soldiers of all arms, "prospected" for these panthers after the parade was over; but they were not so dull as to be induced to quit their impregnable caverns.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Fall from Elephant.—Again at Changalare and Arnagoontah.—Shoot spotted Deer.—Exciting Chase of a Tiger.—Death of another Tiger.—A young Tiger killed.—A Cunning Tiger.—Two Bears killed.—"Childe Jones' Pilgrimage."—Installation of young Nizam.—March to Bellary.—Coonoor and Ootacamund.—Revisit Changalare.—Panther killed.—A savage Hog.—Death of Bear and two Cubs.—Wounded Bear retrieved.—Bullocks killed by Tiger.—Tiger kills a Vulture.—Bear killed.

IN January 1870 I met with an accident, which stopped my snipe-shooting for some weeks. On the occasion of a full-dress party in the city, given to the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, I went there on my elephant, and, after visiting the Meer Allum tank (smaller than the Hoossain Saugor, but still one of the finest sheets of water in the Deccan), we all alighted at the Minister's palace. On descending from my elephant by a bamboo ladder, the sides of the ladder, shrunken by the dry climate, fell away from the staves, and I came down, spraining my left wrist very badly—though not so badly as the right wrist was sprained, twenty-seven years before, at Samulcottah. For upwards of a month after this fall from the elephant I was unable to handle a gun.

In the very height of the hot season, I set out on another visit to Changalare and Arnagoontah, this

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time without a companion. From Burra Yekaillee bungalow, where I dismissed my "transit carriage," I went with camp equipage, sepoys, elephants, &c., all complete, to Changalare, having news of several tigers, including a tigress and cubs. On the 25th May we had a hard day's work and exciting sport. There was a kill at the Boogga valley; but, on examining the place, it was found that the kill was by a panther. We beat a large ravine, and turned out three hog, one of which ran at and upset a beater, but did not injure him. At the very end of the beat the panther jumped out of a watercourse, but I did not see it. The beaters, of course, made a hideous noise, and it went straight away to the table-land through which the valley is cleft. We then saw a herd of six hog, which I did not fire at, but which my elephant most improperly chased for some yards. Then two spotted deer crossed me, one of which I shot, it being clear that there was no tiger in the valley.

After turning out another hog, we went on about two miles to the deserted village of Homnabad, and beat a heavy ravine east of it, but with no result. We then beat a smaller place half-way between Homnabad and Changalare. The beaters went on very slowly, and I moved towards them. All at once a tiger walked out of the bushes, and stood. I fired, and it roared and went off in the direction of the large ravine. We put Luchmee to her best pace, and circled round in hopes of intercepting the tiger, and presently we saw it again, moving very slowly through the low jungle. I fired, and it roared again, but did not quicken its pace. Again we went round and met the tiger, and I gave it another shot, which evidently hit

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it. My elephant got excited, and, owing to its rolling violently, as excited elephants always do, I missed another easy shot.

The tiger now got into a broad ravine filled with thick undergrowth and wild mango trees, and I hoped that it would stop there. The village shikarries and beaters behaved badly. They collected in a body on a high piece of ground, and made no attempt to keep the tiger in view from tops of trees, or to give any kind of assistance. We went to the edge of the ravine and threw stones; but no sound was heard. We saw traces of blood where the animal had passed. Presently some men, whom we had at last made to climb up a tamarind tree which overhung the ravine, called out that the tiger had left the place, and was moving off to another cover hard by.

We went on to this cover, and such a tangled mass of thorns I have rarely seen! it was quite impervious to men or elephants, and we could not move the tiger. The shikarries considered that it certainly was in this thick patch, and that it would die in it in the night. No man could possibly be sent to crawl into the thicket while there was any chance of the wounded tiger being alive, as it would infallibly kill any living thing which should be so unlucky as to come within reach.

Next day a kill took place at the Alipore ravine, a great gorge of the table-land running down into the Changalare valley. Another tiger was also heard to roar in the Boogga valley by a man whom I sent to reconnoitre the place where we left yesterday's wounded beast. After much trouble, the shikarries found a blood-track leading into the thickest part of the thorns, and there he lay, a small male barely

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full grown. We had him skinned at once, as he was getting tolerably high. We then went to the Homnabad ravine, and saw fresh marks of a tiger having passed along, apparently since the roaring was heard at the Boogga. We returned to the valley and had a long beat, and I saw a great many hog, which I did not meddle with. Another beat was then commenced along the side of the valley, and I stationed myself on a steep bank which commanded a good view of all below. While waiting here I heard a tiger roar, and knew by the angry tone that the beaters had turned it out. After some time it came towards us in the thin screen of bushes, and, seeing the elephant, stopped short and lay down.

Just then the beaters sent me a pressing message to come back to them, as they also had a tiger lying down in their front ; but I would not, of course, leave that which I had myself seen, so I sent for the other elephant, which was with the beaters. The conceit of the natives, including my own sepoys who were there, induced them to disobey this order, and I waited nearly an hour, foaming with anger and impatience, as may be imagined. At last they beat the other tiger up pretty near, and, as their advance hemmed in *my* tiger very closely, we drove the elephant up to where it was lying.

The cawady, who, being on foot, could see under the bushes and branches, saw the tiger lying down in an evergreen clump of "corunda"; but I could not see it till we were close up, when the orange coat and black stripes became visible through the green branches. I fired and hit it through the loins. It was quite crippled by this shot, and, though it dragged itself along, and half rolled, half crawled into the

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ravine, it stopped just under the top of the bank, and we went round and finished it. It was then padded, and we tried to beat out the other tiger; but it had slipped away in the row, and we did not see it again this day. The tiger I had shot was a young female, about three years old. I was more burnt in this day's shooting than I had been for many years. The heat was intense, and the hot wind was not merely, to use the usual expression, as if "out of a furnace," but out of a *glass furnace at that*, as the Yankees would say.

Next day there was a great and welcome change of weather. The excessive heat of yesterday had been a precursor of the monsoon, which came on in the night, with heavy rain squalls and rolling thunder. We had no time yesterday to go to the kill at the Alipore ravine, but this morning we went and beat it thoroughly. Presently we heard the roar of a tiger, and, after a great deal of dodging on part of both the tiger and myself, it came and stood on the farther side of a great mass of thorn-bushes, behind which, unfortunately, we were posted.

I could barely see an outline of something in the bushes, and, getting excited, I fired at once, and my bullet entered a thick branch, and, of course, did no harm to the tiger. After this we had a long search for the animal, and it was seen in a thick cover by the mahout of the city elephant; but neither I nor my shikarry could get sight of it, and while we were moving round to take it in rear, it bolted out and escaped. We could not find it again, though we tried our best, and we returned empty-handed to camp.

The next morning, May the 28th, we heard that

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another kill had taken place at the Boogga. The sepoy who went early—indeed, too early—in the morning to look after the buffalo, disturbed the tiger, which was busy on the carcase, and, of course, walked away up the nullah. After breakfast we went after it, and, after much "pow-wowing," it was decided by the shikarries that it was still in the valley, near the place where I shot the young tigress on the 26th. At the end of a tedious beat the tiger was seen, and made a furious charge at the beaters.

We were a long time employed in getting it out of the valley. I posted myself exactly where I had shot the tigress. After a long time, word was passed from tree to tree that the tiger was coming up to us. On it came as far as a thick clump of bushes about a hundred yards from us, and there it stopped. The elephant was quietly moved on, and we saw the tiger sitting up, like a great mastiff dog, in the bush. It looked very foolish and done-up. I fired and hit it on the fore-arm, smashing the bone. For a second or two it rolled about, roaring lustily, and then came straight at my elephant.

As it came on, tail twirling in air, I fired my second barrel, and the bullet entered just above the nose, went through the head, and smashed the neck-bone, and was found lodged far back in the spine. As if this were not enough; at the moment I fired, and just as the beast was disappearing under Luchmee's head, the old lady, in spite of all the mahout's arguments to the contrary, rushed at the tiger, now between her fore-legs, and danced a hornpipe on its body! The tiger, about the same size as that of the 26th, was then padded, and we returned joyously to camp.

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May 29th.—No kill, and no news of tigers anywhere, so we proceeded to beat some ravines near Deoghurry. After one or two beats, in which we saw nothing but some spotted deer, we commenced to beat up a very deep shady gorge between two hills. Presently I saw a large stag spotted deer moving over the table-land towards the ravine. When he had arrived within about a hundred yards of the elephant, he stopped and stared at us in great astonishment.

I fired, and he rolled over and over with a great crash into the ravine. This shot, though a successful one, had better not have been fired; for hardly had the echoes of the report died away in the gorge when a big bear walked up the side of the hill and went off at a clumsy canter; and scarcely had he disappeared when a tiger came sauntering along out of the ravine, but turned short off long before it came within shot; so that the stag was dearly bought at the price of a possible bear or tiger! We tracked the tiger into, and out of, several large covers, but could not start it again, so we returned to camp with the deer, and had buffaloes picketed in several places as usual. The tiger we saw this day is probably that which killed a buffalo at Alipore on the 26th.

We remained three or four days longer at Changalare; but to no purpose, though this tiger killed two more buffaloes before we gave him up in despair. He was far too cunning; so much so that, on the last occasion of a kill, he actually tore a hind-quarter from the carcase and carried it off! a thing which I had never before known a tiger to do. Another buffalo was pulled down by this tiger rather late one morning. My shikarry, Venketsawmy, and one of

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sepoys, had just got to the place to see how the ffalo was faring, and the noise of their approach ıst have disturbed the tiger, for the buffalo was ıg down, with freshly-bleeding claw-marks on its k. At the time it seemed none the worse for uncivil treatment; but the shock must have been much for even its dull nerves, for it pined and d two days afterwards.

During these days of suspense and waiting for the nning cat, we went out several times, and I shot a uple of spotted deer, and saw a bear and a panther. ıe latter was feasting on the carcase of a village ɔg, which he had carried off into the jungle, a good ıile from the village on whose dung-hills it had ayed the moon during its half-starved and thievish xistence. I got a long running shot at this panther, ɔut missed it, and it raced away to some thick jungle, rom which we could not beat it out. The bear I ɔrought to bag after a long chase, in which the usual udicrous uproar, and bouncings and rollings over, occurred. On the 4th of June we took our departure from Changalare, and encamped at Muggrumpillay, about eleven miles nearer to Secunderabad.

Next day we beat a heavy ravine, by name "Poollee Lodee" (Tiger's ravine), and here we turned out two bears. I sat at the side of the hill, and sent the elephant with the beaters, as nothing but bears was likely to come out of the cover. Soon after the beat began two bears walked out and climbed up to the very place where I was posted. The first of the two slipped by in the thick jungle without my having seen it; but its comrade came well in view of me, and I shot it dead with one ball through its chest. After this day there was no more luck with large game, and

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the monsoon rains came on heavily; so we made the best of our way back to cantonments, having shot three tigers, two bears, and four spotted deer.

As a relief to the very long spell of sporting adventures just recorded, I will enter the following verses which I composed about this time, and which were published in the *Indian Sporting Review* under the title of

"CHILDE JONES' PILGRIMAGE."

A listless exile in this sultry land,
No classic Muse will listen to my call;
In vain should I invoke that tuneful band!
Swart deities of Ind, in Cama's Hall,
Inspire thy suppliant, and, one and all,
Smooth right my verses while I tell my tale,
And guide my faltering pen to glibly fall
In tuneful periods, nor let it fail,
Ere done my laboured task, the wished-for goal to hail!

Whilom in Deccan's land there dwelt a wight,
A sturdy Cambrian, Briton to the bone,
Childe Jones his name, full goodly to the sight;
But still, in exile, made he heavy moan,
And jarred the ear of night with frequent groan;
Home-sick was he, and in his inmost parts
He longed for cooler climes, those climes alone
Which cheer the cockles of true Britons' hearts
Pierced to their inmost depths by exiles griding darts.

Full many a year on India's scorching plains
Childe Jones had toiled in drilling dusky louts,
And patiently had knocked into their brains
"Field Evolutions," and dispelled their doubts
Twixt "Left" and "Right," and all the ins and outs
Of "Picquet Duties" and "Light Infantry"
With hoarse command, and hoarser oaths and shouts;
This mill-horse round no longer could he dree,
So strong and urgent grew his longing to be free.

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Childe Jones fell sick, his liver was combust,
His joints and muscles all grew out of gear,
The fiery hand of fever, too, was thrust
Into his vitals; soon it did appear
That, ere the close of that fast-fading year,
Childe Jones must turn his feeble steps to Home—
To Home! that joyful word which yet may cheer
The drooping wanderer, now fain to roam
O'er Egypt's desert plains and Ocean's seething foam.

The die is cast! o'er Deccan's fertile land
By "fiery-footed" bulls Childe Jones is borne,
And, thence, by railway, to the fœtid strand
Of famed Bombay, where, in the purpling morn,
Byculla's Inn receives the wight forlorn.
For several weary days Childe Jones doth plod
From shop to shop, by anxious fancies torn,
"What vestments to indue," to 'scape the rod
Of strictly-ruling Fashion, foolish dandies' god!

At length, released from "India's coral strand,"
He climbs the panting steamer's pitchy side,
And forms an unit of that happy band
Whose hearts are straining o'er that ocean wide,
In fancy spanning, from that far-off tide,
Those flashing seas and dimly-looming shores
Which from their homes those longing souls divide;
To their own country loyal to the cores
Of their true hearts now knocking at Old England's doors.

And when those palm-crowned shores grew faint and blue,
And turbaned crowds no more oppressed his eye,
Childe Jones felt free, and on his cheek the hue
Of health 'gan mantle, till he wondered why
He ever thought his liver was awry.
Then burst his joyful spirit into song,
Such song with tuneful Orpheus well might vie,
The while on easy chair he lay along,
The happiest soul, on board, those happy souls among.

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Adieu! adieu! ye tiresome drills
And buckled-up parades;
Adieu! ye early morning grills
And damnable brigades!
That cuddy bell, that rings so loud,
It fills me with delight—
I 'll join apace the hungry crowd:
My Indian life—Good night!

Come hither, hither, my steward brisk,
And pour me out some ale;
A fresh pork-cutlet, too, I 'll risk,
If other viands fail.
Enough, enough, my handy lad,
I feel a little qualm—
The table 's turning round—by Gad!
I wish the sea were calm.

Into my berth I think I 'll go;
Pray, steward, lend a hand,
My stomach 's upside down—heigho!
I wish I were on land.
The Devil take all rolling ships—
That basin 's not upright—
My liver 's right between my lips—
My dinner 's up—Good night!!!

On, on, the steamer ploughs, the jogging screw
Incessant turns, the scene is changing fast:
Socotra's peaks fade swiftly from the view,
Volcanic Aden's grimy shore is past;
In Suez' shallow road the anchor 's cast.
Now through the Pharoah's land Childe Jones is whirled;
The solemn Pyramids look on aghast.
At length our Indian traveller is hurled
All haggard-eyed on Alexandria's motley world.

'Tis now, post haste, Childe Jones must bathe and dine,
See Cleopatra's needle, and the stone
'Clept Pompey's, and endure the frequent sign
Of cheeky donkey-boys, and thrilling moan
Of para-seeking beggars, when, alone
He threads the squalid alleys to the quay,

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Where rides the Gallic steamer on its zone
Of sparkling wavelets from the freshening sea
That kisses Europe's shores, those shores of liberty.

On, on again—Messina's classic town
Invites our traveller's enchanted gaze;
Afar he sees vast Etna's hoary crown
In quiet majesty, not now ablaze
With lurid fires, or wrapped in choking haze;
Catania's wooded cliffs invite his view,
Sicilia's wonders all demand his praise;
Towns, woods, and mountains, each receive their due:
All sights delight him, for all sights are strange and new.

Next morn, fair Naples whitens on his sight,
Its waters glistening in the liquid air;
Its marble palaces all shining bright,
Man's works, and Nature's, each so passing fair,
With equal meed his zealous praises share.
Childe Jones with wonder views the varied throng,
A people basking in the balmy air;
Princes, and beggars, sauntering along,
Priests, soldiers, sailors, nuns, the chattering crowd among.

How little reck this thoughtless idle crowd
Of that now slumbering giant's threatening roar,
Vesuvius—glooming like a thunder-cloud,
With lightnings charged as in the days of yore
When knocked the fell destroyer at the door
Of Herculaneum and its sister town,
All sudden whelmed and crushed for evermore;
While, for their pall, hot streams of ashes brown,
And fiery lavas hurled their molten masses down!

To Naples, now, Childe Jones bids long adieu;
Campagna's marshes quiver, as the train
Rolls thundering past; now bursts upon the view
Old Tiber's yellow tide; and, now again,
In wondering ecstasy Childe Jones is fain
To gaze, entranced, upon those Roman towers;
From dome to dome he roves, from fane to fane;
Thus happily he spends the fleeting hours,
Then, tired, reposes him in shady Pincian bowers.

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And now St. Peter's awful shrine invites
Our Indian pilgrim to its precincts vast;
With long-drawn breath he witnesses the rites
Of sensuous worship—thus, for ages past,
Have show and music held men's senses fast:
See! swinging censers timed to heavenly strains,
And wondrous temples built as if to last
Unnumbered ages; hardly he refrains
From joining in the show; but, still, himself restrains.

From Rome once parted, how our pilgrim fared,
What countries roved, what bounding waters crossed,
What scenes explored, what fresh adventures dared,
What wisdom gained, what Indian rust he lost,
As yet we know not—whether he was tossed
On Biscay's angry waves, or whether, tired
Of Ocean's *heavings*, he by railway crossed
Italia's plains, and, journeying, admired
Those snow-clad Alpine peaks, by early Phœbus fired.

But this we know, that, came he slow or fast,
Childe Jones, at length, attained his native land;
Peril and pain of travel all o'erpast,
He 's walked the crowded length of busy Strand,
With flowing beard, and visage fiercely tanned—
Has seen Sir Edwin's lions at the Cross
Of Charing, and great Nelson's visage bland;
And Wellington on that well-*sooted* horse,
Than which no London statue can be well found worse!

Acquaintance, too, he doubtless has renewed
With "creature comforts," "still to mem'ry dear;"
The knightly loin, the pewter all bedewed
With XXX—that very king of beer!
And other tasty items of good cheer.
And, now, midst Cambria's vales Childe Jones doth dwell,
Where Snowdon's mount its misty head does rear;
A jolly hermit in some flowery dell;
And here we bid our Pilgrim heartily farewell!

Having, to our great sorrow, received the route for Bellary, to which very inferior station we were to move early in the coming year, I sold my elephant

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howdah to the Berar Government. I was exingly sorry to part with my gentle and steady ımee; she was one of the best-tempered great ;ures possible. When, in the course of a long ɜ shooting, I sat in the shade of a tree or of a ping bamboo clump, with my "chagul" (leather r-bag) beside me, Luchmee would sidle up, and ch her moist nozzle over my shoulder, with a bling noise indicative of friendship; and I would the end of her trunk in one hand and pour water ı the changul into it with the other, to her great ;ent. Also, when brought to my front door, in underabad, to receive her evening ration of "joo-ree" stalks and "paddy" (unhusked rice), my ldren used to sit down on the cloth which was ead for the paddy under her trunk, and feed her h the joowarree stalks, and collect the rice again o a heap when it was becoming scattered by the ooping of her supple trunk. She was very reliable shikar, except as regarded black animals, which ıe abhorred: she would always, if permitted, charge bear or a hog, if it came too near her; but with ther animals, tigers, panthers, &c., she was perfectly alm; and, except once, as I have related, when a tiger charged, and was shot almost under her feet, she was never too demonstrative with them. She was rather an expensive pet, costing me monthly about sixty Hallee rupees (equal to fifty Government rupees) for keep and attendants, as follows:—

Mahout . . .	Hallee rupees	12
Cawady . . .	,,	6
Paddy . . .	,,	25
Joowarree forage .	,,	15
Oil, salt, and sundries . .	,,	2

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Of this, the forage account was not a fixed sum, as the elephant was often taken for a time into the jungles, and fed on peepul and other branches and on "toonga" (sweet rushes), and similar tank plants, thus saving the cost of joowarree; but, as joowarree fluctuated very much in price, sometimes costing much more than fifteen rupees a month, it may stand at that rate all the year round, and the whole expense be fairly estimated at sixty Hallee rupees; there were also other occasional expenses: "massala," boluses composed of spices, oils, &c., each weighing about half a pound, and other medicines; also repairs to furniture, such as pads, "jhools" (cloths to spread over the back), ropes, chains, &c., for all which another five rupees monthly may be added. I sold Luchmee pretty well; in 1866 I paid 1,400 Hallee rupees for her, and eighty rupees for the howdah, which I had built upon a pattern of my own; the price paid to me by the Berar Government for the elephant and howdah was 2,080 Government rupees, equal to 2,500 Hallee rupees; but she was well worth it, as I had bought her untrained, and had trained and entered her at all kinds of dangerous game; indeed, after I had sold her, some native gentlemen of Hyderabad said that I could have got much more for her in the city; but this is a thing often said, after a sale, by those who had no purchasing intentions.

I have omitted to mention, in its proper place, the death of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which took place on, to the best of my recollection, the 15th of February; and the reception held by his successor, which was on the 1st of March 1869. The Nizam was quite of the old school of Mahomedan potentates of the Deccan; obstinate, and averse to improvement

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of any kind. It was said that he had never passed under a telegraph wire, but would go miles round to avoid it, for, said he, "It is the Devil!" He was an enormously tall and bulky man; but few British officers ever saw him, as he kept very much within his palace precincts and to himself. On the day after his death, there was great fear, apparently, of some outbreak at Hyderabad, for I received orders to have my regiment (which was the nearest in position to the city) in readiness to march to Hyderabad immediately upon the hoisting of a signal-flag upon the Dragoon barracks. We and the Hussar regiment were dressed and accoutred the whole of that day, ready to start at a minute's notice. The rest of the garrison were also ready to act as might be required. Nothing untoward happened, however, and there was, as I have mentioned, a formal reception by the young child who had succeeded to the musnud. The British Resident and his staff, the General and his, and a large number of other officers, attended this durbar. It was, in one way, a very special and rather anxious affair; for the British Government had taken occasion, at the death of the Nizam, to do away with the rule that all persons were to take off their boots or shoes on entering the Presence.

This was a terrible blow to the Court of Hyderabad, and it was understood that the Minister was not only exceedingly vexed and mortified at this abrogation of the old rule, but was also fearful lest the feelings of the Mahomedan population and of the Palace troops and attendants should get the better of them. However, all went off well, though set teeth and grim looks were very apparent as we tramped into the Hall of Audience with boots and clanking

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spurs, awakening unwonted echoes in those regal halls. The young Nizam was a delicate-looking child, of fair complexion, and about four or five years old. He seemed amused at the scene, and at the ranks of blue and scarlet-coated officers sitting, on formal rows of chairs, in front of him. The great officers of state and high nobles were opposite to us, and, I thought, looked very downcast and surly. To them our entrance, thus booted and spurred, was an outrage and an insult: no wonder that their visages were clouded.

We left Secunderabad on the 17th February 1871, and arrived at Bellary on 15th March, after a journey devoid of any special incidents. We crossed the rivers Kistnah and Toombooddra, and, close to Bellary, the sandy bed of the Huggry, then unbridged, but now spanned by a fine girder-bridge supporting the railway.

The country round Bellary is not pleasant to the eye—a vast plain of black "cotton soil" extends as far as one can see, and is dotted with clumps of black and barren rocks rising up from the treeless plain.

The hill-fort of Bellary is built on a great granite hill, with a *débris* of shattered rocks all around its base. The cantonment is very scantily adorned with trees, mostly thorn and neem (bitter oil). After a time, I began to like the place very well. In this year I paid two visits to the Neilgherry mountains.

The ascent from the low country is very beautiful. From the railway terminus at Mattapolliam, the road lies for six miles over a thickly-wooded plain, gradually ascending to the foot of the hills. The new road is good, and, except for the necessary steep gradients, which prevent any commonly humane driver

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from *rushing* his horses up, it might be driven at a fast pace throughout. It is mostly cut out of the sides of the hills in zig-zags, the outer side being revetted with the rocks and boulders which have been blasted and dug from the steep inner side. As the traveller rises on the mountain slopes, so does the character of the forest and of the undergrowth change. For the first 3,000 feet of ascent, the true tropical vegetation keeps its place. Bamboos and far-climbing canes, and other creepers, and all the low-country timber, teak, ebony, &c., are still met with; but, above this height, a different flora prevails. In room of canes and bamboos, a profusion of wild roses and raspberries gladdens the traveller's eyes, and the forest is filled with the scarlet-flowering rhododendron, the snowy camellia, and numerous other beautiful trees which flourish in that genial climate, but which would droop and die in the sultry heat of the haze-dimmed plains below.

On the sides of the steep ascent, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left, are forest-crowned mountains, half hidden by passing clouds and mists rolling up from the deep dank valleys which form the middle distance. Here and there is a clearing planted with coffee, looking stiff and formal in the midst of the wild jungle, and with its small buildings, mostly roofed with tin or zinc, perched on the cleared top of an adjacent knoll. Throughout the ascent, brawling little streams hurry from the scarped hill-side, and are carried, in small tunnels under the road, into the depths of the valleys, where they join the mountain torrent whose hoarse murmur is heard the whole way up, and which is crossed at Coonoor, at the head of the Ghaut, on a trestle bridge.

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Coonoor is very lovely: about 6,000 feet above the sea, it enjoys a cool but mild temperature, some 10° above that of Ootacamund, which is 1,200 or 1,400 feet higher. On entering Coonoor, the full beauty of a "hill station" in India bursts upon the view. Masses of geraniums, roses, and fuchsias border each road, and glow in every hedge-row. In every moist hollow, the tree fern and many other varieties of the fern tribe wave their curled fronds, and every rock and bank is clothed with trailing mosses and other moisture-loving plants. Where the original jungle has been extirpated, dense groves of Australian trees, blue and white gums, &c. rear their sombre heads; no improvement, in most people's opinion, to the Neilgherry landscape.

Twelve miles of a good road bring the traveller, over a rolling country, to Ootacamund, where the thermometer ranges from 60° to 66° in the hottest season, and where fires are acceptable, morning and evening, all the year round, and all day also in the winter months. Ootacamund is one of the most favoured of climates—neither too hot nor too cold, too wet nor too dry, it preserves a delightful temperature throughout the year. Like, however, all Indian hill stations, it is spoiled by want of care in laying it out, and in keeping the bazaars and squatteries of the natives at a proper distance from the "European" part of the station; the consequence is that the native element pervades every part of it, and that the air is poisoned by the well-known objectionable habits of an Oriental population; and diseases are induced which grow more and more rife every year. Worst of all, the fresh springs are polluted in the most disgusting manner before they reach the premises which

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they are supposed to supply with pure water, and are the cause of terrible enteric fevers, which have, of late, given so bad a reputation to the "Hills."

These mountains were first visited by English officers about the year 1821; and, for many years afterwards, were the most famed "happy hunting-grounds" in the south of India, *vide* that capital book, *The Old Forest Ranger*. Now, alas! they are very different: the bison and sambur have been driven off to a great distance from the places occupied by English residents; so also the bears, jungle-sheep, &c. An occasional tiger prowls round Coonoor and Ootacamund; and, when known to be in the neighbourhood, is mobbed and slaughtered by the united efforts of a dozen "sportsmen" of sorts. Panthers are still numerous, and are a terror to the owners of choice dogs. Snipe are scarce, as indeed they always were, and a few woodcock are annually shot in the "sholas" (isolated thickets). The sholas are composed of tall trees, with an undergrowth of crowded ferns and brambles, and, generally, a small stream making its sluggish way through the lowest part of the shola. These sholas generally occupy the slopes where two round grassy hills meet, and are a sure find for whatever "beasts of venerie" may haunt the neighbourhood; also for the flapping woodcock in the winter season. Even now, a sambur is occasionally found in the sholas near Coonoor and Ootacamund; but, as a rule, the sportsman residing on, or visiting, the hills must ride from ten to twenty miles for large game. The great valleys and gorges, at foot of the Neilgherries, and the heavy jungles which spread from them into the plains, are full of game of all kinds, from the elephant to the mouse-deer; but they

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are exceedingly dangerous during the greater part of the year. Many a gallant sportsman has lost his health, or even his life, by the malaria of these deadly regions. Some of the halting-places, indeed, on the approaches to these mountains are so dangerous that travellers are recommended, in placards hung up in the bungalows, not to pass a night in them, but to pass on in the afternoon of the day on which they arrive. Even the native inhabitants of these jungles suffer horribly from fever; and almost all of them have enlarged spleens, the certain consequence of frequent attacks of the malarious poison.

I have very little to notice in this year: with the exception of some profitless excursions in the vicinity of Bellary, for the purpose of finding fit cholera camps in case of need, I went nowhere, and had no shooting. Bellary is very barren of game, especially of large game. In the fields there are a few rock-pigeon and quail, and a considerable number of duck and snipe in some jheels and tanks, especially in the direction of Goondacul, the junction of the Bellary railway with the main line from Bombay to Madras.

In 1872 I went on six weeks' leave from Bellary, to my much-loved Deccan jungles. On the 28th of March, having sent on my camp-equipage, horse, &c. to Goolburgah, I left Bellary by the morning train and arrived at Goolburgah in the afternoon. Next day we left for Changalare, three marches, in all fifty-three miles, along a very stony, rough road. We encamped in the mango grove at Changalare, and found a city elephant, sent by Salar Jung, waiting for me. The shikarries said that there were tigers in the jungle, and my people, who went to tie up buffaloes

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in the Boogga, saw a bear and cubs in the valley. On the 2nd and 3rd of April there was no kill; and I went out each day to distant jungles at Akumpett and Vittlepooram, but saw nothing but some hog and jungle-sheep. I shot one of the latter. We saw marks of a tiger, but not very fresh. Next day a panther killed a buffalo at Bundeeally, a large network of ravines running through the open plain south of Changalare, but we could not find the panther. We beat the hill-sides and ravines at Deoghurree. The first animal we put out was a bear; but the beaters made such a hideous noise that he galloped past instead of walking as a bear should, and I missed him. We then put out a panther, at which I fired two shots, and, to my great vexation, missed both. The people, who went this morning to look at the buffaloes tied up at the Boogga, said that they saw a tiger lying down watching one of the buffaloes. I wished to beat for it; but, unluckily, as events turned out, gave way to the shikarries, who advised me to let it alone, and wait until it should have killed and gorged itself with beef. On the 6th there was also no kill: this tiger is not, it is clear, a buffalo eater. We went, therefore, to Akumpett, and there we put out a panther. It sneaked about the thick cover for some time: at last, I got a snap-shot and wounded it; and, cautiously beating a thicket where it lay growling, got it to move again, and shot it dead without any further disturbance. It was a fair-sized male.

On the 7th and 8th there was no kill, and no news of the tiger; so, in despair, we beat up the whole of the Boogga, but saw only some spotted-deer and hog. Hoping to see a tiger, I did not fire at anything. We

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then beat some covers on the table-land, and I killed a very large boar, with tusks measuring seven inches along the curves. The next day we beat every likely cover on the Changalare hills, but saw nothing except two goat antelope; so I determined to go on to Muggrumpillay. At Muggrumpillay, there being no kill, we went to some neighbouring hills, and, at the first beat, put out a large hog. This beast charged one of the beaters, and I thought it had cut him, as the man made a fearful outcry; but it was not so, and the beater was quit for the fright! We then put out two bears, and I got a long shot, but missed, and we returned to camp.

Next day we went a long way to the southward, to a river which runs through hilly country: we passed an old ruined fort, Gottamkote, and saw three sambur and a hog in the fort ditch. Soon afterwards a bear was put out in the dry bed of the river, and passed under a tree on which the Paddy Bird was sitting; but, though I hit it at a long shot, it got away up the river. We then searched a very heavy cover, out of which came a bear with two cubs on its back. We followed it to another cover, out of which it broke and charged the beaters. Then we put out another bear, which I shot dead with a bullet in the chest. The bear and cubs could not be found again, though we beat many covers for them. Next day we beat the "Poollee Lodee." At the first beat a hog came out, which I wounded, but which got away; two days afterwards it was found dead and half-eaten by jackals. We then beat a hill-side up to Kautumgidda, a deserted village in the midst of the jungle; and, while the beaters were surrounding a deep gorge, at the entrance of which I, my shikarry, and a village

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ıikarry were sitting in a lot of bramble-bushes, we ɔard the mewling of young bears in the gorge. I d not at all like this, for we were crouching in a ace where we could not move right or left, and could ɔt, in fact, move at all except by slow crawling under e thorn-branches. Presently we saw, dimly, an ɔject moving towards us: it was a bear, with young ıes pic-a-back, coming straight for us. I fired, and it her, but she still came on. I fired again, and hit, ot the old bear, but one of the young ones on her ack, the shot having been aimed too high. The ear, then about five yards from us, charged up with mighty noise of barking and roaring. The village hikarry fired his matchlock, which he had no busiıess to do without orders, and missed. I fired my ast barrel, and, most fortunately, hit her in the brain, l the savage animal fell dead at my feet. Had this not been killed at that last shot we must have ı terribly mauled, she was so fierce and deterned, and we could not possibly have moved out of ıer way. The young ones were knocked on the head by the beaters, one of them having also been hit with a bullet, as already mentioned. The bear and her cubs were padded on the elephant, and we walked back to camp.

The day after this scrimmage we went to Kautumgidda, which is said to have been abandoned by its inhabitants on account of prevalence of fever. We beat out a lame bear, which I had wounded on the 12th, and which, on being accounted for, had, we found, a festering bullet-wound in one fore-arm. Nothing worthy of note now happened till we went to Pertapoor, and beat the "Poollee Gundee" (Tiger pass). There were tracks of a tiger at the water-hole

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near the pass; and a bear broke at a distance from me, and I did not see it. After a long day's work without result we started on our way home, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when a great shout of "Tiger!" was raised by the beaters who were straggling after us. It appeared that the Arnagoontah shikarries were taking a buffalo to be tied up, when, it being near sunset, a tiger walked out just before them and went into the ravine from which we had already turned out a bear in the morning. It was too late to beat for it, and we returned to camp.

The next day nothing was heard of the tiger, but on the 17th we brought him to book. First of all, a large bear was turned out of a hill near Muggrumpillay and I wounded it twice, the last time very severely, for it turned head-over-heels; but it got up again, and though we tracked its blood nearly three miles, we did not again sight it. The last place we tried was a very long gorge of the hills running towards Gottamkote, and while the beat was going on I saw from my post the tiger walking down the ravine. He was about four hundred yards off, and presented a fine appearance, his whole body undulating with a powerful snake-like motion as he walked cautiously along. He then passed from my sight under the bushes which skirted the ravine, and presently I heard the pattering of his feet on the dead leaves below where I was sitting; but the bank was so steep that I could not see the place where he stood. We went down very quietly, but he heard us and rushed off with a "Ough! ough!" When he had gone about fifty yards he began to climb the hillside opposite to me, and I gave him a shot which

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rolled him over. Up he got again, roaring and snarling, with bloody foam flying from his jaws, and a horrid glare in his yellow eyes; but the bullet had gone through his loins and he was crippled, and, after a few vain efforts, subsided at full length and lay watching us, with his ears flat on his neck, panting, and growling savagely at each motion we made. Two more shots finished him: his head dropped between his fore-paws, and, after a few convulsive movements, life fled. We got up the elephant (I had no howdah with me) and padded him, a fine male, handsomely marked, and young.

On the 24th we moved to Arnagoontah, and remained there a few days, during which time we met with several bears, but got one only of them. Proceeding by easy stages, *viâ* Tandoor (now a station of the Hyderabad railway) and Kodungul, altogether about fifty miles, we arrived, on the 3rd of May, at Ericmullah. This is a small village, surrounded by thorn and date jungle, and with many rocky hills scattered through the jungle: it looked a very tigerish place, and had a reputation as such. A very old village shikarry came to me—such an object! Some years ago a bear had grappled with him while he was sitting in a hole dug in the ground looking out for hog or deer, and half-murdered him. His face was bitten all over; he was scalped; his nose tusk-pierced, and one eye gouged out. Altogether Bruin had made a terrible mess of the poor old fellow!

A bear almost invariably fights at the face of his antagonist. One notable exception from this rule I have known, but then the bear took what he could best get hold of. A Madras civilian was out shooting and came across a fine bear and wounded it. Bruin

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did not take his affront quietly, but went for the civilian, who, failing to stop the charge with his second barrel, and finding his proper line of retreat estopped by a terrified shikarry and a belted peon in the narrow path, essayed to climb a tree which stood invitingly near. But, alas! he climbed too late; for the bear came up before he had got out of reach, and pulled him down by the most accessible and most conspicuously presented part of his person! After this exploit the bear went his way. The civilian was laid up for some weeks; and, it is said, did not care to sit on a cushionless chair for some months after this sporting adventure.

On the 3rd of May a tiger killed two bullocks in the Ericmullah jungle; but we did not hear of the kill until the next day, when we went to the place where the bullocks were lying, near a small well-shaded river. Some fishermen said that the tiger had just gone up the river, and we saw his footmarks on the sand. We went on to a small hill covered with thick thorny bushes, and in a thicket at the base of this hill we found the "kills." The tiger had eaten a great part of one bullock, and had killed a vulture which had intruded upon his feast: the bird was still bleeding, and must have been killed a very short time before we saw it, as it was quite warm and limp. The tiger had been lying under the bush close to the carcases, and rushed out when the foul bird came to interfere with his lawful spoil. Several other vultures were sitting on the trees overhanging the spot. We beat the hill, and two bears came out. I ought to have let them alone; but the tiger was not on the hill, so I fired and killed one. The brute of an elephant, which had on former occasions shown great

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unsteadiness, immediately made a charge at the other and prevented me from getting a second shot, and it got away in the heavy jungle.

We then beat another large hill, but saw nothing. The shikarries, on examining the paths which led round this hill, said that the tiger had just left it, probably when I fired at the bear. Certainly it was very wrong and stupid of me to have thus fired. We then went to a small clump of rocks, and a bear came out. This was a long way from the two first hills, and from the kill, and I fired at this bear; but the wretched elephant was shaking himself and trying to get at the bear, and I missed.

At the report the elephant instantly charged the bear, which bolted off in horror; and then he charged a tree! He was quite beyond the control of his mahout. We then beat back to the second hill. Nothing came near me; but the tiger came down the bed of the river, and passed close by some of my people. We went a long way down the river, but could not find the tiger, the jungle being terribly difficult, and composed of the worst kinds of thorns. The moral of this day's bad management and bad luck is—never to be tempted by any inferior game when after a tiger; and, also, never to use an unsteady elephant as a mount. Far better to get up a tree or a rock, and take the chance of animals coming near your ambush. Indeed, if said ambush be taken up judgmatically, and the beat be properly conducted, that chance will, eight times out of ten, be a good one, provided there be any animal of chase before the beaters.

This night it rained heavily, and in the morning I went out and ranged a large extent of jungle, and

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saw that after the rain the tiger had gone straight off to distant jungles and hills. This day the villagers put "milk hedge" branches into a long deep pool in the scarcely-flowing river, and poisoned an immense quantity of fish—carp, coturna, murrell, *&c.* Thousands of little fish were left to rot on the bank, being too small for the greed even of the natives, and the stench was horrible, in spite of the laudable efforts of great squadrons of kites and crows to remove the nuisance.

From this place we set out on our return to Bellary, *viâ* Muctul. We passed through many good-looking jungles, but saw nothing but a few hog and goat-antelope, and arrived at Bellary on the 19th of May, after a rather unsatisfactory expedition.

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CHAPTER XV.

To England on Furlough.—Return to India.—To Nagpore (Seetabuldee).—Shoot a Sambur.—My Shikarry and the Express Rifle.—To Berar.—A Tiger Paradise.—A False Move loses a Tiger.—Runaway Elephant.—A Young Tiger demolished.—Neilghye shot.—Ill-behaved Tigers.—Old Woman kills a Bear.—A half-grown Tiger shot.—Death of a Tigress.—Blue Bull shot in Camp.—To Kanholee.—Vast Quantity of Game in Ramteerut Jungle.—A Sambur shot.—"Paddy Bird" and Black Buck.—The Kanhan Bridge.—Native Ideas of British Justice!—And of Freemasonry.—To Chandah.—A Moonlight Conclave.

IN September 1872 I went on two years' furlough to England, and returned to India in 1874. On the 10th of September 1874 I again saw the cloud-capped mountains of Western India rising from the sea; and right glad I was to see them after the monotony of the passage. The day after I arrived at the Esplanade Hotel, which is about the best in Bombay, my old shikarry, Venketsawmy, made his appearance. He was in great wrath, and was minus his old single-barrelled gun, which the zealous Bombay police had ravished from his grasp immediately upon his alighting from the train. This he considered a dire insult, and horrible was the abuse which he poured upon the heads of the Bombay policemen!

After remaining two days at Bombay, I took the rail for Nagpore, and joined the 8th Regiment Native Infantry, to which I was appointed Commandant, at Seetabuldee. I was glad to get to Nagpore again,

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and to revisit the scenes of former adventures—Soorgaum, Chankee, Seldoo, &c. Only a week after my arrival at Seetabuldee I was ordered to travel to two outposts of my regiment, Chanda and Sironcha, for inspection of the detachments, and I started by rail on the 10th October. At Wurdah station I took a trolly along the incomplete branch railway between Wurdah and the Wurroora coal-pits, and this conveyed me eighteen miles, to Hingenghaut, in about three hours.

At Hingenghaut I hired a dhooly which belonged to a native official, and next evening left in it for Chandah. The bearers took me to Chandah (close on fifty miles) by the middle of the next day, and, after spending another day at Chandah, I again entered the dhooly for Sironcha, something over seventy miles farther. The road was through heavy jungle most part of the way, and the forest glades echoed morning and evening with the harsh scream of the pea-fowl, and the jungle-fowls' pert challenge. More than once sambur, spotted deer, and hog scurried across our path; but, though I had a gun with me, I had no time or opportunity to seek for game.

Two nights and a day were thus endured. The bearers were wretchedly bad—weak and untrained—and, but for the presence of two mounted policemen, who, relieved at each stage, escorted me throughout the journey, I should very likely have been double the time on the road. We crossed the Godavery river on narrow boats, athwart one of which my dhooly was balanced, and we ascended the opposite bank to the little station, which is cut out, as it were, from the surrounding jungle.

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On my return to Seetabuldee I visited Soorgaum once more, and had some small-game shooting and some fishing there. Also, in December, I went to Chankee Copra. At that time of the year no tiger was, of course, to be expected, and, though there were marks of panthers, the animals themselves were invisible. No doubt, at this cold season, they lived snugly and securely in some of the numerous hyæna and porcupine burrows which abound on the bank of the river. My shikarry sat at night over a burrow and shot a large porcupine.

In February 1875 I went to Somilghur, a village near Seldoo, and encamped on a bare knoll just under the hills. With my new express rifle I shot a large sambur with good horns. The Paddy Bird had expressed much contempt for this rifle, saying that the bullet was too small to be of any use; but, on skinning the sambur, he came to me grinning, and said that the flesh was all *boiled* where the bullet had entered behind the shoulder! Henceforth he had a great respect for the "express."

One moonlight night, at Somilghur, I shot a hare in front of my tent-door. It was hopping about quite regardless of the vicinity of the tent. Natives have a strange way of killing hares, which my shikarry avers to be very deadly. A man goes out with a lantern on his head, and bangs a great pair of clappers together, or rings a bell if he has one. He knows where the hares play about at night, and soon sees one crouched among the dry grass. The hare does not move, and the man, who holds a long club in his hand, is able to get within striking distance, and knocks the stupid animal on the head.

In April I went out for large game beyond the

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Wurdah, into the Berar country, and on the 13th arrived at Hingenghaut, where I found my tent ready pitched near the railway station. On the 15th I rode twenty-four miles to the Wurdah, which I crossed, and encamped at the village of Kygaum on the river-bank, shooting an antelope on my way.

The weather was furiously hot, and there was scarcely any shade on the river-bank until I got my tent pitched, which was not until 2 P.M., as the road was very circuitous, and the passage of the sandy bed of the river difficult. A violent hot wind blew all day, and even my tough constitution felt it more than I liked.

Next day I rode fourteen miles to Noargaum, where I found my shikarry with news of tigers at Dygaum, about fourteen miles east of my camp. An elephant, which Salar Jung had sent to me from Hyderabad, met me here. At this place I heard that the Deputy Commissioner was at Daba, to which place I intended to have gone, and that he had yesterday wounded and lost a tigress. The Potail (head man) of Birkhoond, a village about a mile from Dygaum, came and told me that there were certainly tigers at that place, and recommended me to encamp at Birkhoond.

On the 18th I rode to Birkhoond, and heard that the tigers were in a heavily-wooded nullah a mile north of the village. I encamped under some small mowah trees, close to a well of very peculiar bluish water; but it was clean, and sufficient for our wants. The margin of the well was crowded with bees of various species, all busily drinking. It is the only water, at this dry season, for some distance round, except a small well in the village.

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Next day we went, with the elephant "Hussen Buksh" and fifteen beaters, to the nullah "Garraghaut," and found it to be a complete tiger's paradise. The nullah is not very wide, and there is only a thin thread of water running along its course. Opposite the village of Dygaum, which is hemmed in with strong jungle, the nullah runs through sparsely-cultivated fields, and is fringed with umbrageous trees, and is mostly nearly dry; but farther on, towards Garraghaut, it holds many long and deep reaches of water swarming with fish, some of great size; and it becomes much wider, with branching arms, crowded with luxuriant vegetation, evergreen bushes, and long grass and reeds—fit places for tigers to lie lazily at length during the fervid heat of the day.

In this cover are also tall trees—jamun, now in flower, preparing for its purple berries; the aowla, a water-loving tree, with shining, bitter-sour, greenish-yellow fruit; the scarlet-blossoming palass; the geranium tree, gay with pink and lilac bloom; and a host of other beautiful trees and shrubs, all festooned with climbing creepers and clinging parasitic plants.

I brought with me a chair, made without legs, expressly for use on trees, to which it was to be bound with strong ropes: it had also a rope ladder by which to ascend to it. It had strong iron rings on arms and back for the ropes, and was fastened in front with an iron bar and hook, so that the occupant might lean forward without danger of tumbling into the tiger's jaws. But its fault was that it was too heavy and cumbrous. Being built of teak, and very massive, it was difficult to tie it up properly; and this day, which

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was the first occasion of its being used, it had so unpleasant a cant forward that I would not put up with the discomfort, and preferred to mount the elephant. This I have ever since regretted, for, as will be seen, the move lost me an almost certain good chance of a tiger.

I got on the elephant and pos
upper end of the cover, and soon
that the beat had commenced.
given me a bad character of his
worse than it deserved. The beat
shouting and tom-toming, and soon a cloud of peafowl flew up and passed us on whirring wings; three ravine-deer also broke cover and cantered away. The beaters had nearly got to my end of the heavy cover, which spread along the deep reach of water, when I heard the hot muffled roar of a tiger very near us: the brute of an elephant also heard it, whisked round as on a pivot, and made off as fast as he could tramp. The next moment an immense tiger came out and stood on a small bank in the midst of the cover. Though the elephant was bolting as hard as it could, I fired a wild shot as I was carried off, but, of course, without effect, and the tiger disappeared in the nullah, and, as I was afterwards told, rushed back furiously, scattering the beaters from his headlong charge. The elephant ran away for about a mile, but, fortunately, over nearly open ground, and the mahout was just able to keep him clear of the large trees; but it was horribly dangerous, and I fully anticipated a bad accident, for it was like being run away with by a locomotive engine, and, under such circumstances, an elephant not only does not care what he *goes for*, but also has, commonly, a desire to carry the howdah

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· big branches, in the hope of smashing and
ıg rid of it altogether.

last we came to the road leading to the tent,
ıe took this road and reduced his plodding run
a walk, and the cawady, who was clinging on
d, slid down and chained his fore-feet together;
o he hobbled into camp. Nothing more could
done this afternoon: the beaters came straggling
ı just before dusk, and I gave orders for the demoralised elephant to commence his return to Hyderabad the very next morning, as he was perfectly useless, not to say most dangerous also, for shikar purposes.

Nothing more worth mentioning occurred till the 28th: we went out daily, but saw no marks of tigers. The jungle was full of smaller game — neilghye, spotted deer, hog, and pea-fowl—and I shot a spotted deer and several pea-fowl, and saw several good tiger marks along the banks of the Dygaum nullah. On the 24th we moved camp to Dygaum, and pitched under a large tamarind tree near the village. My shikarry sat over a pool of water in the nullah and killed a jungle-sheep, and I killed a peacock. One morning, while sitting outside my tent, I saw an immense yellow snake gliding soapily over the roots of the tamarind tree; but, by the time I had seized a spear which stood at the tent-door, the reptile had disappeared into one of the numerous holes among the twining roots: it was, I think, a harmless snake, being too large to be a cobra. On the 28th, one of the buffaloes which had been tied up every evening at Garraghaut was killed; and, as a friend of mine, Lieutenant Hepburne, of the Horse Artillery, was to join me the following morning, I determined to keep the tiger for him, and had the carcase covered with

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branches to deter the vultures which had already garrisoned the surrounding trees.

Hepburne arrived at about 10 o'clock in the morning, and we went to the nullah an hour afterwards. My chair had been firmly lashed, about ten feet high from the ground, in a tree at the end of the cover, and I posted Hepburne in the chair, and myself sat on the ground behind a bush on the opposite side of the nullah, which commanded a good view of a path, on the farther water-edge, by which the tiger must pass. When the beat was nearly over, a half-grown tiger came, walking unconcernedly along the bank, and passed under Hepburne's tree. He saw the stripes pass under the cane bottom of the chair! Immediately after it passed he fired, and the tiger rolled over, but got up again, plunged into the nullah, and began to swim over to my side. His blood stained the water as he swam. We each fired a shot, and the tiger subsided in the pool, leaving on the surface large stains of blood, with which a shoal of little active fish immediately busied themselves. One of the beaters dived and came up with a paw in his grasp; and, the body being very light in the water, he soon towed it to the helping hands outstretched from the bank.

Getting no other sure news of tigers near Dygaum, we rode, on the 1st of May, to Goonsa, about seven miles from Dygaum, where we were told there was good cover for tigers. On the way I shot a neilghye with my express rifle—a long shot, about two hundred and fifty yards. She dropped in her tracks; but there was just enough "tail-shaking" left in her to justify my Moslem sepoy in making her "hullal" by cutting her throat, which he did with great unction. We

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waited half an hour by the carcase for the carts to come up, and placed it on one of them to come on to Goonsa. We stayed some days at Goonsa, buoyed up with intelligence of tigers furnished by an old man who turned out to be a cheat and impostor. When at last attacked by us and put to his trumps, he actually *forged* tiger's marks in the sand of a nullah, and very badly too! So we turned him off with a flea in his ear, and left the place.

Before we left Dygaum we had written to Nagpore for one of the Rajah's elephants; and while at Goonsa, and for days and days afterwards, I looked longingly for its arrival, but in vain, and, as will be seen, it arrived too late to be of any service. We now wandered over a large tract of country, *prospecting* for tigers, but could hear of none. We saw some excellent covers, fit for the accommodation of any number of pussies; but could hear nothing reliable, except that tigers were again at Dygaum, and had been blocking the Empress's highway, and frightening cart-drivers by sitting, with swishing tail, right in the middle of the road, staring at all who came in view. We therefore made our way again to Dygaum, shooting some spotted deer and pea-fowl on our way. One day we saw a Seikh—a fine, powerful fellow—who had one hand tied up in a sling. It appeared that he had had a fight with a wild hog, and had killed it by battering its head with a great stone in one hand while it was chewing the other! Natives sometimes do curious things in the way of killing game. I once heard of an old woman who lived in a jungle village in the south of India, and who, while collecting berries, &c., happened to peer down into a ravine between two rocks, and saw a bear, fast asleep, below. The old

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hag got hold of a big piece of rock which lay handy, rolled it to the edge of the precipice, and tipped it over upon poor Bruin, whose skull was thus ignobly smashed and his "life let out into the thin air."

On the 13th of May we again saw Dygaum and encamped in a field under two old tamarind trees which overhung a dry well: rather a snaky-looking place, but shady and comfortable. The news of tigers was encouraging. On our way this morning we saw the carcases of two cows which had been killed by a tiger the day previous. On arriving at Dygaum we sent off the chair at once to be tied up at the Garraghaut nullah, and the sepoy who went with it saw a tiger lying under some jamun bushes. In the afternoon we sent a buffalo to be tied up in the nullah, and the people who went with it saw a tigress and cub walking in the cover. The whole place seemed to "stink of tigers."

We went out next morning, though there had been no kill, and beat Garraghaut. Almost at the very end of the beat a young tiger, about half grown, came out and passed at a trot in front of the tree where I was sitting in my chair. Hepburne bestrode the thick branch of a neighbouring tree. As it was my turn for first shot, I fired, and hit it close to the spine: the express ·500 bullet, at six yards' distance, made a terrible wound. Hepburne then fired and broke its shoulder, and it rolled over into the water-washed roots on the side of the nullah, and died. It did not even roar. We brought it back to camp by noon. It was a tigress, and rather smaller than the first one we shot here. In the evening a tiger made a great noise in the jungle, calling in a disconsolate manner, and we understood it to be the tigress which owned the big cub which we had just killed.

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Next morning we beat Garraghaut again, but the tigress did not appear. Hepburne shot a peacock and I shot a chikarra. A number of hog came round the tent this night. Next day villagers came and said that they had seen a tiger go into the Garraghaut cover, so we sent for beaters and started at about 11 A.M. We sat in our trees at the place where we had already disposed of two tigers, and before the beat had been long in progress a tigress walked out, and took the usual path under our trees. I was in the chair, and Hepburne and my shikarry on high branches of trees close by me.

She came on, looking carefully on all sides; but though I saw the glitter of her topaz eyes, and shut my own from a feeling that she *must* catch sight of me, she did not look up once, but marched steadily on. Four-footed wild animals never, as far as my experience serves, look up, but pea-fowls do, and invariably see the occupant of a tree, and fly up with their harsh scream of alarm.

It was Hepburne's turn for first shot, so I did not fire, and the tigress passed under my chair, to be the next moment knocked over by a bullet through her shoulder; and she turned and came blundering back to the foot of my tree, wide awake, then, to our position, and glaring upwards with fear and fury in her very expressive countenance. I fired, and hit her in the back, and she jumped into the nullah, where she paddled feebly.

I gave her another shot on her back, within an inch of the first hit, and Hepburne also fired at the same moment and hit her on the head; but this was not wanted: in fact, my first shot was mortal, even if Hepburne's was not. She sank to the bottom of

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the nullah, and the beaters came up, headed by a fine young sepoy, by name Nursimloo, who asked me what had become of the tigress? I pointed to the reddened surface of the deep pool, and he immediately threw off his scanty garments, took a header from the bank, and came up with a paw of the tigress in his hand. A fine tigress, but old: her teeth were not sharp, h... much worn down; she was very fat and heavy ... was carried to camp by eight men. On skinning ... we found a very small leaden bullet, apparently fi... a matchlock, embedded in a cist under the skin of ... shoulder: it must have been placed there long a... by some native shikarry.

An odd piece of good fortune happened this day, before we went out for the tigress. We were sitting in the shade of the tent early in the morning, when, hearing a slight noise, I looked up from my book, and saw a blue bull standing close to the tent. It was quite lame of one hind leg. It made off, and Hepburne seized his rifle and followed. It was also headed by the horse-keepers, &c., who ran after it, and Hepburne overtook and shot it in the nullah about two hundred yards in rear of our camp. It had probably been lamed in fighting with another bull, and its stifle-joint was swollen and useless.

There being no more news of tigers at Dygaum, having also seen nothing during the last two days but deer and pea-fowl, we moved off to Dole, about twelve miles north of Dygaum. Dole is a deserted village, situated on a large nullah, which holds a good supply of water, and there is much heavy jungle about.

The country round Dole is full of game, and, only that we were unwilling to disturb possible tigers, we

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might have made a large bag here. Deer and hog are innumerable, and the villagers, who have moved from Dole to a site in more open country, said that they were driven from their village by the impossibility of keeping their fields free from the ravages upon the crops committed by wild animals. One [illegible] of this has been a sporting Deputy-Commissioner who will not grant gun licenses to natives in beat[illegible]tricts. The consequence is that, as he himself [illegible]and down the number of tigers and panthers by [illegible]nement zeal in their destruction, the balance of [illegible]hings has been altogether disturbed, and there is absolutely no check upon the increase of spotted deer, neilghye, hog, &c.

No news of tigers here. Two were shot about two years ago, and one of them took an engineer, who was persecuting it, by the shoulder, and very nearly killed him. While exploring the jungle this day, we saw about forty hog, twenty spotted deer, a host of pea-fowl, and a hyæna. On the following day we again explored the jungle. No signs of tigers ; but we saw marks of panthers in the nullah. We saw an immense quantity of game—about thirty hog, eight neilghye, twenty spotted deer, and pea-fowl beyond count. In the evening a herd of spotted deer stood in front of the tent, the rival stags roaring hoarsely at each other. The nullah was full of hog, and the harsh cry of the jungle sheep, so like a bear's angry bark, was heard at intervals throughout the night.

Getting no news of tigers, we rode, *viâ* Dapura and Chand, to Kanholee, about thirty miles, and encamped under a banian tree where I had pitched my tent ten years ago. The tree was full of little

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owls, whose cheerful occasional chatter sounded from branch to branch. Here, at last, we got the Nagpore elephant, too late to be of any use. The mahout said that he was told by a peon that we were at Yeotmall, and that, therefore, he had made a round of about a hundred miles in his road—no doubt a made-up story; he most likely loitered at Nagpore for a week or more instead of starting off to join us.

No news of tigers at Kanholee. In the evening a herd of antelope came close to the tents, and I went out and shot a young buck; but we did not find it till the next morning, when we saw its remains in a nullah, for it had been eaten by jackals. It being said that there were panthers on the bank of the river, in the direction of Ramteerut, we had a beat with the Nagpore elephant; but, though we put one out, we could not get a shot at it, the vegetation was so dense. We were equally unlucky with another, which jumped out of a hole in the ravine close to the beaters, and disappeared in a moment.

On the 26th we took a long round towards Ramteerut. We saw a great quantity of game, but nothing that we wanted. I have noted, as seen this day, four neilghye, twelve spotted deer, ten hog, two chikarra, and a multitude of pea-fowl. On the 27th we saw ten neilghye, about twenty spotted deer, twelve hog, two chikarra, and pea-fowl as before. The next two days we went out perseveringly, but had no luck. On the 30th we moved off on our return to Nagpore, which we reached on the 1st June. A pleasant "outing," though not over successful in results.

In October I went to Somilghur. The monsoon was barely over, and the jungle was dank and steamy.

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The little mound under the hills, on which I again encamped, was overgrown with rank weeds and tall grass. I ought not to have stayed in these jungles at that time of year, when they are well known to be hot-beds of malaria; but I rashly thought myself fever-proof, and cared for nothing but the enjoyment of the jungles in cool pleasant weather. As regards sport, also, it was a mistake. The trees and shrubs were in luxuriant verdure, after the past three months and more of heavy rain, and I knew that I had little chance of sport in such leafy cover, where no animal could be seen beyond a few yards off; but I wanted the change from the monotony of cantonment life, and went out with a light heart.

The only thing I shot was a sambur as he climbed a hill near my tent. A curious thing happened on the 1st October. I had not the least suspicion of a tiger being in the neighbourhood; indeed, at the wet season of the year, no one thinks of tigers. My people, therefore, were permitted to borrow the Paddy Bird's old gun, and to shoot doves, &c. about the camp.

One of my servants was thus amusing himself in the middle of the day, and fired off his gun not a hundred yards from the tent in which I was sitting. At the report of the gun I distinctly heard a tiger roar—the "double-knock" roar which is the note of anger and alarm. My shikarry was out at the time, but I told him of this when he returned. He thought I must have been mistaken; but the next day, about a quarter of a mile from the tent, and exactly in the direction where I had heard the roar, we came upon the fresh tracks of a large tiger in the sand. The marks showed that he was moving fast,

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and we traced them to the foot of the hills. On my way back, at Sindee station, where we took the rail for Nagpore, we heard that the tiger had come from the eastward, and had killed a hog at Sindee the day before I heard him, and had eaten nearly all of it. He was afterwards heard of at Bibbee Sowree, about ten miles west of Somilghur.

Ten days after return to Seetabuldee I was seized with a violent jungle fever (in these days the medicos would probably dub it "enteric"), and was for some time very ill, and could do nothing till the 24th December, when I and a friend from Kamptee went to Soorgaum, and stayed there three days. We saw nothing but antelope and small game. I was weak from the effects of the fever, and did little but fish in the Soorgaum tank. My friend shot two antelope, and was baulked of a third in a way which excited him to wrath and me to laughter.

He was stalking a handsome black buck in the most approved style, crawling on his hands and knees, and "aiblins" on his stomach; and, having thus manœuvred for about half an hour, and got within proper shooting distance, was resting for a moment and adjusting his rifle sights, when bang! went a shot from a clump of scrub bushes about a hundred yards off on his right flank, and the antelope turned a somersault, and lay kicking with its legs in the air! The next instant my long-legged shikarry reared his gaunt form from the screen of bushes, and rushed, knife in hand, on the hapless buck.

Here was a pretty business! I much fear that very bad language was used on the occasion, in spite of the respectful protestations of the Paddy Bird that he "had not seen the Sahib," having himself

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been quite as intent upon *his own* stalk. But my friend has never since seen me without asking whether "that d——d Paddy Bird is not dead yet"!

I also went in to Kamptee about this time for change of air, and spent a very pleasant week with a most hospitable family. It was a pleasure to me to roam about the cantonment, the care of which was once my hobby, and many improvements in which were, I may say, the works of my hands. The new bridge over the Kanhan river was on the point of completion, and one of those ridiculous scares took place, which show how little impression has been made upon the natives of India by the just dealings of the British Government.

For many miles around Kamptee the horrid news spread that Government had decreed that a certain number of children should be buried beneath one of the piers of this bridge, as a propitiation to the spirits of the waters. All the village children were therefore hidden away inside their huts by their credulous and terrified mothers!

Another even more absurd thing took place about the same time at Jubbulpore, the large civil and military station and junction of railways on the right bank of the Nerbudda. A small child, belonging to a railway employé, was out for a drive in a bullock-coach, with two ayahs squatting in the coach with it, who were probably chewing betel, and talking native scandal, instead of attending properly to the child.

Anyhow, the door of the coach flew open, and the child tumbled out on its head and was killed. A bad business enough, and, of course, some judicial inquiry

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was made into the circumstances of the child's death. But a report got about the bazaars that Government had decreed that the two ayahs should be torn in pieces by dogs on a named day, and that this scene of expiation, and of British justice, should take place on the general parade-ground! An immense native crowd assembled on that day to witness the edifying spectacle, and were scarcely to be disabused of this absurd idea by the civil authorities, who turned out in force to disperse them.

It is well known, also, that the natives of India consider a Freemason's Lodge to be a house of resort for magical performances—indeed, they call it "Jadooghur" (the house of magic), and believe that the English gentlemen and others who attend such lodges are in the habit of kidnapping and sacrificing children on great lodge occasions!

In the spring of 1876 I was ordered to pay another visit of inspection to Chanda; and, as I was not tied to time, I returned *viâ* Dygaum, so as to combine a little sport with duty. At Goorpett, eleven miles from Chanda, I slept in an open glade of the forest, in preference to the rest-house, which was surrounded by native huts, and was also close to an encamping-ground for bullock-carts, &c. It was a bright moonlight night, and I slept very comfortably in the rays of the moon, as I have often done, in spite of the vulgar notion that it is dangerous to do so.

In the middle of the night I awoke with a vague idea that something unusual was happening, though I knew not what. I sat up in my cot, and was immediately greeted with inquiring grunts from several quarters; and I then saw that I was surrounded by a herd of wild hog! Some of them loomed very

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large indeed in the pale moonlight, and must have been patriarchs of the porcine tribe. They were within twenty or thirty yards of me, all snouts being inquisitively upturned in my direction. My servants, horse, &c. were on the road-side, about two hundred yards off.

I had my gun under my pillow; but it was loaded with small shot only. However, I did not have recourse to it, but jumped up and clapped my hands, at which the whole herd uttered a round of dissatisfied grunts, and vanished like spectres in the dim distance—and I went to sleep again.

At Dygaum I had no luck with tigers; indeed, it was too early in the year for them. One was there, it was said, but I did not see it. I made a good double-shot at Dygaum at spotted deer, and killed two, right and left. Also I shot a blue bull, and that was all. Nothing more worth noting occurred this year. I went out once or twice, but for small game only.

In 1877, I may say that I bade adieu to large-game shooting. In the month of March I went on ten days' leave to Azimgaum, Seldoo, and Kailzer. Game was scarce, and we saw nothing but a few hog, spotted deer, antelope, and two sambur; I shot two spotted deer and a few pea-fowl.

In September I attained to "colonel's allowance," and thus terminated my service as a regimental officer. During the thirty-eight years that had elapsed since I entered the service as an ensign, great changes had taken place in the native army, few of them for the better—many for the worse. The men remained much the same, except that, in most regiments, the number of northern men (Teloogoos) had increased,

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very much to the detriment of the smartness of regiments; for, though there are many excellent men of all ranks among the Teloogoos, still the mass of them are dull and loutish. The southern men, drawn from the Bara Mahal and the districts of Trichinopoly, Vellore, Madura, Madras, &c., are, as a rule, a much more intelligent and smart race, more soldier-like in habits and appearance, and, with good leading, are very efficient troops. That they cannot stand by themselves (nor can the North Indian races), "goes without saying." The mutinies proved this. If the Native soldiery, whether of Bengal, Madras, or Bombay, could do so, *we should not now be in India.* They cannot be left to the guidance of their native officers; nor do I believe that any natives, however admitted or selected into the grade of commissioned officers, will ever be fit leaders of disciplined men without the countenance and support of British leaders also in the hour of battle.

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CHAPTER XVI.

To Waltair.—Cannanore and its Climate.—Disagreeable effect of the Monsoon.—Snipe-shooting and Fishing.—Moplahs.—Fanatical Warriors.—To Bellary.—British Burmah.—The Andaman Islands.—Darjeeling and the Himalayas.—End of Service in India.

THE commencement of 1878 found me still at Nagpore, waiting for employment, which came in March. My first post was command of the Northern District, of which the head-quarters were at Waltair, on the east coast of the peninsula. I went by rail to Calcutta. At Calcutta I visited the Zoological Gardens, and was shocked at the wretched condition of the poor animals. The "Great Carnivora" were in a state of semi-starvation, mere frames of skin and bone. It was a shocking sight, discreditable alike to the committee who professed to manage the gardens and to the people of Calcutta, who did not make the committee do their duty and prevent the native subordinates, who were supposed to feed the animals, from peculating in so disgraceful a manner.

I remained two months only at Waltair, for the Northern District was abolished in the interests of economy, and I was moved to the command of Malabar and Canara, on the western coast. Canna-

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nore is the head-quarter station of this command, and here we remained until September 1880.

The climate of this coast is not pleasant. An annual fall of 100 to 130 inches of rain is too much of a good thing, and the consequent steaminess of the atmosphere for more than half the year is excessively disagreeable. Everything at Cannanore partakes of mould and mildew; it is impossible to preserve books and pictures. In all houses there is a drying-room, in which are charcoal fires; and all articles liable to injury from damp are ranged on wooden frames, and on great wicker coops, round and over the iron stoves and chafing dishes in which the fires are kept.

Horses do not thrive in this climate, and mounted officers are allowed to keep "screws" which would not pass muster at any other station. The vehicle of the country is the bullock-coach, and it is a convenient though uncouth equipage. In the rainy season these carriages are roofed with an enormous leaf mat, projecting some inches on all sides, and the driver is equipped with an oil-skin, or a wax-cloth coat, and wears an extraordinary palm-leaf hat, with, not a brim, but a *top*, of about three feet diameter, his head being received into a small round receptacle sewn on at the under side of this great covering. Every native when out walking carries a standing leaf umbrella about twice as wide as the hat; thus provided, the people of the western coast entirely disregard the rain, and never urge it as an excuse to stay indoors, or to neglect anything requiring their exposure to the elements.

During the monsoon, a very disagreeable phenomenon occurs all along the coast: the sea appears to

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become putrid, and a most sickening stench is wafted inland, and pervades the whole seaboard day and night. The cause is obscure, but it evidently has something to do with the great body of fresh water which, at that season, is poured into the sea. The general opinion is that the smell arises from sea-fish being killed in great numbers by the admixture of so much fresh with the salt water, but I do not believe this; for, in the first place, no dead fish in any special quantity are to be seen; and, secondly, the smell is of decayed vegetation rather than of animal corruption. My own theory is that the stench arises from sea-weed, of sorts, which is destroyed by the fresh water.

The snipe-shooting at Cannanore is good. A fair shot may make his twenty or thirty couple in a day's sport. The ground is, however, most tiring; nowhere in India have I met with such deep and tenacious mud as in the backwater swamps of Malabar. Strange to say, there are no duck in this swampy region. The duck tribe are almost unknown on the western coast.

There is much fishing in the backwaters: when the tide turns, and rushes up, bringing with it thousands of little fish, great sport may be had. For about half an hour, at this time, the monsters of the piscine tribes are on the feed, and will dash with voracity at a bait properly spun along the surface. The strongest tackle and stoutest hooks are required, for there are fish in these backwaters as big as small sharks, whose jaws can crush up any ordinary hooks. Natives use rods made of the middle leaf-rib of a species of palm. This rib is about ten feet long, tapers off from the butt, and is wonderfully strong and pliant, and also exceedingly light.

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The inhabitants of the western coast differ in many respects from those of other parts of India. It is very difficult to induce them to quit their own moist region, nor will they remain for any length of time in drier climes. The Moplahs, a half-Arab, half-Indian race, are a fierce and bigoted tribe of Mahomedans, and their history is marked by many bloody contests with Hindoo sovereigns.

These Moplahs have often broken out even after the establishment of British rule, but not in large bodies. Almost every *emeute* has been that of a small party of them against the oppression of Hindoo landowners and officials, usually in connection with land and mosque grievances. In each case a band of Moplah villagers, twenty or thirty in number, after solemnly devoting themselves to death, have set upon and murdered some of their enemies, and then, armed with their great war-knives, have retired to a mosque, and worked themselves up, with the aid of "bhang" (hemp-juice) and religious exercises, into a state of frenzy. In this condition it has been their custom to await the attack of the military who are always called upon for aid. On arrival of the soldiery, the mosque doors are thrown open, and the desperate band, bursting out, advance in loose order upon the troops.

On the first two or three occasions native troops only were employed; but, as this often ended in the repulse of the sepoys, who failed to stand the charge of the self-doomed fanatics, it became a rule that a company of British soldiers should also be employed. The Moplahs would never come out at the summons of the civil power, however backed it might be by peons and police; but, in answer to the demand for

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urrender, shouted back, "Send for the white oldiers; *then* we will come!"

So the "white soldiers" were sent for, and, on heir approach, the Moplahs came out with a ven-;eance, and were nearly all of them shot down before hey could reach the levelled line of rifles. Some ew generally did arrive at the bayonets' points, and lied like wild beasts, fighting to the last. A man rmed with a big sword, or a two-foot knife shaped ike a cleaver, and courting death that he may thereby go straight to Paradise, is an uncomfortable fellow for sane men to deal with, as has also been proved in Affghanistan and in the Soudan.

In 1880 we moved from Cannanore to Bellary, a much more military command than that of the Western Coast Provinces. The brigade, though small, is compact, and of all arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. I much enjoyed the small-game shooting near Bellary. We used to go about forty miles along the railway in the direction of Ghooty, to some capital tanks and swamps, and had excellent sport. In the autumn of 1881 I was sent to the temporary command of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force at Secunderabad, and, in the fall of the year, was promoted, by the Royal Warrant of July of that year, to Major-General.

In February 1882, having, under operation of this warrant, lost my brigade command, I was appointed to temporary command of the British Burmah Division, which I retained until the arrival of the permanent incumbent in September. While in Burmah, I went on inspection duty to every military station in the division, including the Andaman Islands. First to Thyetmyoo, a cantonment on the right bank of the

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broad Irrawaddy. We went by rail over a flat and highly-cultivated country to Prome, where we took one of the large river-steamers which ply from Rangoon to Mandalay, and which landed us at Thyetmyoo.

The voyage up the Irrawaddy was most enjoyable. On each side were lofty hills covered with forest; and timber-built villages nestling among luxuriant groves and pretty gardens on the river-banks; and quaint, richly-carved pagodas on the hill-tops above each settlement, with monstrous stuccoed figures at their gateways, and slender, metal-coated spires glittering above the fanes; presenting a most charming picture at each successive reach of the winding river. At every turn we passed strange-looking boats, making their toilsome way against the current, or swiftly and easily descending the smoothly-flowing stream. The steersman of each cumbrous craft sat on a carved stage high above the stern, working his heavy paddle with adroit twirls among the frequent eddies.

Thyetmyoo is a pretty station, with a modern-built fort dominating the river, with heavy cannon frowning from well-turfed ramparts.

Scarcely had I returned to Rangoon, when I had to start again, *viâ* Thyetmyoo, to Toungoo. Disembarking at Thyetmyoo, we crossed to the left bank of the river, and found ponies and elephants waiting to take us through the jungles and over the Yoomah mountains to Toungoo, about 150 miles, which we did in ten days' travel. The whole journey was through heavy forest, varied with bamboo jungle. About sixty miles of the *road* was in the beds of rivers, where we plodded along on elephant-back, ever and anon climbing the bank to avoid great

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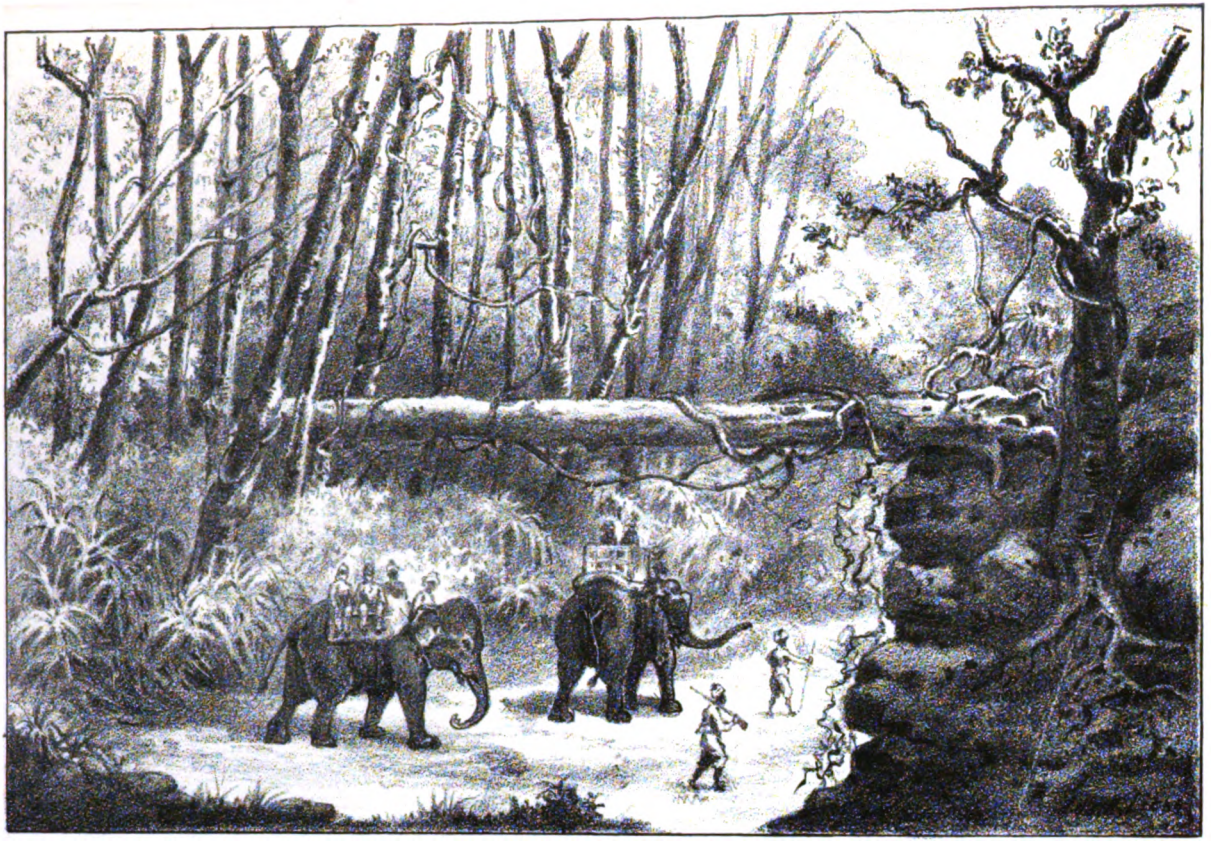

WE PLODDED ALONG ON ELEPHANT-BACK

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trees which had fallen across the channel. At each stage were large "zayats," houses built of bamboos, grass-roofed, affording a welcome shelter from sun and rain.

Toungoo is a large station, with a good fort, on the right bank of the Sitang river, on which, after spending a week in Toungoo, we embarked in Burmese boats, and voyaged seventy miles down stream to a place where we found a steam-launch ready to take us a hundred miles farther to the entrance of the Pegu canal. Here we disembarked, and, the canal being under repair, had to walk seven miles along its banks, through a country barren of all but reeds and elephant-grass, to a lock, whence another steam-launch carried us to the other end of the canal, at the Pegu river. Here we found a third launch, which took us in about twelve hours to Rangoon. We arrived at our journey's end at midnight, and narrowly escaped being run down by a great rice-boat, which just shaved the stern of our launch.

Soon after this I paid a visit to Moulmein. The scenery of the Moulmein river is very beautiful, as is also that of Moulmein itself, where the richest tropical vegetation (fed by a rainfall of over 200 inches), the most varied shapes of hills and mountains, and fantastically-spired pagodas, combine in a perfectly lovely picture.

My last excursion was in a Government steamer of narrow dimensions, to Port Blair in the Andaman Islands. These islands, rising from a summer sea, are very beautiful to view. High mountains, and lower hills also, clothed in towering forest, whose white pillar-like stems rise, in serried ranks, on every side; and little islands, filled with shrubbery and

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dotted with the white buildings of the settlement; and clusters of surf-beaten rocks guarding the entrance to the almost land-locked harbour; the whole view is one of special beauty.

We remained four days at Port Blair, during which time I visited the convict settlements, including Viper Island, where, among other noted criminals, that atrocious murderer, the Poree Rajah, is confined for life, much to the disgust of the highly-educated and high-born Hindoos of Bengal, of whom a great number petitioned Government (happily in vain) to let him off his deserved punishment. This murderer is considered by orthodox Hindoos to be more than man, in fact, an absolute deity; but the grim English law did not admit this as any excuse for his brutal crime.

At Port Blair I saw a boat-load of Andamanese savages, and more hideous and impracticable-looking beings cannot be imagined. Some of their children are being educated (?) at Port Blair; but they are of far too savage a nature to be shaped in this way, and, moreover, contact with civilisation is producing its inevitable effect, and the barbarians are fast dying out.

After this I remained at Rangoon until relieved by the rightful owner of the division from this my last military duty.

The chief object of interest in the straggling city and cantonment of Rangoon is the far-famed Shoey Dagon, the premier pagoda of all Burmah, in height something more than St. Paul's Cathedral, in shape a monstrous extinguisher, crowned with a filagree flounce, golden in colour as in name, with scores of strangely-ornamented guest-houses, priests' quarters,

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and subsidiary Buddhist shrines crowded round its broad base. It towers on a raised ridge of ground above the surrounding country, and forms the citadel of an elaborate fortification and arsenal, well-guarded by stout British soldiers.

The public gardens at the foot of one side of this pagoda are extensive, and are filled with rare and beautiful trees and shrubs, and contain several fine sheets of water gemmed with lotus flowers, both white and crimson. But the effect of the luxuriant vegetation of Burmah is, in my eyes, marred by the uniform level of the ground, and the want of any distant view or prospect. As on the western coast of India, the view is shut in on all sides by the crowding trees.

From Rangoon we steamed to Calcutta, and thence took rail to Darjeeling, where we remained a month, enjoying for the second fortnight of that time an almost unclouded view of the sublime Himalayan range. I shall never forget my first sight of Kinchinjunga, the highest mountain, after Mount Everest, in the known world. The monsoon clouds, which had hitherto shut out the mighty mountains, had begun to break and scatter, and we were told that the snowy range would now become visible. The great valley lying north of Darjeeling, also the near mountains, about twelve thousand feet above sea-level, which formed the back-ground, was still occupied by floating, changing cloud masses; and I pitched my eye high enough, as I thought, to see the wished-for peaks beyond, when a rift in the clouds should give the opportunity. For some time I watched, and saw many a dark, dim mass unveiled for a second or so behind the changing clouds; but not what I desired. At last I happened to look up very much higher, and,

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with a feeling of awe and astonishment, I then saw a dazzling snow-peak rise, vast and majestic, above the mantling clouds, where I should never have thought of looking for anything of earthly mould. As the clouds cleared away, swept by a strong east wind, the thronging peaks and rounded buttresses of this "roof of the world" came in view, all wrapped in eternal snow, and unvisited, since their creation, by aught of mortal frame. No living thing, bird, insect, or even grass or moss, could ever have reached the unchanging summit of Kinchinjunga: the snows which we this day viewed with wondering eyes have been lying there, in their pale beauty, for tens of centuries. At that tremendous height (Kinchinjunga is not far short of twenty-nine thousand feet), no storms, no rains, can ever come to wash away the snow: fall it may, from time to time, in small degree, to be gradually replaced by condensed vapour; but on the smoother and less precipitous slopes the frozen masses must remain unchanged for ever.

A stay of nearly two months in Calcutta (where I was glad to see a most satisfactory improvement in the condition of the caged animals in the Gardens) and a journey to Bombay ended my service in India of over forty-three years; and I am half-inclined to stop at this point, and to leave the burning questions of the day, as regards India and the Indians, untouched on. But it seems to me that a work containing, as this does, occasional references to topics other than those of mere sport and cantonment life, will hardly be complete without some reference to such questions.

A military officer of long service and varied experience has opportunities denied, it may be

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said, to many high civilians, of acquiring an insight into the opinions and wishes of the humbler classes of natives. He stands very much in the proverbial position of the "looker-on at the game" of Government in a small way, and often obtains freer and less-guarded remarks from those with whom he comes in contact than are likely to be made to the civil officers.

In my experience, the rustic inhabitants—in other words, the millions of India—care very little as to who may govern the country, so long as themselves, their customs, and their crops are not interfered with. They probably have no special love for the alien race who wield the power over them. Why should they? But to say that they interest themselves in the blatant utterings of the "educated" natives of the Presidencies is an entire mistake. As to Ilbert Bills, press-gagging grievances, &c., they care not a straw for them, even if they have ever heard of them, which most of them have not. What they want is to be let alone; what they most dislike is to be over-legislated for, and bothered with Western notions which they neither understand nor value. There can be no doubt that the great mass of the people of India much prefer an Englishman, as a judge or ruler, to one of their own countrymen—always understanding that this remark applies to the native official classes under the British Government. Hindoos have an undoubted great regard and reverence for their own hereditary great men, and with them the name of "Rajah" is a veritable "tower of strength." They will condone the faults and will bear with vices and extravagances of such a potentate, which they would never submit to at the hands of foreign masters.

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With exception of this feeling for great men of their own blood and colour, it may almost be said that there is no patriotism in India. The Hindoo rustic dearly loves his ancestral fields and villages; but his far-off countrymen and their possessions may descend to Hades for all he cares. The Mahomedan, it is true, has more dangerous aspirations: he cannot forget the ancient glories of his race, when his ancestors poured down from the north and "annexed" the fertile plains of Hindustan. He is a patriot so far as that he may hate the infidel who has supplanted him in his conquests, and he may pine for the day to come when he may draw the sword of the faith and again domineer, in his traditional pride and despotism, over nerveless idolators. But this feeling is not universal among the Moslems. No doubt it exists in great intensity in some places, such as large towns which are centres of Islamism, and in certain noble and priestly families; but now, even in such places and families, there are great numbers of good Mussulmans who are quite disabused of the vain hope of renewing the supremacy of their race, and who have sufficient knowledge of the fitness of things to induce a preference for the tolerant British rule over the certain anarchy and oppression of a native government.

There is much enmity, though not always on the surface, between the Mahomedan and the Hindoo. They are not likely ever to unite in conspiracy against us. The more ignorant portion of the Mahomedan population may look, it is likely enough, for the time of revolt as a precursor of the lively days of plunder and murder, and there is little doubt that if ever "India for the Indians" becomes an accomplished

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fact by the retirement of England from the scene, the warlike Mahomedan, the fierce Rajpoot, and the plundering Mahratta would again have their "innings"; the B.A.'s and Baboos, who now are howling for self-government and for the debasement of "Europeans," would become the ground-down slaves and trembling victims to armed despotism which their ancestors were in "the good old times" before John Company was king!

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LONDON :
PRINTED BY W. H. ALLEN AND CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

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JULY 1885.

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